REVELATIONS OF A GERMAN ATTACHÉ

- EMIL WITTE -

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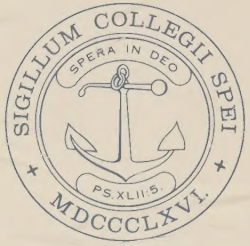

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REVELATIONS OF A GERMAN ATTACHÉ

EMIL WITTE

Aus einer Deutschen Botschaft.

Zehn Jahre Deutsch-Amerikanischer Diplomatie.

Von

Emil Witte
Botschaftsrat a. D.

Leipzig
Zeitbilder-Verlag
1907

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REVELATIONS OF A GERMAN ATTACHÉ

Ten Years of German-American Diplomacy

BY

EMIL WITTE

LATE COUNCILLOR OF LEGATION AT WASHINGTON

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

NEW YORK

GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

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INTRODUCTION TO THE AMERICAN TRANSLATION

THE experiences of Emil Witte with the German Embassy at Washington and the Foreign Office at Berlin, 1898-1907, have too long been hidden from the American people, whom they most concern, in the black text of a German volume published at Leipzig in 1907. But such is the intimate view they give of the inside workings of the German Embassy under Herr von Holleben and the intrigues against the devotion of the sons of Germany to their American fealty, that their publication in English is singularly timely to-day.

Who Emil Witte was and what were his relations to the events and scenes he describes are sufficiently set forth in the text. It may be explained, however, that the world is indebted to him for the remarkable pen pictures he has given of men and affairs in the United States during the period of his experiences. And if there is the spice of bitterness in what he writes of some of his countrymen, and if he very often errs in his judgment of the acts and motives of some Americans with whom he comes in contact, it must be remembered that he had a deep grievance against Herr von Holleben, that he felt that he had been "used and abused" by the German Foreign Office, that out of the quarrels of conspirators comes revelation and that he had only a foreigner's superficial knowledge of the underlying spirit and characteristics of Americans.

There are many things in this book relating to American men and affairs that have to be taken with more

than a grain of salt, but generally Herr Witte's observations bear the stamp of veracity, warped by the wrongs and prejudices of the writer. He was more familiar with the German side of what he saw and heard in the United States, and it is for what he has revealed of this that his book is most valuable.

It should be remembered to the credit of Herr Witte that at the opening of the Spanish-American war he was one of the editors of the *Deutsche Zeitung* at Vienna and also about the only editor in the central empires to advocate the cause of the United States.

As the reader turns page after page of this volume, disclosing German plottings against the singleness of American allegiance, he will understand why the book became so scarce that the *Fortnightly Review* suggested that the German government bought up and destroyed all the copies it could lay hands on.

The translation into English was made by Florence Clarkson Taylor, whose familiarity with the newspaper German of Herr Witte was supplemented by that of Dr. Francis Payne Mason, both of them having spent many years in Germany.

SLASON THOMPSON.

PREFACE

Up to the period of the Spanish-American war beautiful Washington had been considered as a *buen retiro* for well-deserving diplomats who had a claim to a quiet and comfortable little resting place. Since the beginning of the imperialistic era of the United States, however, Washington has become an important storm centre of world politics and the Powers of the Old World carefully consider this change in conditions. They now appoint only their best men, men familiar with all questions of international politics and trade, to represent their interests at the seat of the American Federal Government.

As in all other fields of public life, the reckless go-ahead spirit, to which the American Republic owes its world power, shows itself in its relations with the representatives of the Old World. The diplomats in long-tailed coats and knee breeches, before they become acclimated and learn to appreciate at their full value the "shirt-sleeve," "Rough-Rider" methods of their American colleagues, frequently pay a bitter price for their experience.

It was given to me, during the critical time which followed the close of the Spanish-American war, to be entrusted with numerous important missions by the German Embassy in Washington and, through my position of confidential agent to the Ambassador in matters relating to the newspaper press, to obtain an astounding insight into the secret goings-on, the behind the scenes, so to speak, of German and Ameri-

can diplomacy. I likewise had opportunity to study at first hand the sordid machinations of a coterie of self-seeking men who attempted to disturb the good understanding existing between the United States and Germany.

In the pages of this book the public will learn for the first time the absolute unvarnished truth regarding the relations existing between the two countries and the attempt of a powerful and corrupt press to interfere with them on both sides of the ocean.

Who in Germany, for instance, knows that the much-lauded visit of Prince Henry, which officially was supposed to have added to and cemented the friendly relations existing between the German Empire and the United States, as a matter of fact terminated in a diplomatic incident?—A diplomatic incident purposely produced and amounting to a deadly affront to the honour of the German nation, an incident which would have had a less shameful ending if a man like Bismarck had been Imperial Chancellor instead of Prince von Bülow? To whom is it known that the German ambassador, Dr. von Holleben, was forced to leave the Federal Capital under conditions so shameful and disparaging that the history of no other country shows their equal? Who knows that all this was done to make room for a man whose principal, if not exclusive, service is his personal friendship with the present Rough Rider President of the United States? For a man upon whose diplomatic abilities no German paper up to date set a proper valuation except *"Simplicissimus,"* whose famous cartoon has been amply justified!

To whom is it known that after, and in spite of, these discouraging experiences the German Emperor and the Confederation of German Princes have renewed

relations with the German emigrants to America, who at one time were despised as renegades? And that while this rapprochement may appear highly desirable and commendable from the Imperial and ALL-GERMAN standpoint, it is viewed in quite a different light by official circles in America?

He who has followed with an unprejudiced eye the course of events since the Spanish-American war cannot but conclude that a continuation of this policy of deceiving the public mind and suppressing the truth will bear bitter fruit. Some day these two peoples, racially descended from the same stock, will have to ladle out the soup that is now being prepared for them by selfish interests.

It has not been an easy matter for me to write and give to the world this book, containing as it does the sum of my observations and experiences in the service of the Imperial German Embassy in Washington. In it I have frankly called persons and things by their real names, taking the standpoint that a danger once known is a danger half defeated.

May the German and American peoples learn the truth, and wreck the schemes of those "dark men of honour" who would plunge the two countries into an unholy war, before it is too late.

Charlottenburg, Tegeler-Weg 103
September, 1907.

Emil Witte.

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REVELATIONS OF A GERMAN ATTACHÉ

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CHAPTER I

THE EMBASSY AND THE PRESS

The 12th of March, 1902.—What was telegraphed to the Philadelphia *North American* from the Federal Capital.—"Has Washington demanded von Holleben's Recall?"—The New York papers appear in extra editions.—The General Manager of the "Associated Press" requests an interview for the press.—I send a request to Dr. Mantler, chief of the Wolff Telegraph Bureau, to see me.—"Keep a stiff upper lip!"

In New York about midday of the 12th of March, 1902, the electric bell in my front room rang violently and a man stood before me with his card, on which was engraved the name of "Mr. Egan, Special Correspondent of the *Associated Press.*" He drew from his pocket a newspaper whose large-typed extra still smelled of fresh ink, and pointed with his forefinger to the striking headlines.

"I have a message from our general director, Mr. Melville Stone, who begs you to give your views on this subject through the *Associated Press.*"

I took the sheet curiously from his hand and began to read. I could hardly believe my eyes! What I saw there, in giant type, was the equivalent of a declaration of war against the German Empire!! I herewith give the notice as received by the German official wire,

which the correspondents of German newspapers in New York transmitted, first in English and then in German translation.

"N. Y. (Evening) *World*, 5th Edition, Wednesday, March 12, 1902.

HAS WASHINGTON ASKED VON HOLLEBEN'S RECALL?

REPORT THAT THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR HAS RECEIVED HIS PASSPORTS AND BEEN ORDERED TO LEAVE THE COUNTRY IN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS.

Philadelphia, Pa., March 12, ——.

"The *North American* to-day publishes the following special despatch from its Washington correspondent:

"Not since the historic De Lome incident, which had its part in the beginning of the Spanish-American war, has Washington been so stirred as by the rumour to-night that one of the foreign ambassadors has been informed that he must leave the country.

"Though only a rumour, and though denied formally, but without enthusiasm, at the State Department, the impression persists, and is embellished with details.

"VON HOLLEBEN SAID TO BE THE MAN

"Ambassador von Holleben, of Germany, is the foreign representative who is said to have displeased the United States Government so seriously that he has received his passports. According to report, the incident will not lead to a rupture in the relations between the two countries. A gentleman who is in a position to learn at an early moment any important developments said to the *North American* correspondent to-night:

"An ambassador has received his passports, and has been told to leave the country within forty-eight hours. I will not disclose his identity; the whole story will be known in a day or two. The time allowed to him has been extended from forty-eight hours to thirty days.

"INTRIGUING IN CORPORATION AFFAIRS

"There will be no international complications. The Ambassador has been intriguing in the affairs of some corpo-

rations, and it is probable that an apology will be tendered by his government in due time, thus closing the incident.

"These statements were repeated to Secretary of State Hay to-night, and he was asked whether it was true that Ambassador von Holleben had been invited to return to Germany. The Secretary denied it.

"It was told by another official that von Holleben had intended returning with Prince Henry, but had deferred his departure thirty days."

To appreciate the full meaning of the foregoing telegram, one must bear in mind that the despatch appeared less than twenty-four hours after the departure of Prince Henry of Prussia, brother of the German Emperor, who started on his homeward journey March 11th. It was a deadly insult to the German Emperor, a provocation without example, which undoubtedly would have serious consequences for the amiable relations between the German Empire and the United States of America.

I returned the sheet to Mr. Egan, who was looking at me curiously. With an artificial appearance of unconcern, which in reality I was far from feeling, I replied:

"I am surprised that Mr. Melville Stone should remember me. May I ask, before I give you an answer, how he got my address?"

Mr. Egan raised his eyebrows and thought a moment. "I shall commit no indiscretion by telling you. Mr. Stone got your address from Washington."

"Allow me one more question, Mr. Egan. When did you see Dr. Mantler last?"

Dr. Mantler is the general director of the semi-official Wolff's Telegraph Office in Berlin, who was in the suite of Prince Henry and made the American tour with him, and who remained in New York for a short time after the Prince's departure.

"I saw Dr. Mantler before I came to you!"

"Then I must ask you to present my compliments to Mr. Melville Stone and say to him that for the present I prefer not to express my views. And will you kindly say to Dr. Mantler that I shall expect a visit from him to-day?"

Mr. Egan's expression suddenly changed. "I will tell you," he remarked, "that some deviltry is on foot, whose origin and purport are unknown to me, but it seems to me that they are trying to draw you into the affair, and I advise you to keep a stiff upper lip.

"As a correspondent of the *Associated Press* I accompanied the Prince in his travels over the whole country and he made a very pleasant impression on me, as well as all the other newspaper men. But as for your ambassador, Mr. von Holleben—Oh! what a funny little man! When he used to pass through the car reserved for the correspondents on the special train he always waited for us to rise, stand stiffly and bow, and he would get fiery red and as angry as a turkey cock if we did not do so."

Mr. Egan, who later, during the Russo-Japanese war, went to Tokio for the *Associated Press,* left with a friendly word and the promise to faithfully give my message to Mr. Stone and also to Dr. Mantler.

The hours went by and Dr. Mantler did *not* come. The interests of the Empire were offered up for personal revenge and the mischief ran its course.

How near the German people were, during these eventful days, to war with the United States will be learned through these disclosures.

CHAPTER II

"OH, THESE SIMPLE AMERICANS!"

"Oh, these simple Americans!" Naïve conception of American naïveté among German diplomats.—Announcement of Prince Henry's American visit.—Expression of the old, "historic friendship" between the German and American peoples.—Serious illness of the President's eldest son.—The Prince comes, though Washington warns him off.—His triumphal procession through the United States.—"Dear fatherland, may peace be thine!"—What did the chief of the Federal secret service report to Washington?—The imperial yacht *Hohenzollern* steams out of New York harbour before the appointed time.

"These Americans are so naïve; there is no bait which they will not eagerly swallow if it is only offered them with a friendly smile and sufficiently sugared!"

This sentiment was often expressed by an intimate friend of Herr von Holleben during the time I had the honour to be attached to the embassy for press matters, and it is characteristic of the comprehension that the men in that circle of German diplomacy entertained of the statesmen of the New World, and which led to so many fatal mistakes. After a succession of unpleasant incidents—one has only to remember the Dewey-Diederichs episode in the Bay of Manila, the unfortunate Samoa affair, the Coghlan intermezzo (Hoch der Kaiser) and the Venezuela imbroglio—suddenly Berlin diplomacy remembered the old "historic friendship" which had bound the Prussians, from the days of Frederick the Great, to the United States, and laid stress on the fact that the North American

Republic had no truer and more honourable friend than the German Empire. And to assure this fact to the world in general, and America in particular, the announcement was made that Prince Henry would tour the United States of America.

The official American world rubbed its eyes in astonishment. The telegram which contained the first news of the approaching visit was like lightning from a clear sky. The "yellow" press, just at this time, was conducting a furious war dance against Germany, whom it accused of having evil intentions against the Monroe Doctrine, and in Washington the tourist swarms daily passed by the German Legation and pointed with their fingers to the officials who were visible behind the barred windows and of whom the guides usually remarked: "Those are the representatives of the Power with which we will have our next war and which we will thrash the way we did the Spaniards."

Was it to be wondered at that official Washington could not be brought to believe in the newly discovered "historic friendship" between Germany and the United States, and ascribed other motives to Prince Henry's visit than those which had been given out? A test was made, and the severe illness of the President's son, Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., taken as an excuse for the following telegram, which I give exactly as it appeared in the New York *Staats-Zeitung:*

VISIT IN QUESTION

A Postponement of Prince Henry's Visit Possible. Only a Decided Change for the Better in the Condition of the President's son will make it Possible not to delay the visit planned.

Washington, Feb. 10: If at the end of this week there has been no decided change for the better in the condition of Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., it appears that Prince Henry of

Prussia will be obliged to delay his visit to the United States till later in the year.

Promptly followed from Berlin the cabled answer that even in the event of the worst in the case of young Roosevelt, there would be no necessity for delaying the Prince's visit, as this was not a presidential one but intended for the German people of the country.

One may imagine how charmed those in the White House and the neighbouring embassies were with this answer.

Then came the Prince. The American Congress had voted thirty thousand dollars as an entertainment fund, so he travelled over the country as a guest of the American nation. The Germans arose as one man to greet him. Wherever the Prince appeared, all the German societies swarmed in line, German flags waved, and "Fest Steht und treu die Wacht am Rhein" as well as "Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles," was sung.

The Prince was convinced by his own observations, and could inform his imperial brother, that he found himself in a country in which a *third* * of the population was of German birth or German descent, and *fully determined, under all circumstances, to be true to Germany.* He saw and convinced himself of the truth of the expression which once Dr. von Holleben had used to a reporter at a critical time, namely, that *any war between Germany and the United States would be in the character of a civil war.* But if Prince Henry and Dr. von Holleben were witnesses of those imposing mass demonstrations of the Germans in America, so also was John E. Wilkie, who, after years of newspaper service, had become head of the Federal Secret

* Actually less than one-tenth.

Service, and who, with a number of lynx-eyed agents, had made the entire triumphal tour with the Prince, and whose reports to the President, as well as to the State Department, would not be less interesting or instructive than those of the princely guest of the American nation to the German Emperor, and those of Herr von Holleben to the foreign office in Berlin.*

A threatening storm gathered, which broke the instant the Prince had turned his back on the American shores. I have heard from an absolutely authentic source that the original intention had been to engineer the von Holleben incident while the Prince was present in America. That would have meant war, but, fortunately for the welfare of both nations, strong influences were brought to bear, with the result that the planned rough-rider play, if not entirely hindered, was at least put off a few days.

Who has not known until now why the imperial yacht *Hohenzollern* suddenly lifted anchor several days before the allotted time and steamed out of New York harbour without ceremony, will find here the reason for that astonishing circumstance. "We are first and last responsible," David J. Hill, American Under-Secretary of State, had said to me on a former occasion, "and if the anger of the people were to be aroused, there could be no retreating."

A lucky providence ordained that the imperial yacht *Hohenzollern* did not have the fate of the *Maine* in the harbour of Havana.

Even the "American naïveté" has, as one sees, its limits.

* "Prince Henry's visit, however, was really intended to solidify the German-American movement in behalf of the Fatherland."—Thayer's "Life of John Hay," Vol. II, p. 290.

CHAPTER III

I MAKE A DECISION

How it happened that the Washington telegram regarding Herr von Holleben's recall appeared in the Philadelphia *North American.*—On the advice of Dr. Franz Schneider, Paris correspondent of the Cologne *Zeitung,* I determine to put in writing a history of my relations with the Embassy. —"Habent sua fata libelli!"—An article in the Vienna *Deutsche Zeitung,* and its consequences.—Hatred of the German press for America.—Plan for publication of a "Washington correspondence."—A letter of recommendation from the American Chargé d'Affaires at Vienna.—I meet Ambassador von Holleben and Dr. Laufer, editor-in-chief of the *Norddeutschen Allgemeinen Zeitung,* in Berlin. An opinion of the American Charge at Berlin.—My arrival in Washington.

THE Philadelphia *North American,* which was the first and only paper to publish, on the morning after the departure of Prince Henry from America, the news that Dr. von Holleben had received his passports and been requested to leave the United States within forty-eight hours, is one of the most respectable and influential daily papers in the United States and belongs to the millionaire, John Wanamaker, who, during President McKinley's administration, was Postmaster General, and is in the closest relations to the present statesmen in Washington. This would explain how that ominous telegram from the American capital was accepted in its columns and how the general director of the *Associated Press,* Mr. Melville E. Stone, in New York, at the same time received my address "from

Washington" and was asked to try to get me to express my views in regard to the statement in the Philadelphia publication.

But how did it happen that the powers in Washington had my address and brought me into conjunction with the telegram sent out by them?

The answer to this question throws a remarkable light on the secret-service history of our day, and, taking into consideration the tremendous interest which this exposure possesses in the disclosure of those dark events, I shall not hesitate to put on paper the "truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

Habent sua fata libelli!

In the year 1900, while I was visiting the Exposition in Paris, I met Dr. Franz Schneider, whom I had known in London and who had been a reporter in six different European capitals, one after the other, for the progressive *Kolnischen Zeitung,* and who urged me strongly to write my memoirs while they were fresh in my mind, and was of the opinion that they would be of great value as a contribution to a history of the times. I followed his advice, grasped my pen and preserved my experiences of the time in which I was writing for the American press in the service of the German Empire, for the furtherance of a good understanding between the two lands, without dreaming what an almost tragic rôle my little manuscript was destined to have. I finished it, felt my heart lighter for the work, and locked it in my trunk, where it remained—*until Washington came into possession of it.* I can do no better than rewrite once more the entire manuscript, as it explains later events and throws a light on the machinations which ended in the melodramatic finale of Prince Henry's American tour.

The head of the American Secret Service, John E.

Wilkie, in Washington (as I have every reason to believe), has brought the manuscript to the knowledge of the members of the Senate and House Committee for Foreign Affairs, and to those in still higher positions, and therefore the action which has been taken against Dr. von Holleben.

. . . . . .

There are in men's lives some fateful moments which, with their surrounding circumstances, it is impossible to erase from the human mind. Such a moment happened to me on Saturday afternoon, the 23d of April, 1898, and I remember to-day, after so many years, every circumstance as clearly and distinctly as if it had been yesterday. I was at that time sub-editor of the National Vienna *Deutschen Zeitung* and had been placed at the head of their information bureau on foreign affairs. As the only member of the editorial staff who was not an Austrian, I experienced in my duties as reporter much open and hidden antipathy from my more or less cherished colleagues, who had never been farther than the dust of their beautiful capital on the blue Danube and whose opinions therefore were very narrow and bigoted as far as anything outside of Austria went. A sharp disagreement grew out of this, which suddenly came to a climax on that historically memorable day of which I spoke.

As the telegram from the K. K. Telegraph Correspondent's office left no further doubt that the war which was brewing at the time of the explosion of the *Maine* in the harbour of Havana had become unavoidable; yes, had practically already begun, even though the official declaration of war had not been pronounced, so the Spanish-American conflict was the logical theme for the leading editorial, and it fell to my share to write it. I was already quite advanced with my work

when the publisher, Dr. Theodor Waehner, a well-meaning but rather narrow-minded man, appeared. Then followed this somewhat dramatic dialogue:

Dr. Waehner: "Well, gentlemen, what are we writing about to-day?"

I: "Doctor, war is here. I have already begun an article."

Dr. Waehner: "But naturally we cannot permit the Americans to send their fleet to Europe and close up the Spanish harbours."

I: "You are in a good humour to-day, doctor, but, speaking seriously, I am making it plain in my article that our sympathies are with America."

Dr. Waehner: "You cannot possibly mean that! You are joking with me, are you not?"

I: "Not in the least. I have, as you know, lived in America, know the circumstances and cannot write against America."

Dr. Waehner: "That will not do under any circumstances! The Queen Regent of Spain is an Austrian Archduchess; the Austrians are a Catholic people like the Spaniards and will stand on the side of the people of their faith; besides, America is a republic, and as loyal subjects of a monarch-ruled land we may not sympathise with a republic. Therefore, it must not be so! We are for Spain and against America!"

I: "I am very sorry not to be able to share your view-point, and must beg you, therefore, to seek another editor to write such articles."

With these words I tore up the article begun by me and threw it into the waste basket, reached for my hat and cane and prepared to leave the room, when Dr. Waehner hurried after me and begged me to discuss my views at an editorial conference. There was a stormy explanation which ended by my being given

a free hand to write as I thought best. In the end Dr. Waehner, who liked a good drink, had a bottle of Hennessy Cognac brought. We smoked a cigar of peace, and harmony was again restored. I returned to my place, took out of the basket the torn manuscript, pasted each part carefully together and finished my article, though still under great excitement.

It appeared in the Sunday edition of the *Deutschen Zeitung* of April 24th, 1898, and is given below in its full verbal contents, not only because it throws a strong light on the then existing anti-American feeling in the German lands, but more because it was followed by the political consequences of the first degree, *such as the earnest danger of a war between America and Germany, and the case without precedent in the annals of German diplomatic history of the dismissal of the Imperial Ambassador to Washington.* I admit frankly that if I had been able to look into the future my article would never have seen the light of day. It ran:

FOR OR AGAINST AMERICA

Vienna, 23 April, 1898.

Our readers know that it has been the policy of the *Deutschen Zeitung* first to point out the disgraceful proceedings in the murder case of Lattimer in Pennsylvania, and energetically demand the interference of the government in behalf of the murdered and wounded subjects of our monarchy. This should, properly speaking, have been the duty of the *Social Democrat* and *Slav Hungarian Press,* as those slaughtered at Hazleton were mostly Slavs and Magyar workmen; but, as is so often the case, Germany fulfilled the duty of the Magyars and Slavs, as these did not raise their pens in behalf of their brethren maliciously shot down in a foreign land. Our readers will further remember that at the end of the Lattimer trial, as well as at the yearly report of the New York German Society, we most emphatically advised against any further emigration to the United States, and recommended South America as the most promising field, as the German emigrants there help their nationality, while in the United States they run the danger of losing their

Germanism (Deutschtum). If to-day one will look back on these facts it will be impossible to accuse me of prejudice toward the North American Republic. But the same feeling of justice which urged me to interfere on behalf of the Slavs and Magyars, which the year before moved me to uphold Crete and Greece, forces us to-day, since a war has broken out between the United States and Spain, to disclose openly and honourably our views. In so doing I lay myself open to the danger of being again alone in my opinion and of drawing upon myself the anger of the so-called national publications who pretend to express the unexpressed rights and wishes of the body politic.

It is one of the saddest and most revolting exhibitions of public life that the political Pharisees and hypocrites have taken the occasion of this war for regular orgies. Without respect to their political leanings, nearly all the newspapers of the European countries have given themselves over to hounding in the most shameless manner the North American Republic. Liberal, conservative and clerical organs, pro- and anti-Semitic, as well as "nationalist" organs, have joined to fly at poor Uncle Sam, whose politics are branded as "a naked, brutal programme of conquest," the meanest lawlessness, the most open greed for plunder. Strangely enough, these same papers that take an entirely different attitude in regard to the foreign policy of their own countries, in that they praise and justify in them exactly what they damn in the United States. Only a few days ago, a respectable German paper demanded that the German Empire should be the sole ruler of the Samoan Islands, as German trade there in the past few years had almost entirely dwindled. But this same paper makes the most violent accusations about the robber intentions of America toward Cuba, although the value of American exports to the "Pearl of the Antilles" is immeasurably greater than Germany's to Samoa. Therefore, the harm that United States commerce has sustained is unquestionably greater. At this moment, the partition of the Chinese Empire into European spheres of interest, the so-called "lease of Chinese provinces for 99 years," is proceeding; and even to the accompaniment of strenuous appeals from the very same press which thunders against the "law-breaking, plunder-mad, brutal Yankee nation." In the opinion of all impartial persons, however, the legal right of the North American Union is *de facto* far clearer than that of all other governments taken together, the German included, which to-day are carving out from the Chinese Empire the fattest bits to satisfy their land hunger.

The logic of these sheets, however, is that what Europe should be allowed to do in China, America should be forbidden to do in Cuba. The inconsistency of such logic should be apparent to every one. Should the North American Union in reality wish to annex Cuba, she would have the greatest right to do so, on geographic, political, commercial, humanitarian and other grounds. But the Union has no thought of doing so, for, as President McKinley to-day remarked to a *Times* correspondent, he and the United States were bound by a solemn oath not to annex Cuba under any circumstances. The annexation of Cuba would be dishonourable. It was all a matter of humanity, and his object was to free Cuba from Spanish rule. Cuba was to be a Republic, under the protection of America, but he hoped that it would not long be necessary to keep American troops in Cuba. This is the promise of the President, who has, until now, in his whole political career, shown himself to be a clever, thoughtful, and, above all, an honest man. There is no possible reason not to accept his words as truth. However, should circumstances arise stronger than the human will, it would be, from our point of view, the greatest good luck for Cuba to be placed as a star in the American flag, and have a part in the blessings of progress and culture which have so long been denied her.

Our sympathies in this war belong to the Union, which is so largely composed of the German element that New York, after Berlin and Vienna, is the largest German city in the world. What family in the German Empire, or in Austria, has not dear relations or friends who live "over there" (drüben) on the other side of the great water, and who now, perhaps, are preparing to shed their blood for their adopted fatherland! Also, commercially speaking, we should be careful not to set the United States against us or to treat it *en bagatelle*, as from time immemorial our most important export trade has been in that direction.

And this is the moment to weigh our viewpoints with those of the warring powers. *The great North American Republic is a handwriting on the wall for all European princes and governments who are steering toward absolutism.* Without union it would go hard for the commoners in Europe to-day. We think we are not mistaken when we take it for granted that the sympathies of all the friends of freedom will stand on the side of the United States, who, in the Spanish-American war, has been called to punish Spain for her many hundred years of misrule, as well in her former colonies as in Cuba.

It is difficult to-day to imagine what a sensation was caused in both hemispheres by this article. It was cabled intact to America and caused there as much pleasurable surprise as in the higher circles of Berlin and Vienna it aroused anger and ill temper. I am not a vain, self-appreciative man, and do not enjoy blowing my own horn; but no one who reads the article with critical eyes can deny that in those stormy days I was the only journalist who warned the German press of the danger of throwing mud at the United States in her hour of danger. My voice remained as of one crying in the wilderness. If it had been heard, the German Empire would have stood to-day as the first and only friend of America, and the disgusting spectacle would have been spared the world of witnessing the humiliating pursuit and a cringing courtship of American goodwill, which has been the cult of German politicians since the Spanish-American war.

The morning after the appearance of my article the publisher of the *Deutschen Zeitung* received a letter of thanks from Carl Baily Hurst, the American consul-general in Vienna, and in the next few months I became acquainted with the business manager of the American Embassy, Charles D. Herdliska, who talked with me openly and frankly about the situation on both sides of the ocean and finally awakened the idea in my mind of settling in Washington as a correspondent reporter for the papers of the German Empire, Austria and Switzerland.

I should have to go beyond the limits of this statement were I even to try to give extracts of the tone of the German press during the first months of the war. It is only necessary to determine the irrefutable fact that a furious storm of immeasurable hate, of irra-

tional ill-will and envy, broke out against the United States through the German newspapers, and that it was precisely those which stood nearest to the government that were the loudest in their denunciation of America. The unfortunate Dewey-Diederichs episode at Manila, where the fault lay on the German side, as I was later told in privacy by Dr. A. von Mumm, only caused more oil to be thrown on the fire, and the unfriendly attitude of the Germans found an echo in the American press, whose Berlin correspondent, Wolf von Schierbrand, as a representative of the *Associated Press,* faithfully cabled every hateful newspaper article as symptomatic of the feelings of the German Empire.*

Thus a state of things was brought about which allowed the worst to be feared for the future. At this time I exchanged opinions with the American consul to Vienna, Mr. Charles B. Herdliska, of a plan for the

* These unfriendly editorials from the German newspapers are copied at every fitting and unfitting opportunity by the American press. Especially notable in this regard is the New York *Herald,* in whose columns, at different times, I have run across the following excerpts from German papers:

The Cologne *Zeitung* wrote, on April 22, 1898:

"Our sympathy belongs to Spain, because she represents international law."

The *Kreutzzeitung* of April 28th:

"The lowest motives brought about this war." Of April 27th: "Open greed for plunder occasioned this war."

The *Vossische Zeitung* of April 8th:

"The American people have not the right to assume at once the rôle of judge and dictator." Of April 10th: "The whole American republic was founded upon the violation of the rights of other peoples."

The *Taegliche Rundschau:*

"American politicians are pocketbook patriots, who allow themselves to be bought and sold by the industrial millionaires. Their God is Mammon, and they betray their own country."

publication of a Washington correspondence for the German press. Mr. Herdliska assured me that the administration at Washington would look upon such a plan with favour, and further promised me the whole influence of the Embassy in the American capital towards the success of my undertaking. Who will blame me when by degrees I came to believe (I write this in the light of later experiences) that I was called to bridge over the differences between the two related peoples and to bring about, at least in the press, a better understanding? I got the opinion of most of the journalists in Vienna as to a Washington correspondence, and almost universally received encouraging and friendly words. As the Berlin Foreign Office and its satellites later sought to destroy my credibility, it seems appropriate to give verbatim some of the acquiescent letters which I received.

Mr. Moritz Ring, editor of the *Neuen Wiener Tagblatt*, wrote me under date of September 5th, 1898:

"Dear Sir:

"The news of your proposed journalistic undertaking in Washington I hold to be a thoroughly good idea, and there can be no doubt of its usefulness. Your proposed plan, as well as your former public activities, and also your personality, ought to be an assurance of the success of your undertaking. Be assured that I shall be ready to recommend your work in the circle of my journalistic friends."

I had similar expressions from Dr. Johannes Meiszner, editor of the *Kolnischen Zeitung,* H. Greindl, editor of the *Hamburger Nachrichten,* Paul Dehn of Friedman, near Berlin, one of the confidential journalists of the Foreign Office, and other well-known men. From the American Consul in Berlin I received the following note, which speaks for itself:

"Legation of the United States of America,
"Vienna, Austria, September 7, 1898.

"Dear Sir:

"I have your letter of the 31st of August, 1898, informing me of your intention to establish a newspaper agency in Washington, the Washington Correspondence, for the supply of the Press in the German Empire, Austria-Hungary, and Switzerland.

"I quite agree with you that the present juncture is highly favourable for such a venture, which, if properly worked, ought certainly to exercise a favourable influence in the direction of developing in all spheres the existing friendly relations between the United States and the German-speaking countries of Europe. There can be no doubt that European public opinion on American affairs is far from being as enlightened and well-informed as could be desired, and that your proposed agency might do great service in the prevention and removal of prejudices, difficulties and misunderstandings calculated to damage the interests of the Old World no less than those of the New.

"The good impression produced upon me by your knowledge of our affairs, as well as by your newspaper articles, justifies me in wishing you every success in your enterprise, and in anticipating from it a useful influence upon public opinion in the sphere to which it will extend.

"I remain

"Yours very sincerely,
"Charles V. Herdliska,
"Chargé d'Affaires ad interim of the United States in Vienna."

I also further received from Mr. Herdliska a letter of introduction to the Secretary of State in Washington, Mr. John Hay, which was expressed in the warmest terms. Mr. Greindl took occasion to discuss my plans with the German Embassy in Vienna, and later told me that the First Counsellor of the Embassy, Prince Lychnowski, had recommended my plan to Berlin.

In the beginning of October, 1898, I left Vienna with my family and began my journey to Washington, filled with the highest hopes. On my way I stopped off first at Berlin, where I presented a letter of

introduction to the then chief editor of the *Norddeutschen Allgemeinen Zeitung*, Mr. William Lauser. Mr Lauser, who during his whole life has been a "patriotic reptile," that is, has used his pen first for this and then for the other government, gave me a most hearty welcome and expressed himself with rather startling openness about high and the highest persons. Of Ambassador von Holleben he told me that he was from Stuttgart, where his excellency had formerly been the Prussian Ambassador, and that he was a good friend of his. "Mr. von Holleben used often to come to the press office," he added, with an amused wink, "and we had many a chat whenever his circumstances allowed him time for it. He is living now in Berlin at the Hotel Bristol, and I advise you, decidedly, during your stay here, to present yourself to him."

In the further pursuance of our conversation, I made known to Mr. Lauser my plan to establish a newspaper agency in Washington. This confession seemed to stagger him. He hesitated a moment and then asked whether I knew Mr. Paul Haedicke, who belonged to the staff of the *Norddeutschen Allgemeinen Zeitung.*

"Only by hearsay," I replied, and did not say that I had not heard the best about Mr. Haedicke during his former residence in Chicago.

"Haedicke is a clever fellow," remarked Mr. Lauser. "He published in the *Kreuzzeitung* letters entitled 'During my Exile in America,' and through them has won the goodwill of the inner *masgebenden* circle of the Wilhelmstrasse."

A short pause followed, then he turned suddenly to me with the words:

"Your plan to establish a correspondence in Washington has in a measure surprised me. I believe that

I ought to say to you that for some time I have been working on the founding of a society for the laying of a German-Atlantic cable to America and that I have about accomplished it. I must hope that your plans will coincide with mine and that we will be able to find a common ground, so our interests can work together. And one thing more—do not forget to speak of this at the Foreign Office."

I decided to follow Mr. Lauser's advice. I sought Dr. von Holleben at the Hotel Bristol and laid my plans briefly before him. "Dr. Lauser has already spoken to me about you," he began. "I am pleased that the Americans take such an interest in the furtherance of friendly relationship between the Old and the New World, and I am ready to support your undertaking in every possible way. As I am to remain here several weeks longer, I will in the meantime recommend you to my First Secretary, Baron von Sternburg, Do you know, possibly, Mr. Reginald Schroder, the Washington correspondent of the *New Yorker Staats-Zeitung?* He is a many-sided and useful man, who has been very serviceable to the Embassy."

I replied that I had several times met this gentleman, but that in reality I knew nothing further of him than that he had the questionable renown of having been the grave digger of Frank Leslie's *Deutscher Illustrierter Zeitung.*

"I see that you have been well-informed," remarked the minister. "Do you also know Count Seckendorff?"

"Was he not formerly a German naval officer, with a rather romantic history, who represented the New York *Tribune* in Washington?" was my counter-question.

My answer seemed to surprise him. He adjusted his eye glasses, examined me penetratingly and re-

marked, after a pause, while he extended his hand to me: "Well, I am very pleased to have made your acquaintance. I will see you again in Washington."

The Foreign Office, when I presented myself there, showed that it was already informed, through Dr. Lauser and Dr. von Holleben, of my plans, and promised to bear my undertaking in mind.

Just at this time the memoirs of Busch were published in London. They were the sensation of the day and wherever I might be in conversation the talk was sure to turn on the disclosures of Bismarck's former secretary. So it was also at the American Embassy, where I presented a letter of introduction to the First Secretary, Mr. Jackson Brinckerhoff, which had been given me by one of my Vienna colleagues. Mr. Brinckerhoff was charmed to make my acquaintance, wished for my undertaking every possible success, but added that he had no idea that a bush of that sort could grow and prosper on American soil.

Hardly three months had passed after this conversation when I found myself attached to the German Embassy in Washington for "press affairs," as the expression there is, and drew my income from the secret disposition fund in Berlin, for services which were not very different from those which Moritz Busch had rendered to Germany's first chancellor.

How I had been prevented from accomplishing my original idea, namely, that of a German news correspondent, and how it came about that for more than a year I played the rôle of a Moritz Busch in the American capital, will be seen in the following recital:

CHAPTER IV

I EXPERIENCE AMERICAN JOURNALISM

At Herr von Holleben's request, I draw up a memorandum for the Foreign Office in Berlin.—Dilatory tactics of his excellency.—Paul Haedicke's dual rôle.—The Wolff Bureau realises my plan.—Herr von Holleben attaches me to the Embassy for newspaper work.—General instructions.—How Herr von Holleben was deceived by a western journalist.—Uncle Sam's American eagle.—"American German Review."—My mission to the New York *Sun*.—Good etiquette in dealing with the press.

Arrived in Washington, I soon discovered that my hopes and expectations which had carried me across the ocean were entirely premature and that a little diplomatic comedy was being played in which I was to fill the part of the dupe. Mr. von Sternburg received me, however, I am pleased to acknowledge, in a most friendly manner, but told me at once that he had received the most categorical instructions from the minister to persuade me to take no step in my plans as to a "Washington correspondence" before his excellency's arrival. Then Mr. von Holleben returned to Washington and tried to persuade me to make out a record for the use of the Foreign Office in Berlin and to develop therein my programme for a correspondence. I acceded to this, but after a time my manuscript was returned to me with handwritten remarks of error from the Ambassador and on account of these I was requested to rewrite it. Several more weeks passed; then suddenly one day I was summoned to go to New

York to meet there a secret-service man from the Foreign Office, who had just arrived from Germany, and confer with him. I went to New York and found that the secret-service man from the Foreign Office was no other than the editor of the semi-official Continental Telegraph Company (Wolff's Bureau), Mr. Paul Haedicke, who between ourselves admitted that he had been sent to America *to exercise a control over the Associated Press,* in whose office in the New York Central he opened his bureau; and further, that at my suggestion *he was going to develop an edition of a German-American news correspondence.* He congratulated me in a cynical manner on my clever idea, which had so well pleased the Foreign Office that it immediately decided to trust no one else with the publication except those belonging to the official *Wolff's Bureau.*

I returned to Washington out of temper and declared to my friends there that I saw in the development of my scheme by *Wolff's Bureau* a shameless steal, against which I should defend myself with all the means of law. This happened on a Saturday. On Monday I was summoned by special letter to the Embassy, where Mr. von Holleben offered me the position of "Press Attaché" in the service of the Embassy, and in this capacity to develop a better understanding between America and Germany. As a monthly stipend for my services I was to receive one hundred and fifty dollars. Under the circumstances, there was hardly anything for me to do but accept the offer. Also the journalist instinct in me was aroused, which assured me that I would have a rare opportunity of an insight into the inner workings of diplomacy, which I must not thrust aside. Certainly among the army of correspondents in Washington there were few who would have refused! I cannot assert that any sud-

den calling to the rank and character of an officer of the Embassy gave me particular pleasure or sense of sufficiency, but I did believe that in this new position I should be able to do my small part in the promotion of friendship between the two peoples.

The political horizon was just at this time heavy with clouds. The violent press campaigns which had preceded the Spanish-American war were continued with even greater impetuosity, not ceasing even after the peace declaration, and widening the breach between the two lands to the uttermost, and a great number of American newspapers openly demanded war with Germany. It was only too well known to me personally that *the attitude taken by the American press against Germany was not without cause.*

As the irony of fate would have it, I was chosen as "Press Attaché" of the German Embassy in America to smooth over what the German press in its blind envy, in order to please the mighty in Wilhelmstrasse, had brought about.

In entering upon my duties I received general instructions to make every effort to make the papers keep silence which were antagonistic to Germany and to perform the miracle of turning them from bitter opponents to friends and admirers of the Emperor, as well as also to make it appear that the real enemy of the United States was not Germany but England. I found this duty in no sense easy. The government, as well as the greater part of the American people, were suspicious of the German Empire and its politics, and the Anglo-American press was only too true a mirror of this distrust. In the administration circle no bones were made of the idea that America's next war would be with Germany, and even the personnel of the German Embassy was fully convinced likewise.

I myself once heard a young reporter of the New York *Sun* declaring to the chancellor of the Embassy, Mr. Kinne, in hoarse words: "All your fine words will not help you. You are now in the same position as Spain before the war." As a punishment for his forwardness, the door ever afterward was closed to the impertinent youth, but the sting of his remark remained, and what he had openly said the whole of Washington thought in secret, though silence was imposed for official reasons.

Under such auspices I began my work. The personal attacks of the three Washington papers to which he was almost daily exposed were particularly unpleasant and burdensome to the Ambassador. One of the first duties which I received from his excellency was to use the power of my persuasion on the editors-in-chief of these sheets and have the attacks cease. That in part I was successful in this undertaking I owe to the kindly trouble of Count M. G. Seckendorff, a younger brother of the former court marshal of the late Empress Friederich, who for many years had been at the head of the Washington office of the influential New York *Tribune,* and who as such had the unbounded confidence of the American authorities in the capital. As a personal friend of Dr. von Holleben, he had already shown him many a favour in the press before I undertook my office and he stood by me, I am pleased to make known, ready with help and advice.

As it was absolutely necessary for the success of my mission that the nature of my relations to the Embassy should remain a profound secret, I was enrolled by the Ambassador, at the suggestion of Mr. von Sternburg, as a Washington special correspondent of the *Norddeutschen Allgemeinen Zeitung,* and in this character I associated with the American journalists, whose

acquaintance I made use of for the service of the Ambassador. Count Seckendorff knew of the secret and gave me letters of introduction to the publishers, personally known to him, of the Washington *Evening Star* and the *Evening Post,* in which he introduced me as the special correspondent of the *Norddeutschen Allgemeinen Zeitung* and asked if opportunity might be given me to reply in the columns of their papers to the frequently wrong views of the editors on German politics. The reception given me by Mr. Beriah Wilkins, the owner of the Washington *Post,* was not particularly encouraging. He greeted me very cordially, but said that according to his own experiences in Germany he was not able to believe the honourable intentions of the German love suit, because, he added, it had happened to him while on his travels, in Berlin hotels and other large towns in Germany, that German officers had left his table in demonstrative fashion as soon as they knew that he was an American.

I had better results with the Washington *Evening Star,* to whose editor, Mr. Noyes, I also handed a letter of introduction from Count Seckendorff. Mr. Noyes listened to me sympathetically and after that interview there were no further personal attacks on the Ambassador in the *Star.*

I received an extremely warm welcome from the editor-in-chief of the Washington *Times,* Mr. Goldwin West. This paper, which up to that time had been one of the most violent opposers of the Ambassador, published on the morning after my visit an article in which was most urgently set forth the necessity for the cultivation of friendly relations between the United States and the German Empire. Later I arranged a meeting between Mr. West and Mr. von Holleben, which was very satisfactory for both sides. As Mr.

West later confided to me over a glass of beer, ever since that interview Mr. von Sternburg had been a frequent and welcome midnight visitor in the editorial sanctum of the Washington *Times.*

While I am speaking of the local Washington press, I will recount an amusing little incident of how the Ambassador was once outwitted by a crafty American. After the foregoing it will be understood how much effort Mr. von Holleben must have used to have acquired such an influence over the Washington daily papers that under all circumstances they were at his disposal. He took hold with both hands when a journalist by the name of W. R. Vaughan, who was recommended to him by a western senator, approached him and proposed to publish a daily paper in Washington in which his excellency could use as much white paper as he wished. As capital was rather short for a beginning, he trustfully asked the Ambassador to help him. On the 22d of February, 1899, there actually appeared the first number of *Uncle Sam's American Eagle,* which bore the name of Vaughan as editor and publisher. But bitter was Mr. von Holleben's disappointment when, in place of the promised daily, he saw an unimportant weekly paper whose inner sheets were filled with cheap platitudes. But it must be conceded to Mr. Vaughan that he gave himself great trouble in his editorial contributions to retain the goodwill of the Ambassador. In long-winded tirades he announced that his sheet would definitely fight any alliance with a foreign power (namely, England), but, on the other hand, would lay every stress on the subject of friendship with Germany. I believe that Mr. von Holleben only too soon began to feel the burden of the attention shown him by *Uncle Sam's American Eagle,* as rarely a week went by in which Mr. Vaughan

did not express the modest wish to his excellency of publishing an extra edition (a single number at five cents) for the Embassy. As liberal as Chancellor Kinne might be in the distribution of gratis numbers of the paper, there still remained such a stack of them on hand that for years to come all the needs of the Embassy's personnel were covered.

There was also an amusing side to the scheme between the Ambassador and the monthly *American-German Review,* which was called into being to fleece the lambs on both sides of the ocean who were enthusiastic over a better understanding between Germany and the United States. The name of its publisher was given as Henry Charles, a pseudonym behind which was hidden an extremely good business man, a Jew, and the editor was Henry W. Fischer, the journalist, well-known in two hemispheres, who later published the memoirs of "The Private Lives of Emperor William II and his Consort," which was forbidden in Germany. In the whole of New York, collection lists were circulated to raise a fund for the furtherance of a better understanding between Germany and America, and most of the German Jew bankers, as well as multitudes of German-American business men in the metropolis on the Hudson, wrote themselves down on the list for considerable sums. The undertaking met with the approval of the German Chancellor, who instructed the Ambassador to further it under all circumstances. Herr von Holleben was rather embarrassed by this commission, as the amount allowed him for press affairs was already exhausted. What could he do under the circumstances?

"Do you know, excellency," he was advised by Mr. "Charles" at this difficult time, "you will get into a carriage with me and we will drive together to the New

York German Jew bankers, to whom I will introduce you as his excellency, the Ambassador of the German Empire, who will have the kindness to affirm to the bankers (Herren Bankiers) that his highness, the German Chancellor in Berlin, is very anxious for the continuance of the *American-German Review,* but that the means at the disposal of the German Empire are lacking to assist the *Review,* and that the Herren Bankiers will assist the good understanding between the German Empire and America if they will be pleased to write a three-figure check for the *American-German Review.*

Mr. Charles told me that the Ambassador declared himself ready to agree to his proposal and even the day and hour had been planned for this secretly arranged "pumpmanœuvre," but at the last moment unfriendly influences destroyed the plan and with it the existence of the *American-German Review.* The total appearance of this monthly amounted to only four numbers and then it died a quiet death, mourned alone by the New York German Jew bankers and German-American merchants who had gone deep into their pockets to found and secure the undertaking.

A source of constant anger and annoyance for the Ambassador were the ill-natured attacks of the New York *Sun.* I received, therefore, one day the commission to go to New York and try my arts on the publisher of this paper, Mr. Laffan. He listened attentively to my arguments and agreed with me that a continuation of the attacks would have very bad consequences for the two peoples.

"I have," I told him, "in my character of special correspondent of the semi-official Berlin *Norddeutschen Allgemeinen Zeitung* had repeated opportunities of talking with Herr von Holleben about the position which the New York *Sun* has taken against Ger-

many. As an admirer of the many qualities which the *Sun* displays, he deeply regrets that the New York *Sun* should belong to the opponents of the German policy, and he is most anxious to convince its editors of the sincerity of Germany's declaration of friendship. We ask of you nothing further than a neutral attitude."

Mr. Laffan had listened attentively to me. "You shall not have appealed to me in vain," he replied, "and I will promise you that the attacks in the *Sun* on the German Ambassador and the German Empire shall cease."

"Allow me one more observation, Mr. Laffan," I continued my argument, "you are not only the publisher of the New York *Sun* but also the founder of the great telegraph bureau which is named after you, and as such you have the greatest interest in the success and rapidity of your news service, that it shall not be behind the *Associated Press.* As things now stand, your Berlin service stands second to the *Associated Press.* I believe I am able to assure you, from my knowledge of persons and circumstances, that the Chancellor and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs would gladly give your Berlin reporter the same advantages as the *Associated Press* as soon as they had the assurance of the strict neutrality of your news service. Besides," Mr. Laffan looked at me intently, "besides, the German Empire has in view the laying of its own cable to America. I shall not hide it from you, that in regard to you particular favours could be granted for the forwarding of your telegrams. Do you clearly understand me? No change of opinion is expected from the *Sun,* only the strictest neutrality and impartiality."

Mr. Laffan held out both hands to me. "The Ger-

man Empire has a good advocate in you," he said, laughing, "and I repeat my promise that the attacks in the New York *Sun* shall cease. Here, you have my hand on it."

We shook hands like a pair of good friends and then separated. The Ambassador was delighted when, on my return from New York, I told him of the success of my journey. "Now we will prove the fellow," he remarked, "and see if he will keep his word. Write an article and send it to the New York *Sun,* and truly, if he publishes it, I will believe in the sincerity of Mr. Laffan's assurances."

I wrote the desired article and sent it off. It appeared the next morning in a prominent position on the editorial page of the *Sun,* where it filled an entire column. It was signed with my initials and the editor had introduced it with a few polite words.

"It looks as if we had found the right man," was the comment of the Ambassador, as the paper which contained it was laid before him, "for he has accomplished what no one else has been able to do, turned the New York *Saul* into a *Paul."*

The pleasant relations between the New York *Sun* and the Ambassador were not, however, of long duration; for about a month later a note was delivered to Mr. von Holleben from David L. Berry, the Washington correspondent of the *Sun,* in which Herr von Holleben was asked not to overlook the Laffan office, namely, the *Sun,* in the distribution of official communications and denials. Mr. von Holleben commissioned me to see Mr. Berry and tell him "as brutally and insultingly as possible" that the representatives of the German Empire must refuse to give any information whatsoever. "Besides," so my instructions proceeded, "you may also say to Mr. Berry, that in the person

of Mr. Hazeltine there are already relations between the Ambassador and the New York *Sun.*"

The Ambassador's order seemed to me, honestly speaking, not to be possessed of statesmanlike wisdom. With Mr. Berry's letter in my hand, I sought him in his office and "with the best wishes of his Excellency" I told him that he would be only too pleased to comply with the request of Mr. Berry, but that as a return favour "a friendly attitude" would be expected from the *Sun.* Mr. Berry's reply was typically American. He several times pronounced with emphasis the word "damn," which is banned from polite society, and was amused at the shortsightedness of the Ambassador who was not able to understand that he (Berry), as a correspondent, had not the slightest influence on the policy of the paper, and that he was only injuring himself and his government if he should keep the official news of the Embassy from the Laffan office and the New York *Sun.* "Besides," and Mr. Berry looked at me doubtfully, "how do you happen to have my letter and how does it happen that the Ambassador sends you to me as his emissary? You are, I believe, as your card reads, the special correspondent of the *Norddeutscher Allgemeinen Zeitung* in Berlin?"

I replied, that, as was well known, the *Norddeutscher Allgemeinen Zeitung* was the organ of the Foreign Office in Berlin, and as their Washington correspondent I had the right to stand a little on the side of the Ambassador in his intercourse with the American press.

Contrary to the categorical commission of the Ambassador, I held it to be good policy to be on good terms with the New York *Sun,* at least as far as I came into connection with it. So that it gave me great pleasure when Herr von Holleben had gone on

his vacation and Herr von Mumm took over the affairs of the Embassy to be able to give the first news of the conclusion of the parcel-post treaty between the German Empire and the United States to the Washington office of the New York *Sun*. As up to this time only the *Associated Press* was in possession of the news, I spared the *Sun* and the Laffan office, through my complaisance, an unpleasant journalistic defeat.*

* How the New York *Sun* went over into the German camp again during Prince Henry's American journey I shall describe in a later chapter.

CHAPTER V

SOME UNWRITTEN HISTORY

The official communiques of the Embassy given out by me documents of a weak, undignified politics.—A letter from Councillor Kinne.—Disclosures concerning history prior to the Spanish-American war.—England's astounding proposals to the German Empire.—Open friction between the German Empire and England over the Samoan question.—A companion piece to an Ems despatch.—I transform a fanfare into a parley.—A commission from the Imperial Chancellor lies neglected while Paul Haedicke carouses about town.—Privy Legation Councillor Dr. Rose gives me some inspired material about himself for publication.—A letter from Henry C. Ide, former American Chief Justice of Samoa.

It was a part of my duty to complete the official communications and present them to the press. I will frankly confess that often my cheeks became red with shame when I was obliged to compose this packet; these writings, which were a speaking witness of a weak and worthless policy, which did not know what it wanted.

Usually my articles began with the introduction that the Imperial German Government had decided to give to the government of the United States another proof of its goodwill by granting this or that, and at the end there was always the remark that it was to be hoped this concession would remove another obstacle to a better business relationship between the two countries.

Once I was obliged, after a conversation with Herr

von Sternburg, to give out the extraordinary document that "certain kinds of American fruits" were not "fruit" looked at in the sense of the Imperial order, and therefore were freed from the San José cochineal examination, which was intended for other kinds of fruit.

The secret key for the German diplomacy in America at this time, after the Spanish-American war, was animosity and envy against England. On the 13th of February, 1899, I received from the Chancellor of the embassy, Hofrat A. Kinne, the following:

"Dear Mr. Witte:

"In conformity with your commission, I herewith send you an article from the Washington *Post* of July 3d of last year, which you will make the best possible use of.

"Yours truly,

"A. KINNE."

The article which the foregoing letter referred to came from the pen of a German-American journalist, Fred J. Schrader, and dealt with "Germany's Attitude in the War." Its contents are too interesting to be from the pen of a correspondent of a western paper and betray in every line the inspired origin and, moreover, the style points to Hofrat Kinne. The article is so comprehensive that I am unable to give it here verbatim, but nevertheless I give a few extracts:

"Whoever is only partially instructed in the present stand of international affairs, knows that there is absolutely no ground for regarding the German government other than as a neutral power, whose neutrality is moderated through a strong liking for America, and that therefore no German ship has been discovered trying to coal Spanish cruisers, or to strengthen the forces of our enemies with artillery. But all this systematic turning of the truth has a diplomatic reason

at bottom, whose motive is well understood in Washington. England is forced, as Secretary Chamberlin, Lord Lansdowne and other men of equal importance have confessed, to make an alliance with another power, and has, since the beginning of the Spanish-American war, made astonishing proposals to the German government in behalf of the conclusion of an alliance against Russia. Among the different proposals, it is said, was one to give Germany a free hand to expand her colonial possessions under British guarantee. Yes, Germany was offered colonial concessions, the precise nature of which is not known. For reasons best known to the German government, these offers were refused. Great Britain remained alone in her great isolation, while Germany obviously was striving for a closer understanding with Russia and France. And from this time dates all the efforts to bring about a difference between the United States and the government of the Emperor.

"Washington diplomats are of the opinion that this systematic endeavour to make Germany suspected at such a critical time can only have in view the bringing about of an unbearable condition which will induce one side or the other to take a thoughtless step and thereby cause a war in which Great Britain would be so placed that she could either offer the United States an alliance against Germany or Germany an alliance against the United States.

"But for the Queen's government, an alliance with a power which is as strong on land as Germany and besides one that lies so near to Russia that it could strike immediately is more important than the help of the United States. In all likelihood, England's first bid would go to the Kaiser's address, and all the sentimentality about 'the same race' would be changed

into 'blood-relationship' between England and Germany, as at the beginning of the war they were diverted from their Spanish-friendly courtship and began activities with us. The British prime minister has not spoken; the Queen has not spoken. Only Austin Dobson, Robert Barr, and the English or Anglicised American newspaper correspondents abroad are for the policy of an Anglo-American alliance. Secretary Chamberlin made some remarks about the banners of both lands supporting each other. But the matter has not gone so far that the British government policy has been bound, so that at a critical moment it would not be able to retreat and take cause with the Kaiser, after they had succeeded in embroiling us in a war with the Kaiser's people. . . ."

So much for the article, which is not in the style of the ordinary news correspondent, Fred F. Schrader, but is from no less a person than the chief of the German embassy, who therefore is authority for the statement that at the beginning of the Spanish-American war the German government was approached with astonishing proposals in behalf of the conclusion of an alliance against Russia; that it would give Germany a free hand to enlarge her colonial possessions, under British guarantee, and besides that it had been offered colonial concessions.

The secret opposition between Germany and England found open expression during the Samoan troubles. What I here recount is perhaps one of the most remarkable illustrations of stair-case wit in world history, and perhaps as such will live in world history. One is reminded of a new edition of the Ems despatch, only this time the point is not directed against France, but against England, and in the review I changed the fanfare into a chamade.

As to-day it may be considered that the publication of this telegram could have no unfavorable influence on international politics, this tragi-comic contribution may well appear here as a monument in the history of our times.

In the Samoan troubles, English and American blood flowed together. Thus the "Anglo-Saxon solidarity" came about, and the stand of the German diplomacy toward England and America had become very difficult.

During the negotiations in Washington on regulating the Samoan question, the British Ambassador, Sir Julian Pauncefote, first dropped a word on renewing a Samoan commission. This thought was at once snatched up by Herr von Holleben, who gave knowledge of it at once by telegraph to the Foreign Office in Berlin, and immediately received a telegraphic reply to accede to the proposal.

With the telegram from the Foreign Office in his hand, Herr von Holleben sought the Secretary of State, Mr. John Hay, who then also granted his acquiescence. The German Ambassador then went to Sir Julian Pauncefote and told him officially that the German, as well as the American, government had consented to Sir Julian's propositions.*

The British Ambassador was not a little surprised at the rapid results of his privately spoken opinion. He saw himself seized unawares, but did not give himself up as beaten.

* Dr. von Holleben's attempt to besmirch the name of Lord Pauncefote was the occasion for his recall. "That Holleben had waited until Pauncefote was dead before uttering this low insinuation against him caused such general contempt that the Kaiser, perceiving that the little plot had failed, recalled him at a day's notice."—Thayer's "Life of John Hay," Vol. II, p. 293.

As the three governments approached more closely the duties of the commission, he raised more difficulties relative to the validity of the determination of the commission, because he demanded that a simple plurality vote should be sufficient for the validity of their resolution, while Herr von Holleben stood for unanimity.

At first Mr. Hay was of the opinion of the British Ambassador, and thus a decision of the commission seemed to be endangered. Great bitterness against England was voiced in Berlin. This bitterness rose to such a height that on Saturday, April 1st, 1899, Count von Bülow sent a cipher telegram to the Ambassador. This he wished to have published in the American press, through the good offices of Mr. Paul Haedicke, the confidential agent of the Minister for Foreign Relations and accredited representative to the *Associated Press.*

The telegram arrived late in the afternoon at the embassy. While the government officials at once started about deciphering it a servant was sent at once to get me. The Ambassador, who seemed very nervous, requested me to translate the telegram into English, and in doing so to change the rude expressions into a milder form. This I accomplished to the full satisfaction of his excellency, who complimented me by saying I had changed a fanfare into a chamade.

Still, the telegram, even in its changed form, was so sharp that I had violent palpitation of the heart at the thought of its dangerous results. "According to higher orders," I sent it to Herr Paul Haedicke to publish through the *Associated Press.* At the same time, in a second telegram, I requested him on its receipt to acknowledge it and let me know whether he had succeeded.

I sent my telegram at about a quarter past seven in the evening and then went home, to await there Mr. Haedicke's answer. It became nine, ten, eleven and twelve o'clock, but no word from Mr. Haedicke. Sunday came and with it the Sunday paper, but in it no reference to Count von Bülow's telegram; no sign of the great sensation of the threatening break in the diplomatic relations between the German Empire and Great Britain. From Herr von Haedicke still no sign of life. On Monday it was the same thing, and finally on Tuesday afternoon I received from him a short telegram saying that the carrying out of the instructions had become unnecessary, as Lord Salisbury had in the meantime acceded to the German proposals.

With this announcement in my hand I hurried to the German Ambassador, who made a remarkable grimace as he read it, but was inwardly well pleased that the von Bülow companion-piece to the Ems telegram had never been published. And what was the answer to the riddle?

On investigation by the Ambassador it was discovered that Herr Haedicke had not once during the whole time been seen in his office, as he was too busy with a beer trip, rather more extended than usual, through Greater New York, to trouble himself with such small matters as the orders of his chief in Washington. One sees how the fate of nations often hangs on blind coincidences.

In May the differences in the Samoan question were again sharpened to the most hazardous point. This time Herr von Holleben himself worked out a communique, which I translated and gave to the press. It read as follows:

"After Germany and the United States had reached

such an understanding that the commissioners might have left San Francisco on the 19th of May, England raised new difficulties of such a complicated character that it is not possible to explain them telegraphically. Germany feels, under these circumstances, justified in holding back the name of its commissioner. The Berlin announcement that Germany would ask for reparation for the arbitrary action of the Admiral Kantz finds no belief in official circles and seems to be an evil invention.

"The whole question about Samoa hangs, for the present, not between three powers, but between Germany and England."

The answer made by the British Ambassador to this communique left nothing to be desired for sharpness. But the difficulties were happily once more bridged over. The following day Vice-President Hobart was buried, on which occasion both ambassadors were in the same carriage and at once began a lively conversation.

The German Consul General at Samoa, secret counsel for the legation, came soon after to Washington, where he gave us, with a knowing smile, a number of newspaper articles published by E. W. Williamson in the San Francisco *Call,* a paper belonging to the Low-German millionaire sugar king, Claus Spreckels. These articles contained an absolute justification of the behaviour of Mr. Rose and laid the entire blame for the disturbance on the English.

A translation of this article by my pen appeared later in the *Münchner Neuesten Nachrichten.*

While I am speaking of the Samoan imbroglio, I may as well mention that by the order of the Ambassador I requested the former American Justice of Samoa, Henry G. Ide, to give an opinion about the German

claims (demands). I received by letter the following worthy answer:

"St. Johnsbury, Vt., July 2, 1899.

"Mr. E. Witte,
"Washington, D. C.
"Dear Sir:

"I have not answered your letter of the 21st of April, as I did not consider it correct to criticise the actions of my successor, the Chief Justice of Samoa. In case you wish to learn my opinion as regards Maatasas, and as regards the question whether a decision in his favour corresponded to the wishes of one acquainted with the circumstances in Samoa, I would recommend you to the first pages of my article, 'The Samoan Imbroglio,' which will appear in the following number of the *North American Review*.

"Sincerely yours,
"Henry G. Ide."

CHAPTER VI

PUBLIC OPINION LED BY THE NOSE

Danger of a tariff war.—What state will emerge the victor.—What Professor James Howard Gore thinks of it.—An article in *The Forum*.—A victory of Herr von Holleben's.—He hinders the establishment of Americans in Constantinople.—Whom has Germany to thank for possession of the Caroline Islands?—Unhappy relations between the Ambassador and Herr von Sternburg.—More light on the presence of the German squadron in Manila Bay.—League between the Imperial Chancellor and Professor Blumentritt, publicity agent for the insurgent Filipinos.—A pithy remark of Herr von Holleben.

THE danger of a tariff war between the United States and the German Empire is (even setting aside the newly arranged rulings) not yet obviated, because the great Chicago meat exporters are not able to overcome the constrictions of the law requiring the inspection of American canned meat exported to Germany, which has practically killed the trade.

They are therefore thinking of revenge and their influence in Washington is stronger than that of the mighty German Empire. Herr von Holleben tried, through his reports, to awake the belief in Berlin that a tariff war would be of short duration and that Germany would be victorious. He tried to instil the same belief into the public opinion of the United States, and for this purpose he won the influence of a professor in Columbia University, James Howard Gore, who wrote a long article in an American monthly, *The Forum,* on "The Commercial Relations

between the United States and the German Empire," and showed therein that the United States had every reason to avoid a tariff war with the German Empire.

As the arguments and figures supporting the article seemed remarkably familiar to me, I made investigations which justified my suspicions that they were the same arguments and figures which the Ambassador and his secretary were in the habit of using. Then I learned that the valued professor had been a passenger on the same ship as the Ambassador on his vacation to Germany, and I also saw the article when it came to the Embassy with the "compliments of the author." Of course, no blame can be attached to the editors of *The Forum,* as they accepted it in good faith and sincerely believed that in so doing they were serving the best interests of the United States. But one can see how even the independent American monthlies are not safe from the secret influence of European governments and how public opinion in the United States, as elsewhere, is led by the nose.

It must be admitted that Herr von Holleben used all his influence to hinder America from getting a foothold in the near Orient. It had been brought to his knowledge that the sudden appearance of the United States as a competitor of Germany in its trade with Turkey and the Levant would cause it the greatest anxiety, and he busied himself to place every difficulty in the way.

When the Turkish Ambassador to Washington, Ali Ferrouh Bey, made known to Secretary John Hay and Minister of Agriculture Wilson the desire of the Sultan to build in Constantinople an agricultural high school on the American pattern and to engage American teachers for the faculty, the agricultural attaché of the German Embassy, Baron von Hermann, received

a categorical order on the absolute necessity of making it clear to the Turkish envoy that it would not do, under any circumstances, to summon Americans to an official Turkish position. The Sultan could have as many German professors as he might want, who, besides, would be willing to accept the positions for half what the Americans would expect. Of those American teachers already named for the agricultural high school in Constantinople, not one made the journey to the Golden Horn.

It is not generally known that the German Empire has Baron Speck von Sternburg to thank for the possession of the Caroline Islands. While Herr von Holleben, during the American war and after, was on his vacation in Berlin, and, according to his good friends, was enjoying himself to his heart's content, the entire work and responsibility of the Embassy rested on the shoulders of Herr von Sternburg, who brought all his personal influence to bear on his good friend Roosevelt to have the Caroline Islands withdrawn from the territorial claims of the United States. Hardly had he succeeded in this, certainly not an easy task, when Herr von Holleben returned from his vacation and at once claimed for himself, in his reports to the Foreign Office, the advantage which Herr von Sternburg had won. So at least it was said by the functionaries through whose hands the statements of Herr von Holleben passed, and Herr von Sternburg spoke in the same vein.

From that time the relations between the two men were not of the best and his excellency did not hesitate to speak before the personnel of the Embassy in a disparaging manner of their First Secretary, whose remarkably pale complexion was ascribed to an excessive use of alcohol, an accusation entirely without

ground, as I am able to testify by my personal knowledge of Herr von Sternburg.

It would have been more agreeable to the German Empire if to the Carolines they could have added the Philippine Islands in their purchase. Since the Spanish-American war there has time and again come a denial of official and semi-official character from the German side of any design against Manila and the islands. I can testify, however, to the fact that *between the Filipinos and the Foreign Office in Berlin there was a secret alliance* which was brought about by Professor Blumentritt, publicity agent in Prague for the insurgent natives fighting for their freedom.

Only a few days before the German interests in the Philippines were placed under American protection, I received, to translate or perfect for the press, an official order which Professor Blumentritt had prepared for Count von Bülow about the Filipino uprising. This account contains the most intimate details of the means of defence and reserves of the Filipinos, the ways and means of their arming and equipment, their possessions in munitions and means of sustenance, the personnel of their leaders, etc., etc., and ends with the prophecy that the Americans would never subjugate the Filipinos, who, besides, would be glad to put themselves under a German protectorate. This last remark of the professor explains in part the polite attention which George Dewey and the American fleet received from Admiral von Diederichs.

When I expressed my surprise that the Ambassador should publish such an article at a time when Germany was seeking the protection of America for its interests in the Philippine Islands, I received the following very significant answer:

"We must not allow America to become too large."

CHAPTER VII

THE INFLUENCE OF GERMAN-AMERICANS

The German Ambassador and the German-American movement.—The Honourable John J. Lentz, of Ohio.—His intercourse with the Embassy.—It arouses mistrust in American circles.—A policy of assembling German interests in America.—One-time "renegades" attain high respect in Berlin.—Eighty-seven old soldiers in Texas send a telegram to the Kaiser assuring him of their loyalty and that of the entire German population.—The influence of German-Americans at the ballot box.—Prophets to right, prophets to left, and Germany in the middle.

VERY delicate and very subtle was the rôle played by the Ambassador in the German-American disturbance. "Say to the Ambassador he must keep the agitation well stirred up," Congressman John J. Lentz of Columbus, Ohio, commissioned me one day to impart to his excellency, who only rejoined that *this was exactly what was expected from Herr Lentz.*

I had formerly met Mr. Lentz in Herr von Sternburg's house, and often met him at the Embassy. As he was a member of the House Committee for Military Affairs, and as such was cognisant of the most intimate military secrets, this intercourse made him suspected of the American side.

Herr Lentz was an oratorical firebrand and was widely known as the organiser of the German-American indignation meetings which took place in the large towns in the West and East and where the American citizens of German descent or German birth were challenged to fight at the ballot-box every administra-

tion in Washington which was not friendly to Germany.

It was a dangerous game that Herr von Holleben was playing and one which later cost him his post. While in former times the German-Americans were never recognised by official Germany, or her representatives in the United States, this was suddenly ended with the Spanish-American war, and the once-despised "renegades" were made the objects of numberless attentions from the Emperor and his ambassadors. Everywhere in the United States clubs were organised of Old German Warriors, which came into relation with one another and so formed a very formidable organisation.

Many of these clubs had received from the German Emperor a flag, which was presented by the Ambassador in person and dedicated with appropriate festivities.

Numberless orders and distinctions found their way over the ocean to the breasts of German-American citizens who had rendered services in the furthering of the German-American movement, whereby many remarkable mistakes arose.

Thus Herr Halle of Chicago, who had said in public some things of a very unflattering nature regarding Prince Friedrich Leopold of Hohenzollern, a cousin of the Kaiser, found himself among the recipients of an order.

It was naturally no more than well and good that these German soldier societies should choose Herr von Holleben as their honourary president; yet it was inevitable that a painful shock should be caused in American circles by announcements such as, for example, that of the German soldiers at Brenham, Washington county, Texas, who, according to the re-

port of Paul Haedicke's "German-American correspondence," sent the following telegram to the Kaiser:

"Eighty-seven soldiers received in a public meeting the medals conferred by your Majesty, and send to your Majesty their most sincere thanks as well as the assurance of their loyalty, which includes that of the entire German population of this country."

There is only one plausible reason for the astonishing change of front which was adopted in Berlin towards the once so despised German-Americans. When the feeling in the United States against Germany left the worst to be feared, the German-American politicians and university professors, pleased to start the trouble, brought it to Herr von Holleben's attention that *there was no better weapon than the million German-American votes to force President McKinley and his administration to a policy friendly to Germany and antagonistic to England.*

The Democratic party also thought the opportunity had come to draw the German Republicans to their side by accusing President McKinley and his administration of having secretly made an alliance with England on purpose to force the country into a war with Germany.

Herr von Holleben thought it policy, however, not to hurt himself with those in power in Washington, and gave the Democrats, at least officially, the cold shoulder.

When the Germans in Baltimore celebrated "German Day" and invited Count Hacke, who was then chargé d'affaires, he asked me to represent him, as he must avoid being seen officially with Mr. Lentz, who was announced as speaker.

I went to the festival as representative of the Em-

bassy, and had the doubtful pleasure of enduring an endless talk by the worthy John J. Lentz, in which he abused McKinley and his administration most unfeelingly.

CHAPTER VIII

THE IMPERTINENT AMERICAN PRESS

Antipathy of the Ambassador for American journalists.—A former Prussian under-officer entrusted with the reception of the representatives of the press.—His scanty knowledge of English leads to serious misunderstandings.—Shall Herbert Bismarck become ambassador to Washington?—Herr von Holleben sniffs the morning air and stages a little intrigue against the Prince.—A letter to the Washington *Evening Star*.—An astonished editor.

A FEW general remarks as to the intercourse between the Embassy in Washington and the representatives of the American papers may be appropriate here. It is accepted as an established rule that journalists, in the practice of their calling, seeking diplomatic news, are received either by the chief himself or by his direct representative. Most of the European diplomats in the American capital accept this custom and find it agreeable and convenient. But the German Ambassador was of another opinion, and transplanted the Berlin system to the United States.

Herr von Holleben hated and feared the journalists and avoided, as much as possible, coming in contact with them. It was actually easier to have an interview with the President of the United States than with the Ambassador, and only a chosen few, among the first of whom were Count Seckendorff and Herr Reginald Schroder of the New York *Staats-Zeitung*, shared the prerogative of being received by his excellency. The rest of the whole herd of reporters were

received by the chancellor of the Embassy, Hofrat Kinne, as the secretary shared the aristocratic aversion of his chief to the newspaper calling. This man possessed naturally, in the eyes of those over him, the necessary qualifications for intercourse with the press, as he had been at one time a Royal Prussian subaltern.

Sharp and brutal in demeanour and only insufficiently in command of the English language, and with little tact, he combined all the characteristics which made him the most unqualified of persons for the reception of the journalists.

Herr von Holleben, however, thought differently and the inevitable result was that Herr Kinne often made the most laughable mistakes and said exactly the opposite to what he had been instructed by the Ambassador. When, therefore, his excellency showed him the result of his work, he put the blame on the *mala fides* of the American press.

In this way the Ambassador, as well as the Foreign Office in Berlin, received an entirely false opinion of the American press and its agents.

As soon as a paper had published an article which was friendly to Germany, Herr Hofrat, as well as the Ambassador, at once viewed it as tributary, and assumed the right to ascribe to it the correct policy. The Ambassador often said to me: "Explain to these people, as a commission from the Embassy, that they must write nothing disparaging to Germany if they wish to be on good terms with the Embassy."

Instead of being grateful for the many undeserved courtesies shown to the Embassy, he played the bulldozing tactics of a drill sergeant. "I will not receive another one of these correspondents if another attack

on the Kaiser or Germany appears in their paper. I will have them thrown out of the house. Please tell them that."

One may imagine how agreeable my position was under these circumstances, because I was obliged in roundabout ways to make good where Herr Kinne, in his Prussian roughness, had sinned. Even as the late Moritz Busch, I received commissions which were not to my taste, but which I was obliged to carry out *"per ordre de mufti."* As only one example: When in February, 1899, it was stated that Prince Herbert Bismarck would become German Ambassador to Washington and the American papers printed this sensational news in striking headlines, the Ambassador commissioned me to write an article against Herbert Bismarck and to SAY EVERYTHING BAD POSSIBLE OF HIM. It was the first order of this kind which I had received and, I must confess, I blushed for the Ambassador.

At first I did nothing about it, as I thought that his excellency might not return to the idea; but in this respect I was greatly deceived, as Herr von Holleben reminded me of it not less than three times and the last time in such sharp tones that I was obliged to bite into the sour apple.

I then sat down and wrote a communication to the Washington *Evening Star,* whose editor, Mr. Noyes, when he had read it, propounded the astonished question: "What! you give me this article?" Whereupon I reddened and replied that the article came from no less a person than his excellency, the Imperial German Ambassador. Mr. Noyes published the article, which I here repeat in a German translation:

"A CONFUSION OF BISMARCKS

"To the Editor of the *Evening Star:*

"Prince Herbert Bismarck delivered, as will be remembered, on the occasion of the great debate in the German Reichstag as to the relations between the fatherland and the United States, a speech in which he expressed himself, according to Berlin cablegrams, in such flattering terms on America and the Americans that political wiseacres on both sides of the Atlantic hastened to the conclusion that the appearance of the Prince in the Reichstag foreshadowed his re-entrance into the field of diplomacy and his appointment to the Washington ambassadorship. In view of these eulogies of Prince Herbert's speech, it is somewhat strange that the parliamentary reports of the newspapers just arrived from Germany do not bear out the cable message. For instance, none of the following sentences were contained in the cable account of the speech:

" 'Why,' Prince Herbert exclaimed, 'should we become excited, when, indeed, every A B C scholar must see that we are in the right. Either the Saratoga agreement remains in force, in which case we must get the most-favoured-nation privileges from the Americans under all circumstances, or the American interpretation prevails; but then a uniform treatment must take place. I refer to a speech delivered by the former imperial chancellor, Prince Bismarck, in 1884, on our relations with America, when he declared it should never be said that measures of retaliation might not be recurred to. The liberty of action of the Government would be paralyzed by such an attitude."

"The reference to Frederick the Great's recognition of American independence and American protection of Germans during the siege of Paris, was made, moreover, by Prince Bismarck father, and not by Prince Bismarck son, who simply quoted it as part of his father's speech. If Prince Herbert appears to-day in the light of one of the most enthusiastic friends of the United States, this is chiefly due to a misquotation of his speech, in which the sayings of the Grand Old Man of Germany were most obligingly attributed to him.

"TEUTON.

"February 28, 1899."

The Ambassador was, I am almost ashamed to say, delighted with this letter.

CHAPTER IX

HERR VON MUMM'S AMBITIONS

Herr von Mumm's aspirations to the post of ambassador to Washington.—The high opinion of the press.—An example of self-advertisement.—The art of making careers with newspaper clippings.—Anti-German feeling prevails during Herr Mumm's presence in America.—What Count Hacke confided to me as explanation.—The envoy gave champagne breakfasts with "Mumm's Extra Dry."—Inspired glorification of the German Imperial Chancellor.—"A strenuous young man."

I ALSO received from Herr von Mumm, who replaced Herr von Holleben during his vacation in the year 1899, many similar commissions. I must say that Herr von Mumm understands better than any German diplomat of my acquaintance how to associate with the press. Only a few days before his arrival, in certain papers close to the American administration, appeared a notice to the effect that the President of the United States, William McKinley, had sent a manuscript letter to the German Emperor and therein expressed his thanks that Herr von Mumm had been sent to Washington.

The form and contents of the announcement seemed to me so extraordinary that I immediately, as was my duty, drew it to the attention of the secretary of the Embassy and asked for an explanation. The Embassy people were of my opinion that the newspaper communique in question was highly striking. They, however, thought that it could not be true and saw in the

announcement, in which I agreed, nothing further than a small and spiteful intrigue against Herr von Holleben. I was not a little astonished when Herr von Mumm, on our first meeting, began to speak of this article. He had heard, so he said, that it appeared in several papers, and as it had not yet been denied it must indeed be true. No harm could therefore be done, but it would, on the contrary, help to bring about a good understanding between the two powers if my articles for German and American papers were constantly to draw attention to the President's letter to the German Emperor.

In the same interview Herr von Mumm took occasion to explain to me his attitude with regard to the press. He expressed himself as belonging to its greatest admirers and respecters, and he acknowledged without stint its worth to the public life of the people. He was visibly pleased when, on being questioned, I was able to tell him that I was the Washington correspondent of the *Münchener Neuesten Nachrichten* and of the Vienna *Politischen Korrespondenz,* and assured me, with a diplomatic smile, that he would consider it of value to have his name appear often in these papers.

This was our first interview. Afterward I met him many times, almost every second or third day, but I cannot remember a single instance in which he did not request me for a personal mention. If ever any one excelled in the art of self-advertisement, he did. Innumerable "clipping agents" were paid by him to send him even the most insignificant newspaper notices concerning his personal or diplomatic heroic deeds (*heldentaten*), and he saw to it, with painful care, that every clipping was preserved, registered and, according to its importance, several copies added, so that in case one should be needed it would be right

at hand. He gave me ten-year-old cuttings about his former activity as *chargé d'affaires* in Washington, in which he was praised to the sky. Herr von Mumm used this same press apparatus in his association with the Foreign Office in Berlin. He conducted the negotiations to amend the conclusion of a parcel-post convention between the United States and the German Empire and saw in this, as there was nothing further to expect, a diplomatic masterpiece of the first order.

But the fact is that the advantage of the agreement was greater for the Americans than the Germans, because during this time, when the first of this kind of commerce was introduced, the trade balance in the commerce of the two lands fell much to the advantage of Germany, but this advantage was changed at the time of the introduction of the McKinley high-tariff bill entirely to the advantage of the United States, and the conclusion of the parcel-post convention was in truth no less than a defeat in so far as that by it American manufacturers were enabled to flood the German market with their sample packages, a confession that the United States in the first transaction had in a roundabout way beaten the German manufacturers. The newspapers, properly coached, naturally sang the praise of Herr von Mumm in all keys, and I was a witness on one single occasion to fifty clippings (which means that number of articles in his praise) being sent to the Foreign Office in Berlin. The Embassy employés used to shrug their shoulders and smile whenever Herr von Mumm entered the room, as they knew in advance what brought him to them.

The aim of Herr von Mumm's endeavour was (and still is) to attain the post of ambassador at Washington. He himself confided to me that he hoped at not

too distant a time to go to the United States as ambassador, and his satellites in the Anglo-American press were never tired of reiterating that he was the right man for the United States.

It was a very curious fact that while the press campaign against Germany was silent as long as Herr von Mumm was minister and ambassador extraordinary plenipotentiary of the Emperor in Washington, it broke out with the old sharpness and passion the moment Herr von Holleben set his foot once more on American soil.

I begged the Second Secretary, Count Hacke, for an explanation of this extraordinary phenomenon and received from him the characteristic answer: "Herr von Mumm has accustomed these hungry reporters to his champagne lunches and now they are furious that they have ceased." This is the explanation of my noble friend, which, however, did not hit the mark.

Herr von Mumm continued his tactics in Germany. Hardly arrived in Berlin, he invited the agent of the *Associated Press,* Herr Wolff von Schierbrand, and his London colleague, Mr. Walter Neef, then on a business trip, at once to a champagne dinner and made on these two American journalists such an agreeable impression that Herr von Schierbrand for half a year afterward insisted that they all (that is, the American government and press) wanted Herr von Holleben removed from his post and to have Herr von Mumm sent in his place as ambassador to Washington.

The provisional incumbency of Herr von Mumm came to an end in the capital and he left for New York, from there to make the return journey to Germany. But even on board ship he found time to tell me that the New York *Tribune,* the most influential

paper in the United States, would publish in its next Sunday edition an article inspired by him, about Count von Bülow—an article which he would like to have me translate and send to the *Münchener Neuesten Nachrichten* as well as to the *Politischen Korrespondenz.* I promised Herr von Mumm, and both papers promptly published the questionable article, which in any case was read with as much pleasure by the Imperial Chancellor as by Herr von Mumm.

That it was Herr von Mumm who sent in to the newspapers all the frequent long cabled articles praising the Kaiser is, of course, self-evident. "An ambitious young man," so Herr Marheinecke, German Consul in Philadelphia, characterised him. In fact, a very ambitious young man, who understands the great secret of making a career at any price!

CHAPTER X

WHAT WASHINGTON BUZZED ABOUT

Diplomatic careers in Germany only for the nobility.—Reminiscences of the Frankfort federal diet.—A few things about our Bismarck.—A policy of meekness and who is responsible.—Herr von Sternburg knows how to pay a compliment.—What Roosevelt promised him years ago.—"Diplomatic work" in Washington.—Count Hacke excels as a dancer of the cotillion and serpentine.—"With what little sense the world is ruled!"—A witticism of the Turkish envoy.—I write a report for Count Hacke.—A box on the ears by Agricultural Attaché Benno von Hermann.—I bear to the victim, the most feared editor in Washington, a remarkable apology from the Ambassador.—Herr von Bredow's classic report.

THE diplomatic career is to-day in Germany exclusively "noblest and best in the Nation," noble underlined. According to my observations, nobility qualifies without further requirement for the diplomat, and the passing of so-called examinations is nothing but a form, which is not too seriously carried out.

The diplomatic dude at whom Bismarck so strikingly pokes fun in his "Congressional Sketches" is as effective to-day as in the time of the Holy German Confederacy, and when the subsequent chancellor wrote of his former colleagues that they always took on an important diplomatic official expression when they asked for the key of the "Kloset," so I can only say that the young German diplomats in this respect are not to be distinguished from their Frankfort predecessors.

The make-up of the Embassy in Washington may truly be considered typical of the representatives of the German Empire abroad, and it is not necessary for me to state that in characterising them it is not a criticism of single persons, who are perfectly indifferent to me, but the system at which I shall seek to strike.

To begin at the head, his excellency, the German Ambassador, Herr Theodor von Holleben, born in Stettin, was a diplomat of the Bismarck school. He spent several years as resident minister in South America, was later envoy to Japan, and then was sent to Washington, whence he went to Stuttgart for a "rest."

The United States had in the meantime begun the work of changing its envoys to the European powers to ambassadors, an action which made a speaking difference in raising the rank of the European ambassadors in the American capital.

Herr von Holleben was the third representative of the German Empire who went to Washington as ambassador. There is to-day hardly any doubt that the Foreign Office would have made another choice if it had known how to read the signs of the times aright. The coming Spanish-American war threw its shadow before, even then, but among competent German diplomats there was no one who recognised the storm which was brewing over Cuba or gave it special attention.

Just how falsely the leaders of Germany's foreign policies were informed of the actual state of things is shown in the period before and after the beginning of the war, when the entire German press, without exception of party, at a sign from the Foreign Office, merrily let go at the United States.

For this short-sighted policy Herr von Holleben must be made directly answerable. For the first time in his career he was presented with great and complicated duties and showed himself in no wise equal to the occasion.

The war ended, as every wise person had foreseen, with the rapid victory of the United States; which then, for the first time, became conscious of her position as a world power, and as such began to exercise a reckless "weltpolitik."

The German Empire now reaped the fruits of the short-sighted policy of its diplomats, in that it has since been obliged to accept a succession of humiliations from the government of the United States, which, for a disciple of the "mailed fist," must have been hard to bear. I must confess unreservedly that even I, the modest journalist of the Embassy, was often made to blush when I received commissions to explain to the American public the weak, lugged-in-by-the-ears excuses of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs for repealing one after the other a lot of silly, aggravating little restrictions imposed upon American trade.

Herr von Holleben is also answerable for the "lick-spittle" policy of this period.

The real staff of the Embassy, that is, secretaries and attachés, was composed of blue-blooded aristocrats who looked upon it rather as an insult to live for a while in a democratic republic.

Truth demands that I should here state that the influential circles in Washington for the most part look with derision and scorn on the representative European noblemen, as they usually see in them fortune hunters and seekers for the hands of rich American heiresses.

The Foreign Office certainly does not exercise much political tact in sending only its noblemen as representatives to a republic which has discarded all the titles within its boundaries and made it a duty that any foreigner taking allegiance shall absolutely lay aside his title. The Americans have a scale for the worth of European titles, but in this the Germans appear quite at the bottom.

The First Secretary, the head of the Embassy in the absence of his chief, was my good friend Baron Speck von Sternburg. "A plain-looking, emaciated little man," as several American papers described him, he had one priceless advantage, which his German colleagues could not dispute him; his friendship with Theodore Roosevelt, the equally reckless but successful politician. He had formerly been in Washington as military attaché, and as such had made the acquaintance of Mr. Roosevelt, who was then at the head of the New York police. It is said that Sternburg made the remark to Mr. Roosevelt, who was even at that time rather susceptible to flattery, that he hoped some day to greet him in Washington as President of the United States. Whereupon Mr. Roosevelt returned the compliment by saying that if his prophecy came true he would see to it that Baron von Sternburg and no other should represent Germany in the United States.

At the time of which I write neither dreamed of the rôle that fate had destined them to play.

Herr von Sternburg was not considered at the embassy as in any way a bright diplomatic light, and was a sworn enemy of all writing, which, to the old soldier, presented many difficulties.

During the period of the Spanish-American war, while he carried on the business of the Embassy and

Herr von Holleben was in Berlin on leave of absence, there rested on him great responsibility, which he was able to discharge only by the help of clever assistants. One of these, Prof. Hermann Schonfeld, raised the claim, in my presence, of being the actual originator and compiler of most of the reports that in the summer of the year 1898 were sent from Washington to the Foreign Office in Berlin.

Herr von Sternburg's reports received the highest expression of official appreciation, which was shown by conferring on him the Order of the Red Eagle, an order of the second class, and an autograph letter from the Emperor.

The professor, who had been left empty handed, made a wry face and made all manner of captious remarks about the ingratitude of German diplomats, and was later only quieted when I induced the Baron to receive him in his house.

I have already spoken, in another place, of the difference of opinion which existed between Herr von Holleben and his first secretary. The latter at times made bitter complaints to me about the attitude of his excellency and was altogether on my side in my conflicts with the Ambassador. His friendship for me at that time went so far that when I was leaving Washington he warned me against a letter of introduction to Prince Philip Eulenburg, which Herr von Holleben had given me of his own accord.

Herr von Holleben prevented Herr von Sternburg from being named as German envoy to Mexico, which post he had confidently expected as a reward for his services in the Samoan affair; instead of which he was sent as German Consul General to hot Calcutta, where he would be stewing to-day if he had not warned the

writer against the letter of introduction to Prince Eulenburg from Herr von Holleben.

The Second Secretary of the embassy was Count Hacke, a genuine "Markischer Junker," renowned through the Washington papers as an excellent cotillion leader, and that he had distinguished himself particularly as a Hoochy Koochy dancer at the men's evening at the Turkish Embassy. Of this entertainment given by the Sultan's envoy, which was attended by nearly all the young European envoys, I was told by the Under-Secretary of State, David J. Hill, that never before had he seen so many stupid faces gathered together on one occasion, and that he was forcibly reminded of the words of the Swedish Chancellor, Oxenstjerna, "By how little wisdom the world is ruled."

It was at this same men's evening, if I remember rightly, that Ali Ferrouh Bey coined a clever witticism at the expense of the young German diplomat. The two men were in a dispute, in the course of which Count Hacke threw the remark in the envoy's teeth: "Mais, Monsieur le ministre, moi, je suis Comte." As quick as lightning the well-armed Osmane replied: "Monsieur le Comte, il y a des Comtes qui ne comptent pas." Ali Ferrouh Bey had the laugh on his side. The American press had otherwise no good characteristics to publish of Count Hacke. Though he never made a secret of his aversion to reporters he did them the honour of allowing them to lay the foundation of his reports to the Foreign Office. Unfortunately, he committed the oversight of forgetting the newspaper clippings from which he gained his wisdom and thereby betrayed to the jeering government officers the secret of his plagiarism.

Of the same calibre as the old Frankfort diplo-

mats whom Bismarck has so cleverly described, he sought to give the most insignificant matters an appearance of great importance. When I had an interview with him he would first, with his own hand, close the door, after having assured himself that there was no listener outside, then he would glance suspiciously around the room to make sure there were no witnesses, sink his voice, and in flute-like tones lay his concern before me. I must still laugh heartily at the remembrance of how once, after this mysterious introduction, he admitted he was not in a position to give a report to the Ambassador, which the latter had asked for, concerning the result of the American election (which had just taken place), though he had collected thirty newspaper clippings on the subject. Finally he came out with the request that I would do him the favour of making the report for him. I promised, and wrote the report, in which I used the expression "Legislatur Wahlen" (legislative elections).

When I handed him the composition he asked me in all seriousness for an explanation of the expression. Imagine this secretary for the German Ambassador who, in spite of passing diplomatic examinations, did not know the meaning of the words "Legislatur-Wahlen," having official intercourse with the shrewd representatives of the American government!

A worthy companion-piece to Count Hacke was the agricultural attaché of the Embassy, the Baron Benno von Hermann, Royal Chamberlain of Württemberg. Though he had book-learning, he had very little practical knowledge of agriculture and a member of the Embassy who had taken a walk with him in the environs of Washington said to me: "He gave me a pain!"

For his galling labours he received the nice little sum of 19,000 marks, entirely apart from his travelling expenses, etc., for the innumerable journeys he took in the interest of his service. He was the hero of numerous scandals, among others one in which he received a box on the ears may not be out of place here. Not a little astonishment was felt in the social circles of Washington when it became known that in the exclusive Metropolitan Club a fist fight had taken place between Herr von Hermann and the editor-in-chief of the Washington *Post,* Mr. W.

Different reasons were given for the unfortunate affair. Some wished to make out that the German agriculturist wanted to punish the American journalist on account of insulting remarks made about the Kaiser. Others believed that Mr. W., who has the sharpest pen in all Washington, had aroused the anger of the Baron against him by connecting him with a social scandal of the day.

Be that as it may, and probably both explanations had truth in them, the fact remains that Baron von Hermann ill repaid the hospitality of the Metropolitan Club, and the affair, whichever may be accepted, does not speak well for German diplomacy.

The Ambassador had to suffer most, for up to that time the *Post* had been no particular friend of the German policy and its supporters, and from then on it chose the Ambassador and the Kaiser as the principal aim for its attacks. The affair took exactly the course which I had expected. Herr von Holleben requested me to discreetly assure Mr. W. that the Ambassador regretted extremely the unfortunate circumstance; that he had spoken very seriously to Herr von Hermann about it, and that he would be very pleased to receive Mr. W. at any time at the Embassy

in order to repeat personally this declaration. Further, Herr von Hermann was not actually a diplomat, but only an agriculturist, a peasant, and it would mean paying too much attention to the person and the occurrence if his recall were demanded from Berlin.

Through the medium of a common friend I made the acquaintance of one of the editors of the *Post,* Captain Allen, whom I requested to explain the Ambassador's statement to his chief. There were, however, no noticeable results in the attitude of the paper.

The second agricultural attaché in my time was a boorish stripling, Herr von Bredon, who in a very short time became a popular figure in Washington. When I went to the Embassy, I often had the pleasure of meeting him before the gate where he was having riding horses led by and was bargaining with their owners for their purchase. He was tall and slender, with the typical Prussian lieutenant's face of *Simplizissimus,* with a long mantle, and in high patent leather boots, he made, at least for the inhabitants of the capital, rather an odd impression, of which he was wholly unconscious.

An amusing tale was in circulation about him, which came out through the indiscretion of a servant. In one of the few reports made by him to the agricultural minister in Berlin, he made the classic statement: "In this country the horses eat as much oats as they please!" It did not seem to Herr von Bredon to be right that even the horses in America are better off than in Germany. The report caused the greatest amusement in the narrow circles of the Embassy, and was not a small factor in bringing about the popularity of the author. Herr von Bredon could proudly say of himself that he had no enemies. His whole appearance, his innocent, childlike face, his blue

eyes and his high treble voice opened the hearts of all the people with whom he came in contact. His term in Washington did not last long; soon after the report on the American horse he was removed from his post, but returned later to marry a daughter of a United States Senator—lucky Hans!

Chapter XI is omitted here.

(*This chapter deals exclusively with personal scandals in and about the German Embassy in Washington, which throw no light on the serious side of these revelations.*)

CHAPTER XII

MY CONNECTION IS BETRAYED

Paul Haediche, representative of the Wolff Bureau, and agent of Herr von Holleben in New York, betrays the secret of my connection with the Embassy.—The Ambassador won't listen to a denial.—Results of Haediche's indiscretion.—My position the subject of repeated conferences between Ambassador and chancellor.—Count Bülow satisfied with my activities.—Herr von Holleben brings me good news from Berlin.—Three days later the situation is announced to me.—Herr von Holleben offers me a recommendation to the German Ambassador at Vienna.—Text of the letter.—Herr von Sternburg warns me.

My own position under the circumstances described was not very agreeable. As a burgher among all these noble secretaries and attachés, I had a difficult rôle and in truth was not able to call one of them my friend, although nearly all of them asked me to render them small favours.

Through an ill-natured indiscretion, Paul Haediche, who was the confidential man of the Foreign Office for the *Associated Press* and the New York representative of Wolff, made known the secret of my alliance with the Embassy, and thereby the carrying out of my duties became more difficult.

It was, if I remember rightly, about two months after the Samoan affair, which has already been alluded to in a former chapter, when one day my attention was attracted to a long article in the Washington *Evening Star,* which described my person and my business with the Embassy. As it contained the most

precise information, it could only have come from some one "on the inside" and there were indications that the German-American journalist Habercorn was the author, having the material from Paul Haediche.

In the article in the *Star* my name was not mentioned, but the next day I was known through the length and breadth of the land, as the article appeared as a telegram in the *Associated Press* and made the round of the entire press of the country, this time not forgetting to give my name.

"The German government makes concessions to the spirit of the times," so it was stated in the commentaries which were sent to the Ambassador and to me, "and has sent an approved German journalist who enjoys the special confidence of the Emperor, as adviser of the German embassy in Washington and has given him the difficult and responsible mission of bringing about, through the American press, a better understanding of the German people and German politics."

With this notice in my hand I hurried to the German Ambassador to beg of him the right to deny it. I said to him: "There is just as much reason for calling Herr Wolff von Schierbrand in Berlin an attaché or counsel of the American Embassy there because, as a representative of the *Associated Press,* he daily sees the American Ambassador and takes care of the Embassy affairs for the press, as to call me the German Ambassador's adviser because, as a representative of the *Norddeutscher Zeitung,* I make daily visits to the Embassy and impart to the American press the news of the Embassy."

"Things once happened cannot be changed, my dear sir," replied the Ambassador, "and you must accommodate yourself now to the position of Press Attaché and Imperial German Embassy Adviser, if

you wish to take care of the press business of the German Empire."

Paul Haediche's indiscretion had at least led to an official recognition of my position, but at the same time (and that had been its object) it had sowed a mistrust of my personality in the widest circles of the American press. When Herr von Holleben returned from his vacation in the fall of the same year, he let me know through Hofrat Kinne that he had spoken several times about my case to the chancellor, and I was to remain in my position, which I had filled to the full satisfaction of himself and the chancellor. Three days later I received a notice that my services with the Embassy must be terminated, as the relations between Germany and the United States were so excellent that it was thought unnecessary to use any further influence with the American press.

I was not prepared for this information, which came as a complete surprise, and I can only account for the Ambassador's sudden change of mind by remembering that in the past three days he had had an interview in New York with Herr Haediche, the publisher of Wolff's Bureau. I told Hofrat Kinne that I had received the order. Then I tried to get a position as correspondent of a German-American paper, but without success, as my word was not accepted that I was no longer in the service of the Embassy. They saw in me now, as before, the paid secret agent of the German Government.

Mr. Edgar W. Coleman, the well-known publisher of the Milwaukee *Herald,* wrote to me quite openly, and I took his letter to the Ambassador to show him in what an extraordinary position I had been placed by his dismissal of me.

After reading and re-reading the letter, he turned

to me with an engaging smile: "In case you would care to return to Vienna," he began, "I would gladly give you a letter of introduction to Prince Eulenburg. I have read that the increase in the newspaper tax at the beginning of the year is going to bring about an entire change in the Austrian newspaper industry and I am convinced that there you will find a good field for your labours."

As no choice was left to me, I accepted the Ambassador's proposal. I give below the contents of the letter of introduction to Prince Eulenburg, which Herr von Sternburg himself brought to my apartment and handed me with a very serious expression:

"Washington, 3 February, 1900.

"My dear Prince:

"Allow me to introduce to you in the bearer of these lines the German journalist, Herr E. Witte, who for the past year has rendered valuable services to this embassy, and who is now considering returning to Vienna, where he has worked in the past and has good connections. He wishes me to recommend him to your kindness, which I gladly do, in the hope that your Highness may have an opportunity of making use of his services.

"With most respectful sentiments,

"HOLLEBEN."

"That is more than I expected," I remarked to Herr von Sternburg, who had observed me closely during my perusal of the letter. "May I look at the letter?" asked the Baron, who then read it slowly and thoughtfully.

When, about ten days later, I took leave of Herr von Sternburg, he laid his finger on his mouth and said, while looking at me with meaning: *"Beware! If I were in your place, I should place no confidence in the letter to Prince Eulenburg."*

(Here ends the manuscript written by me in Paris.)

CHAPTER XIII

FOUNDATION OF THE REUTER BUREAU

"Faked as telegraphed."—A formidable triple alliance.—"W. T. B.," "A. P." and "R. T. B."—How I entered the Reuter service.—Romantic history of the "King of the Telegraph."—The suppressed news of Lincoln's assassination.—Bismarck decreed Reuter's banishment.—Reuter's ambitious son.—He wants to be a second Moses.—I become acquainted with Dr. Englander.—Reuter offers the German Empire a protectorate over Colombia.—His Mohammedan Agency.—Beginning of the era of Anglo-American swindling in the German Empire.—A special telegram to the Berlin *Lokal-Anzeiger*.—The Wolff Bureau and the "Golden International."—Subscriptions on the news of His Majesty's death.—Falsifications of Russian official telegrams.—The Vienna Foreign Office secures a direct wire to St. Petersburg as a result of my article.—More light on the *Associated Press*.—The "A. P." refuses publication to a denial by von Bülow.

In the foregoing section I have repeated that the *Wolffschen Tepeschen Bureau* in Berlin is known to all the German newspaper readers as W. T. B. or "Continental Telegraphen Gessellschaft" and to the Americans as the *Associated Press*.

As the world has very little knowledge of these two offices, as well as the *Reuter Bureau* in London, although well accustomed to seeing the initials which designate them, "W. T. B.," "A. P.," "R. T. B.," daily on their papers, I believe I am doing the public in general a great service if at this point I give a rather detailed account of the three companies' incorporated "ring," the telegraph news bureau, and their

workings, which are often dangerous for the well being and peace of the peoples, before proceeding with my personal experiences in Vienna.

My revelations will create surprise, consternation and agitation on both sides of the ocean, and I hope will lead to a reform of the existing almost unbelievable situation.

Fate led me into many personal relations with the three companies and their managers, and therefore I do not hesitate to be fully responsible for what I here state.

I will begin with the Reuter Bureau, as my relationship to this was responsible for my whole future and laid the foundation of numerous entanglements into which in later life I was drawn against my will. It certainly was no lucky day for me, as at the end of January, 1891, when I was in Constantinople as correspondent for the Vienna *Fremdemblatt,* the *Hamburgischen Borsenhalle,* the *Frankfurter Journal* and numerous other papers, I received an offer, quite unsought by me, to become connected with the Reuter Bureau in London.

"We have been looking for you for half a year in all the capitals of Europe," so the letter ran, "to offer you a permanent position, well paid, as publisher for us of the *Allgemeinen Korrespondenz,* for the German Empire, Austria and Switzerland. If you are in a position to accept our proposal, we beg you to notify us by wire, through our reporter there (in Constantinople), Herr Cæsar Moffer, and at once start for London."

The offer put me in rather a dilemma, but I finally decided, after discussing the matter with my friends, that I ought not to forego the chance, and I accepted.

Of the inner situation and general workings of the Reuter offices, I had then as little idea as the great majority of newspaper readers, who read the news in the papers with no definite notion as to how it finds its way there.

Even a man of Dr. Joseph Eugene Russell's experience, whose connection through long years with the *Kolnischen Zeitung* as editor and later as Vienna correspondent, was not able to inform me, when I visited him while passing through Vienna to London and asked him to tell me something of Baron von Reuter. He was only able to reply that he thought the Reuters were an old Dutch noble family who, among others, had the Admiral de Ruyter as ancestor. This was absolutely false.

The founder of the Telegraph Bureau which is named after him was born in 1821 in Cassel, of poor Jewish parents who bore the name of Josaphat. In early youth he was thrown on his own resources, his whole wealth for his journey in life consisting of a careless, imperturbable, fearless spirit of adventure, and this dowry he knew so well how to use that at his death he left an estate of many millions pounds sterling.

I am not sure whether Bismarck's pungent statement, "Lied as telegraphed," referred to Paul Julius Reuter, who, after the war of 1866, was banished from Berlin for anti-Prussian intrigue in connection with the western agent, Oskar Meding, but never did the creator of the German Empire speak truer words.

The muse of history has hung a kindly veil over the first business undertaking of the young Reuter, alias Josaphat. In the published biography of the "Telegraph King," the stress and storm period of his life is passed amiably over and it only touches lightly

on the fact that in Göttingen he was in a bank and later was a partner in a publishing firm in Berlin.

He then went to London, in a roundabout way through Aix-la-Chapelle, Paris and Brussels, and in the year 1851 he founded his "Bureau."

After he had founded a carrier-pigeon service in Aix, which, however, failed after the invention of the telegraph by Werner Siemens, Reuter and his wife went to Paris, where they became acquainted with Dr. Sigmund Englander, one of the '48-ers who had been sentenced to death in Vienna on account of his having taken part in the revolution, but who had fled and found a position in the French capital on the *Agence Havas*. Dr. Englander, who was always a great admirer of beautiful women, sympathised with the young married people, who were in very straitened circumstances, and found employment for Reuter, for the time being, in Brussels, while his interesting wife remained alone in the Babel on the Seine.

After a while Reuter was unable to make a living in Brussels and so he moved with his family to London, where Dr. Englander soon followed them, as, having taken part in a conspiracy, he was obliged to fly for his life.

Together they founded the "Bureau Reuter," of which the only capital was Dr. Englander, as the head and soul, and Julius Reuter with his business talent. But with all the pains Reuter might take, running to the different publishers and representing himself as a former political despatch carrier controlling important inside relationships with European governments, the young industry was unable to get a start. It was constantly getting into difficulties, and, as one possessed, Julius Reuter went from one

to another of his friends in order to collect a few pounds.

My authority for these facts is a worthy old Jew, Herr Louis Bamberger, who at that time was living in London as secretary to the "Diamond King," and with him helped to found the *Deutsche Wochenschrift Hermann.* "How deep I have dug into my pockets," the old man told me, "when Reuter would come whining around! And how did he reward my kindness? If to-day he were to stand before me I should say to him, 'Stand in front of the mirror and spit at yourself in the face!' "

Things for the first time became better when Dr. Englander succeeded in concluding a new secret connection with Napoleon III. The first of January, 1859, came, on which the Emperor insulted the Austrian Ambassador at the New Year's reception. An hour later the words of his speech were in Reuter's hands, who knew the best possible use to make of it.

The *Times,* which up to that day had never accepted a single Reuter announcement, ordered an extra edition of its paper with the sensational news, and Reuter's fortune was made.

Still more important, and more productive financially for Reuter, was the news of the murder of the American President Lincoln, which he, in all Europe, received first and exclusively. James Heckscher of Hamburg was at that time the Reuter agent in New York, and received the news of the shooting just after the mail steamer had sailed. He did not hesitate, but chartered a special tug, followed the steamer, reached it and handed the captain the announcement to be delivered to Reuter.

There was no cable at that time between the Old and the New World, and Reuter had a period of

several days before the arrival of another steamer. As might be expected, he did not give the news to the press, but took advantage of it on the Board of Trade, where he, in connection with some friendly bankers, made a tremendous haul. He had not studied in vain the history of the founder of the Rothschild house, who watched the battle of Waterloo from a hill and at the moment when he became convinced that Napoleon had lost hurried back to London, where as yet no one had an idea of the English-German victory, and where by a judicious use of the news he gained millions on the Exchange.

A giant stroke of Reuter's was the laying of the cable from Lowestoft to Norderney. In connection with Oskar Meding, Reuter was able by all kinds of juggling to obtain in an underhand way the concession for this cable from the blind king George of Hanover, for the benefit of which he changed his "Bureau" into a joint stock company with a capital of 250,000 pounds sterling. The stock was worth about 25 pounds sterling, and from this sum 100,000 pounds was spent on the laying of the cable. This cable Reuter allowed an English telegraph company to use, which received for a cablegram of twenty words the sum of two marks, while the rest, or four marks, remained for the Reuter company. In the year 1869, all the English Atlantic cables were bought up by the English government; and after a long contest on both sides the sum of 726,000 pounds sterling was paid to the Reuter Company for the Lowestoft-Norderney, whereby the company was in a position to call in their 25-pound sterling stock, pay the stockholders about 80 pounds for every share, and notably reduce the capital and place the stock on an eight per cent basis.

Reuter, who at the beginning held 3,000 shares of his own stock, remarked with a beaming countenance, when the transaction had been happily completed: "That's what I call business." Then he turned to Dr. Englander, as he himself told me later, with the words: "You see, Sigmund, if you had made a written contract with me, you would now have a million marks from me. But as you have no contract, you must take what I see fit to give you of my own accord."

Dr. Englander remained as general manager in the service of the company, but from that day on never exchanged a word with Julius Reuter.

Even more Reuter-like was Reuter's Persian speculation. It is not generally known that Nasr-ed-Din, Shah of Persia, undertook his first tour of Europe at the inducement of the "Telegraph King." The money for this journey, which amounted to 300,000 pounds sterling, flowed from Reuter's pocket, who, as a reward, received all the concessions that the Shah had to dispose of in his kingdom—concessions of far-reaching political consequence which led to a diplomatic controversy between Russia and England, the latter naturally standing entirely on the side of its protégé. It was the proudest moment in the life of Julius Reuter, Baron by the grace of Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg, when he signed the questionable contract—a moment which has been immortalised in oil by the brush of the London portrait painter, Rudolf Lehmann. The Imperial Bank of Persia is, for example, one of the Reuter enterprises in Persia.

Julius Reuter and Dr. Wolff, a partner in Wolff's Bureau, and owner of the Berlin *National Zeitung,* had originally come to an agreement which defined accurately for each side its business sphere and made

it impossible for one side to compete with the other. This understanding expired and Reuter opened, in secret understanding with Oskar Meding, a Bureau of his own in Berlin, which was intended to represent Guelph interests. Dr. Wolff answered the attack of his competitors by opening a Bureau of *his* own in London. There now began a lively war of the despatch offices, which on both sides was not always fought with honourable weapons.

The actions of Reuter's Bureau became too rich for Count von Bismarck and he decided to close it up. In this difficult position Dr. Englander showed himself to be Reuter's right hand and a fully developed one, too. He went to Dr. Wolff and asked for a private interview, in the course of which he regretted the competition between the two offices and declared himself ready to effect the abolishment of the Reuter Berlin agency, if Wolff would abolish his in London and would cede to Reuter a part of his stock. That he was able to move Dr. Wolff to accept this proposal which gave to the owner of Reuter's Bureau a much greater influence in Prussian politics and Prussian high finance than under its former circumstances, is, of all his "noble deeds," the one on which Dr. Englander most prides himself.

To revenge himself on Bismarck and to have a weapon against the Prussian government in hand, Reuter bought the *Allgemeinen Korrespondenz,* which had been called into being by Dr. Schlesinger, a London correspondent of the *Kolnischen Zeitung,* but which had been entirely divested of its fighting character when I took charge of the publication.

The old smoke-blackened house, number 24 Old Jewry, in which is established Reuter's Telegraph Company, Limited, does not make a favourable im-

pression on the visitor, with its narrow, steep stairs and low, dark rooms. It is full of gloomy secrets and in the dark corners seem to lurk the ghosts of exchange panics which have been brought about by Reuter's telegrams. In this house work is uninterrupted, day and night, in a breathless and heavy atmosphere. Numerous young boys in grey messenger uniforms run up and down the stairs and inform the reporters of the despatches sent out from the office.

. . . . .

In this environment the present director general, Herbert de Reuter, grew up—a man of medium size and, in my time, slender form with reddish hair and moustache, restless blue eyes and pleasant manners. He appeared to the casual observer to embody the type of German-Jew business man transplanted to English soil, who no longer wishes to be reminded of his origin.

The laurels of his father do not permit of his sleeping. The victim of a demon pride, his mind is day and night fastened on the idea of being the founder of a new dynasty of finance barons, mightier and stronger even than Rothschild in Europe or Vanderbilt and Rockefeller in America. To this end are all his strivings. Every morning at eleven he appears punctually at the office, and even in the night he allows himself no rest, studying till after two o'clock the latest publications in the field of literature and science, so far as they can be of value to him. He was educated in French and German universities and polished in the highest degree in a business way by his father and Dr. Englander.

At the suggestion of Dr. Englander there was founded in 1892 the "Department for International Publicity," through which the Reuter Bureau offered

its services to all who desired "publicity" and were able to pay for it. This was only one of the innumerable undertakings by which the son tried to equal his father, if not to excel him.

At this time Herbert Reuter asked me for an interview and, over a cup of coffee and a Havana cigar, made me the offer of the direction of the Agency in Berlin for the Company. He was in very good spirits and let himself out, as was often the case with him. "Do you know," he said, at the end of our interview, "that I appear to myself to be the new Moses?"

"No, that I have not known, Herr Baron; and I frankly confess that I do not understand what you mean by this comparison."

"I will tell you," he answered. "Moses, in the Old Testament, saw the promised land, as you perhaps remember from your Bible; but the promised land in the distance and did not reach it; but I, as the new Moses, wish to enter the promised land and will get there."

"Be assured of my best wishes," was my reply, "for its accomplishment."

"And now, Herr Witte, allow me to congratulate you on your appointment as our Berlin Director. You have lately married, and this shall be the Company's wedding present."

"Your goodness overwhelms me, Herr Baron," I replied, "but I am perfectly content with my present position and have no desire to give it up and go to Berlin. I should indeed prefer to remain here."

Herbert de Reuter's eyes flickered uneasily. "But it is our—my wish that you go to Berlin and take charge of our interests there."

"Will you give me your word, Herr Baron, that I will not regret it if I accept your offer?"

"I give you my word," was his reply, "that you will have nothing to regret if you accept our offer."

"I will accept."

In Berlin I met for the first time Dr. Englander. Up to that time I had known him only by hearsay. In the London office my colleagues told me that Dr. Englander had been sentenced to death in his country for high treason and only by the merest chance had escaped making an unpleasant acquaintance with the hangman.

The scene of our first meeting will always remain in my memory. Dr. Englander had a suite of rooms in the well-known pension Herzberg. I sent in my card and a young girl showed me in. As I opened the door, a peculiar spectacle met my eyes. A man servant and a young woman were engaged in lifting and lowering one of the old man's legs. The young woman, attired in a most bewitching negligee, was strikingly beautiful, and hung over him in a most affectionate manner. The old man, who was none other than Dr. Englander, asked me to be seated a moment till the operation was over. This lasted a few moments longer, then the servant took an order to get a carriage for a certain time. The young woman disappeared into a neighbouring bedroom, and I found myself alone with the intellectual "founder and general representative" of Reuter's Bureau. Visibly strengthened, he rose from his seat. "I am glad you have come," he said; "I have just received an important order for you from Herr von Reuter, and to show you how much you have our confidence you may read the letter in the original."

With these words he held out the letter to me, which I read thoughtfully and with interest. He was delighted, so wrote Herr von Reuter, to impart to his

dear good Dr. Englander, who was always his only true friend and adviser, that he had been able to procure a concession for a million, six hundred thousand acres of land in the United States of Colombia, for settlement purposes. He had been able to put the deal through with the assistance of the Colombian envoy to London, who had received for his share a very handsome tip, and now he was anxious to secure German colonists for the lands. To get the matter started, Dr. Englander would be so good as to send Herr Witte to the Foreign Office, and have him there make the announcement that he, Baron Herbert von Reuter, would like to offer to the German Empire a protectorate over Colombia like that which England exercised over India. Though he was now an English citizen, Herr von Reuter had not forgotten his German origin and he would like to show his love for the land of his fathers by making this offer first and exclusively to the German Empire. He asked at the present no return, except this—which was in the interest of the State—*that the German Empire should turn the tide of emigration which was flowing into the U. S. A. at least partially toward Colombia, where a new Germania across the sea would appear under the sovereignty of the old Empire.*

In a postscript, Herr von Reuter added for Dr. Englander's information that originally he had got the concession with the good purpose of selling it to his friend, Baron Hirsch, who at that time had in mind a great project for colonising the persecuted Russian Jews, but Baron Hirsch did not warm up to either the people or the land of Colombia, and so there was nothing left to do but look around for German colonists.

I went to the Foreign Office and developed there

Baron Reuter's plan. The idea was received with coolness, however, and refused. Not much faith was placed in the assurances and suddenly awakened friendship of the London "Telegraph King" for the German Empire. But if one had been able at that time to look into the future and see that the United States of America would one fine day make itself comfortably at home there, the answer would possibly have been different.

What Herr von Reuter did later with the concescion, whether he was able to arouse interest in his plan with this or that European power, I am not able to say; but at any rate the possession of a concession of a million, six hundred thousand acres of land in the United States of Colombia is in the hands of Herr von Reuter, or whichever power he has transferred it to, and is in position, under certain circumstances, to make valuable claims which are not consistent with the spirit of the Monroe Doctrine and will thereby be the germ of serious developments with the United States.

At the same time with the letter from Baron von Reuter which contained the news about the concession, Dr. Englander handed me several other documents with the request that I carefully note their contents. I would thereby be able to judge how great his confidence in me was. I read, and my eyes became larger. I actually asked myself whether I were awake or dreaming. What I read seemed to me so extraordinary, so romantic, almost unbelievable, and yet I held the proof in my hands.

At that time England had just extended suffrage, by which an Indian, Porsen Dadobhai Naoroji, from Bombay, was elected in the London suburb of Fensbury. A hue and cry was raised in all Great Britain.

The *Times* called this election a "romantic" event, if one might speak of a matter of politics as romantic, and the majority of English, as well as foreign, papers expressed themselves in the same manner. In the letter which Dr. Englander handed me, I unexpectedly discovered the answer.

This is about what was in the letter:

"Dear Dr. Englander: You have undoubtedly heard of the election of the Indian Dadobhai Naoroji in Fensbury. I will now tell you, as a secret, that this election is my work. Herr Naoroji and I have founded a Mohammedan agency for fructifying politically and financially the reform movement in Islam, which has caused headache to so many statesmen, and with which the strange appearance in England of proselyting to Mohammedanism is in the closest relation.

"The final aim of the Mohammedan Agency has in view:

"1. To use the proselyting in England and the reform movement in India in order to awaken anew throughout the entire Mohammedan world the belief that Islam is called once more to conquer the world, and that the faithful of the prophet are chosen to be the rulers of the world.

"2. To use the Moslemite proselytism in England as the starting point of a new Hedschra, with the idea of making London and Liverpool, for all believers who make the great pilgrimage to England, a visible proof of the spreading of Islam in the Occident, and particularly in the home country of the 'Emperor of India.'

"3. To sow dissatisfaction with their lot among the Mohammedan inhabitants of Asia Minor and to arouse in them the desire of a union with their brothers in India."

Thus, in general terms, is the programme of the "Mohammedan Agency" which was suddenly unfolded before my eyes in the letter of Herr von Reuter. It had naturally not been the intention of Dr. Englander to give me the information in this letter, but he was an old man and sometimes his memory was at fault. That is the only way I have of explaining this apparent show of trust, which placed Herr von Reuter before one in quite a new light. So he wished not alone to become a new Moses but also a new Mahomet! And the "Mohammedan Agency" worked with this goal in view. That in the meantime it has experienced many developments and expansions, the facts show. It also accounts for the outbreak of unrest among the Mohammedan inhabitants of India, as well as the ferment among the inhabitants of Egypt. During my stay in Berlin I asked Dr. Englander as to his political beliefs. "Speaking personally, I am an anarchist," he replied, "and as such it gives me fiendish pleasure to lead a monarchical government by the nose, as much as I am able; and besides, to make it pay well." These words brought to my mind what I had been told concerning him in Constantinople, where he was still well remembered from his former activities as chief of the Reuter Bureau.

Dr. Englander remained in Berlin four weeks. I then accompanied him and his beautiful "niece" to the station, where, at the last moment, she confided to me under seal of secrecy that in a short time she was going to marry "Granny," as she called the old man. "Are you really in earnest?" I asked her. "Yes, he is already so old and——." About two months later the *Times* had the announcement of their marriage.

One of the many strange undertakings of the "Tele-

graph King" is shown in the commission which I received from London shortly after the departure of Dr. Englander. I was asked to negotiate a loan on the Berlin exchange of sixteen million marks, for a Spanish railroad undertaking, the "North of Spain & Valencia Railway." With the prospectus which had been sent me, I went to Dr. Diedrich Hahn, then secretary of the Deutschen Bank, whom I had met formally, and asked for his assistance. He read the prospectus, took it to Dr. Siemens, the first director of the Deutschen Bank, but returned with the answer that he was exceedingly sorry not to be able to help Mr. Reuter in this matter. I then sought Director Hollander of the Dresdner Bank, who carefully read the prospectus, shook his head, and made this noteworthy answer: "Do you know, if this were signed by the good God himself, who is truly a good corporation, we would not touch the business."

The affair did not go through. If it had there would not have been one pfennig for the stockholders. Through my intercession there came about an agreement between Isador Loewe and Reuter, by which these two became the "general representatives of the German weapon and munition factory" for the countries of Persia, Egypt and Colombia.

As a consequence of my exertions there was a further agreement made between Halske, Siemens and Reuter, by which the agents of Reuter were enabled, as representatives of Siemens and Halske, to make the first bid on contracts for electrical machinery. By the special wish of Herr Reuter, I also made a deal between his office and the Deutschen Bank in Berlin, which latter had a particular interest for Reuter in regard to quotations of the stock of a Johannesburg gold mine company (Adolph Gorz & Company). "We

will inform your office in the usual way," Dr. Steinthal said to me, and so it happened. I may remark here that for this sort of work I never received a penny.

One more example will serve to open the eyes of the reader to the shrewd means used by the Reuter Bureau to gain its ends, and to show what value the Reuter Telegrams possess. My English colleague, Gordon Smith, who afterward played such an unenviable rôle in the much-talked-of libel suit of the New York *Herald* against three Berlin dailies, the *Post, Neueste Nachrichten* and *Deutsche Tageszeitung,* appeared one day with a letter for me from Herr Reuter and asked my assistance in placing certain news matter contained in the letter in a Berlin paper, and then to telegraph it back to London as the original news of this paper. I assured him in very definite terms that I should forbid any more offers of that kind being made to me, whereupon he replied that in that case he would send twenty marks to a well-known London correspondent of the *Lokal Anzeiger,* who would certainly make the announcement in his paper. After two days there appeared on Friday, the 20th of January, 1893, in the evening edition of the Berlin *Lokal Anzeiger,* the following telegram:

"(From our foreign correspondent.)

"London, Jan. 20.

"I have learned from a perfectly reliable source that the reason of the hesitation in the emission of the Bulgarian loan in London, which was to have taken place last December, is that certain difficulties have arisen. It is thought that the securities are not sufficient for the obligations."

The same evening Mr. Gordon Smith telegraphed the "Londoner-Special-Telegramm" of the Berlin *Lokal Anzeiger,* to the Reuter Bureau, and on the next day the startling news was to be read in all the great

papers of England and the continent of the doubtful condition of Bulgarian finances.

The transparent reason for this manœuvre was to force the Bulgarian minister of finance to make use of the accommodation of the group of international "finance barons" closely connected with Reuter, and further, to give the Reuter Bureau charge of the disposal of the notices of emission. By such intrigue as this the weal or woe of a nation often hangs. The stand taken in this case by the Reuter Bureau was even more questionable because the Bulgarian government had tried to assure the good-will of Reuter by the concession of extraordinary privileges, such as the free use of the Bulgarian state telegraph line within the boundary of the principality, the payment of telegraph costs to London, naming of the Reuter agent as director of the official *Agence Balcanique,* preference in the despatching of all Reuter telegrams, and giving to Reuter the entire business of the ministers and public institutions. As there was no end to the questionable commissions which Reuter presented to me, I wrote him a letter in which I requested him in plain German, either to give me a position where no swindling was required or to accept my resignation. As a revenge, Reuter brought suit against me, which lasted several years and from which I came out victorious. Dr. Munchel, the lawyer who first represented Reuter, withdrew from the case.

From that time I have been pursued by an implacable hatred by the International Telegraph Bureau and its leaders, who in order to satisfy their personal dislike of me have not hesitated to set at naught the highest interests of the German Empire, as well as those of the United States, and to risk them in the game.

A strange light is thrown on the relations of exchange between the Reuter Bureau in London and Wolff's Bureau in Berlin, as well as the inner organisation of the latter, in an article which appeared in *Black and White,* written by a former Berlin *Times* correspondent, Charles Lowe, who certainly was well informed. This notable English journalist expresses himself about *Wolff's* in the following manner:

"'Wolff' is a joint stock company which is composed of some of the first Jew bankers of Berlin, and, naturally enough, the members of this company demand for themselves the first right to examine all important telegrams; a right whose tremendous significance for the international politics and the international finance of the two worlds is obvious.

"Wolff's Bureau is a semi-official institution, the recognised organ of the Prussian and German governments. 'Do ut des,' or 'quid pro quo,' is the fundamental principle which rules its relation to the two governments whose henchman and mouthpiece it is at the same time.

"There is often a great deal said in very disparaging language in Berlin about the 'Reptile Press,' which, as a matter of fact, probably exists only in the agencies quoted. Not that 'Wolff's' receives a subsidy from the government reptile fund. To a newspaper, a payment in news is worth as much or more than a payment in pure gold. Of what, then, does this payment consist? First and foremost that 'Wolff's Bureau' shall have the priority in publishing all the incoming and outgoing government telegrams, a consideration which is, of course, of the highest importance for a telegraph bureau. Further, the government makes use of 'Wolff's' as its mouthpiece when it wishes to publish a denial, to influence public opinion, or to publish news in a particular form for the world—especially for the world outside of Germany—which is very easily accomplished through 'Wolff's.'

"Louis Schneider, an under officer, and later court councillor, who was reader to Emperor William I, rendered a striking service at the founding of 'Wolff's' bureau by convincing the king of the national necessity of a semi-official despatch bureau, so that he used his whole influence to accomplish the design; yes, even went so far as to write, on March 4, 1865, the following to Dr. Wolff:

"'Your plan which has been laid before me of the extension of the telegraph office into a joint-stock company, as an English company is about to do, has my entire approval, and it would please me much if certain approved patriotic financiers, such as Herr von Oppenfeld, von Magnus, Bleichroeder, were to join you in this affair. It appears to me very essential and necessary that in Prussia such an institution should be created, to be able to offer opposition to England.

"'(Signed) WILHELM.'"

Thanks to this expression from an almighty source, the "patriotic financiers" did not delay longer to hand out to Dr. Wolff the two million dollars necessary for his project. With this he founded a limited liability company, which in 1871 was transformed into an out-and-out stock company. That the "patriotic financiers" got the worth of their money in this deal appears from the foregoing observations of Herr Lowe. The amalgamation of the "twin worlds of international politics and international finance," as the former *Times* correspondent calls it, is to-day not limited to London and Berlin, but spreads much further. Similar agreements to those between Wolff and Reuter exist also between these and the official and semi-official telegraph bureaus of other European countries, as the *Agence Havas* in Paris, the *Imperial Royal Telegraph Correspondence Bureau* in Vienna, the *Northern Telegraph Bureau* in St. Petersburg, the *Agenzia Stefani* in Rome, the *Agence Roumaine* in Bucharest, the *Agence de Constantinople* in the Turkish capital, the *Agence Balcanique* in Sofia, etc. Through agreements, in which are provided heavy penalties, each of the above bureaus is bound to make accessible to the press, in unaltered form, the despatches sent to it by the agents of any bureau belonging to the ring.

Doubtless the patriotism of those men, who are dubbed "the golden internationals," is a capital invest-

ment which bears good interest. The principal stockholders of the "national" *Wolff's Bureau* are the banking houses of S. Bleichroeder, whose head, Dr. Paul von Schwabach, Jr., is the English General Consul, and Herbert von Reuter, chief of the English Telegraph Bureau, whose anti-Germanism is a fact beyond any doubt. Other stockholders are the banking houses of Mendelsohn, Warschauer, etc. The general director is the Austrian, Dr. Mantler, Jr., and until a few years ago the chief editor was Dr. O. Runge, a German-Russian. A most singular picture this, that the "national" German Telegraph Bureau presents in the assembly of its stockholders and its responsible leaders, and a most joyful outlook for the future! From the foregoing, as well as the following observations, I draw the conclusion as to the danger to state and people in the activities of the "golden internationals," which imperil the foundations of the state far more than all the anarchistic propaganda of the land. The men who are interested in the Telegraph Bureaus know no fatherland; they think and feel internationally, their family connections are scattered over the whole world, in Berlin and Paris, in Rome as well as St. Petersburg and Vienna, in London as well as New York. War and danger of war constitute for these men the most favourable opportunity to fish in troubled waters, and it would be insane to expect of them that they would allow to go by unimproved any of the "golden" opportunities which offer.

In lawsuits it has been shown repeatedly that the *Wolff Bureau* holds back in the interests of its stockholders important news of political or financial weight, so that the "patriotic financiers" may be in a position to make profitable deals on the international stock exchanges on the tips they thus receive; it was estab-

lished further that the Foreign Office gives to the *Wolff Bureau* the throne speech of the Kaiser at the opening or the closing of the Reichstag several hours before the publication, so that this most important document may be used by its favoured stockholders without losing a moment. Reichstag, press and public receive knowledge of it only several hours later.

In spite of what I have cited already, it may still cause some astonishment that this "national" Telegraph Bureau does not blush to receive private subscriptions for the prompt telegraphic advice of the death of the present Kaiser, Wilhelm II. As Karl Wedekind, Dr. Mantler's predecessor as general director of the company, told me years ago, the number of these subscribers even then amounted to 5,000!

The Imperial Chancellor and the Foreign Office, who otherwise are slow in taking a joke, and on occasions where it is often uncalled for are infinitely touchy, appear hard of hearing and dense, as soon as the "national" *Wolff Telegraph Bureau* and its dark machinations come into question. The responsible leaders of German politics would do well to follow the example of the Austro-Hungarian government, which did not hesitate to break off existing relations with the *Wolff Bureau* for the receipt of Russian telegrams and to open a wire of its own for Russian news, when I, years ago, pointed out in the Vienna *Deutsche Zeitung* on the occasion of two flagrant examples the dangerous character of the *Wolff Bureau.*

(The author proceeds to describe in great detail two despatches covering international news from St. Petersburg which were distorted by the *Wolff Bureau,* he claims, for stock-market purposes.)

It seems almost incredible but it is a fact, a fact in spite of Heaven and its angels, that the *Wolff Bureau*

still retains the confidence of the German government. Even from Berlin Board of Trade circles there arose a cry for reform of this inconceivable blundering and misuse of publicity, and a demand for a government supervision of the *Wolff Bureau.* The *Kleine Journal,* which is in close relations with Berlin finance and is conducted by Dr. Leo Leipziger, stated in its issue of February 5th, 1900:

"The conspiracy instigated against the Wolff Telegraph Bureau, which was settled last Saturday, has uncovered a mass of evidence of wrongdoing which it is absolutely necessary to correct or stop. A witness on the stand described a condition of affairs, and in the clearest manner, too, that arouses the gravest doubts. A prominent banker in this city, owner of a part of the stock of the company under investigation, and chairman of its board of directors, as admitted by Dr. Mantler himself, has taken cognisance of despatches before they were given to the public. It is obvious that in the future such things should be made impossible. Once and for all, Wolff's Bureau should be removed from the control or influence of private personages. It is necessary in this case because we are dealing with an official institution to which are confided for publication and dissemination communications of the highest authorities, state and official, and all of the greatest importance. It is imperative that these communications, before official publication, should be treated as state secrets, so to speak. This is the method employed in Austria, and no complaints of this kind have ever been made of the Vienna Correspondence Bureau, simply because the Austrian Telegraphic Bureau is a state institution. It is high time that we also started a government supervision of this kind, the necessity for such a step being amply shown by the evidence in the case at hand. The State Telegraphic Office would perhaps fall under the control of the State Secretary of the Imperial Post Office, and it is highly probable that under the management of Herr von Podbielski the new organisation would be put in the best possible shape for efficient work. Then we would have state officials as functionaries in the Bureau, and with that guarantee that all irregularities and preferences of any sort would be excluded from the list of possibilities.

"This, we think, would be the best means of quieting the unrest and removing the fears which this suit has caused.

"Are men to be found in the German Reichstag who have the courage to discuss the crookednesses exposed in the Wolff Telegraphic Bureau and to recommend that the state assume control of the whole Bureau?

"Equally corrupt and unreliable as Reuter and Wolff is the great American press bureau, the *Associated Press*. It commenced its activities about the time of the American civil war, when a number of American publishers banded themselves together and organised a mutual telegraphic service by which they not only got more rapid news but a decreased cost for the information. The business of the *Associated Press* since then has grown from year to year, but it is only since the Spanish-American war that the company has been known to the general European public. With the entrance of the United States into the field of active world politics the interest of the American reader was aroused in foreign matters, and the *Associated Press* was forced to consider it. Formerly, Mr. Walter Neef represented the company alone in London, subletting office or desk room in the Reuter offices. Now there are representatives—permanent ones, too—in Berlin, Vienna, Paris, and St. Petersburg. The company is combined in the most intimate manner possible with Reuter and Wolff, and together the three form a triple alliance whose business is politics, whose politics is business, and whose conscienceless, ruthless directors shrink from nothing to obtain their ends." *

What the independent American press thinks of the *Associated Press* is clearly shown in the following article published by the New York *American,* which, by the way, is given to calling a spade a spade:

"In the last few years it appears as if the management of the *Associated Press* had fallen into the hands of men

* This is a characteristic continental view of the *Associated Press*, which is known to the American public as a news gathering and distributing corporation composed of representatives of all the leading newspapers in the Republic. Its business is to furnish reliable, impartial, and non-partisan news to its subscribers. Its directorate includes publishers of every shade of political, social, and religious belief. In what follows Herr Witte has accepted as gospel the bitter philippics of rival press barons which have been fighting the *Associated Press* for a generation.—S. T.

who utilise it for purposes for which it was never intended. It has grown into a political machine, and, worse than that, a political machine for the suppression of truth and the spreading of false news. The newspapers who are members of the *Associated Press* and pay their dues to the association are entitled to demand that the business control be taken from this small coterie of men who are misusing the organisation and employing it as a means of wrongdoing.

"For members residing at a distance it is very difficult to attend the general meetings, and the election of officials must, therefore, take place by proxies. Through this it has been possible for a small inner ring for years to control the *Associated Press* and utilise the columns of the American press to further their own schemes, handle stock operations, and maintain their own friends in office. As members of the *Associated Press,* we are entitled to demand an honourable, true, and unpartisan reporting of events, and therefore protest, and shall continue to protest, at the falsification of the *Associated Press* until all source of complaint has been removed."

Even more drastic than the New York *American* was the expression of the New York *Sun,* whose publisher owns the Laffan Telegraph Bureau.

"Cheats Press and Public."
etc., etc.

As on account of lack of space I cannot reproduce the article in full, I herewith give a few of the characteristic remarks it contains, stating on the side that the *Associated Press* has not felt called upon to institute any libel proceedings.

"It is particularly interesting just at present to call public attention to the gang of thieves, news perverters and swindlers who, operating under the awe-inspiring title of the *Associated Press,* have practically grabbed the entire press of the country by the throat. The expressions, 'thieves,' 'news perverters,' 'forgers,' are wittingly used by us. The thieves, news perverters and swindlers openly scoff at the courts of

the country; declare themselves subject to no laws, independent of any authority. During the peace congress in Paris, when the whole country was nervous and anxious about the outcome of the negotiations, the *Associated Press* published a lie, that the Spanish Commission had broken off the negotiations and retired. If this was the case, there could be only one result—the resumption of hostilities. This lie, like many others, was sent out by the *Associated Press,* north, south, east and west. It reached here late in the afternoon, just before closing time on the stock exchange and too late to publish an official denial. On the day of the last presidential election, when it had been definitely settled that the friends of sound money and prosperity had obtained control of Congress and would continue the present policies of the administration, the *Associated Press* sent out the lie that the Bryan supporters had won. This was as dirty a lie as any the *Associated Press* ever manufactured. The *Associated Press* sent the lie to its clients and the whole country was perturbed and disquieted. The price of various stocks dropped from one to three points, but not all of them, so on the next day the lie was repeated. It was pardonable on the first day, but was a crime on the second. Some more stocks fell. It was impossible to maintain the lie more than two days, but had the *Sun* not published the truth it would have been possible for certain stock manipulators to amass an enormous fortune. . . ."

These are only a few examples out of many cases. Consider the possibilities. In the hands of conscienceless men every newspaper in the land can be used as a tool by these rascals and any one ruined by a single word. The quotations on the stock market can be raised or lowered as most expedient and the peace of

the nation endangered, as has occurred more than once. The extent of this power is almost inconceivable and to it the *free press* surrenders its tools—the swindled and deceived "free press." *

. . . . . .

If the power of the *Associated Press* is almost inconceivable, how much greater, how much more overwhelming must be the power of the three telegraphic agencies, Reuter, Wolff and the *Associated Press* combined; combined and united, as I have shown, in the most narrow and indissoluble bonds.

The *Associated Press* has not always been as friendly to Germany as it now appears to be. At the time I entered the service of the German Embassy, on the contrary, it was distinctly antagonistic and on more than one important occasion declined point-blank to publish the communiqués sent by the German Ambassador. I remember one case where Herr von Bülow cabled the Ambassador about an article that had appeared in the Washington *Post* and requested to have it denied in the said paper and also through the *Associated Press*. The representative of the latter in Washington, General Boynton, replied to me in a short, almost rude, manner that he could not accept the denial, and I was much pleased when after much begging I induced the night editor of the *Post* to accept and publish it in the columns of his paper. Herr von Holleben was much relieved when he was able to tele-

* Herr Witte then proceeds to couple the *Associated Press* with the Reuter and Wolff Bureaus. But his views and comments are distorted because he has accepted his facts from hostile newspapers which have been denied membership in this great news-gathering and distributing agency. Our author fails to recognise the co-operative nature of the services performed by the *Associated Press* for newspapers of every shade of politics and principles in the United States.—S. T.

graph Berlin that the orders of his superior had been obeyed. The incident had an amusing sequel, for the next morning neither the Ambassador, his secretaries nor his attachés could find that denial in the *Post.* Immediately a messenger was despatched to my residence and I was cited to appear before his excellency, who, with wrinkled brow, was still hunting for the Bülow denial.

"See here," he said, "I have telegraphed Berlin that the denial has appeared in this rag, and now although I have hunted for over an hour I cannot find it. What am I to think of this, and of you?" And he gruffly pushed the paper over to me.

Not without some secret merriment, I placed a finger on a line in the most inconspicuous part of the journal, where the malicious editor had purposely stuck the notice, at a place where no one would possibly look for a communication from the German Embassy.

"Here is the denial," said I.

The Ambassador stared at me in an amazed manner, wiped his eyeglasses, stuck them on his nose, assured himself of the truth of my statement, and then said:

"I wish the devil would fly away with these American editors!"

Particular annoyance was caused at this period by the Berlin cables of the *Associated Press,* whose representative there was Herr Wolf von Schierbrand *

In May of the same year the publishers of the most important German newspapers in the United States got together in Chicago to protest against the Germano-

* An agent of the *Associated Press* in Berlin at outs with the authorities would be of no possible value as a news gatherer. He must be *persona grata,* or make way for an agent who is. It is a journalistic law. I knew Wolff von Schierbrand, and the story of his sticking to his view of his duty "fits him like a glove."—S. T.

phobia of the *Associated Press*. Forty-six newspapers were represented and the conference ended with the formation of a union of German-American publishers to protect their mutual interests.

How the *Associated Press* executed a change of front and from an enemy became a friend of German policy, how Herr von Schierbrand in Berlin was ordered to leave the country to make room for a correspondent whose reports would not wound the feelings of the Wilhelmstrasse, I propose to recite in the next chapter. I will now describe my experiences after my separation from the German Embassy.

CHAPTER XIV

THE BIGGEST BRUTE—A WHITE CROW

Return to Vienna.—The "biggest German brute in America" visits me on the steamer.—"Nothing less than the Order of the Black Eagle goes with him."—I meet the American Ambassador in Vienna, and Herr von Schierbrand, Dr. Hammann, privy legation councillor, and Dr. Heinrich Mantler in Berlin.—My appointment as representative of the *Associated Press* is prevented by Reuter.—A letter of recommendation from A. von Mumm.—My reception at the hands of Prince Eulenberg.—Attacks of the Austrian Pan-Germans cause vexation in Berlin.—"Wolff machinations."—A remark by Dr. Franz Schneider about officious journalism.—Interchange of letters with Herr von Holleben.—Across the ocean again!—The German consul general as mediator.—I send an explanation to Berlin.

I SAILED with my family in the middle of February, 1900, from Baltimore, on the North German Lloyd steamer *Dresden* for Bremen. The evening before my departure I had a visit from my good, dear old friend Edward Leygh, then editor-in-chief of the *Deutschen Korrespondenten,* who brought to me aboard the ship the latest number, just published, of the Chicago *Freie Presse,* in which was a leading article entitled, "The Deeds of Messrs. Holleben and Bünz," in which the long list of the sins of these two diplomats was summed up. I read the article, shrugged my shoulders, and handed it back with the words that I could tell quite different tales of these gentlemen, if I wished. Then I took from my breast pocket the letter of introduction to Prince Eulenburg, showed it

to Mr. Leygh, and at the same time told him of Herr von Sternburg's warning. I shall never forget the storm which now broke from the mouth of my visitor. Edward Leygh was a good honest fellow, known all over the United States as the "biggest German brute" in the country, and proud of the title. "If you wish, Brother Witte, I'll let loose at those two —— and I guarantee that in four weeks they will no longer be in America."

Frightened, I took him by the hand. "You must not do that, Brother Leygh," I implored him, "because I should be held responsible for it, and the results would be frightful for me, as I know my good friends well."

I walked a long time with him, up and down, before I got his promise to do nothing against the two German diplomats. I may here remark that when Herr von Eisendecker was an envoy to Washington and got into difficulties with the administration, Edward Leygh rendered the German government such a service that later an order was conferred on him. "I will accept no order lower than the Order of the Black Eagle," was the answer of the staunch republican, and the affair of the decoration was disposed of, at least so far as Edward Leygh was concerned.

"The most uncouth German in the United States," a man of gold with the heart of a child, died in the year 1901. His death was a great loss for *all of Germany* in America, as well as for the German-American press, in which such an independent, honest, cultivated man, always true to his convictions, was like a white crow.

On my arrival in Vienna I visited my old friend, Charles B. Herdliska, at the American embassy, who greeted me with real pleasure. He presented me to the new envoy, Addison C. Harris from Indianapolis,

with the remark that at the time of the outbreak of the Spanish-American war I was the only friend of the United States in all of Austria and Germany. Mr. Harris then shook my hand, offered me a cigarette, and told me that the *Associated Press* had asked him, through their Berlin representative, Herr Wolf von Schierbrand, to recommend for their post in Vienna an able, energetic journalist. "I believe you are our man," he remarked, "and I will gladly give you a letter of introduction to Herr von Schierbrand, whom you had better see yourself in Berlin, and conclude the affair."

I took the very warmly expressed letter to Berlin, where I sought Herr von Schierbrand in his home in Lessing Street. It was an interesting and instructive visit, to which I look back with pleasure to-day. Herr von Schierbrand chatted about his experiences in Berlin and I of mine in Washington, and he found me so well informed as to the most intimate, secret occurrences of German-American politics that he expressed his astonishment, as he, of course, had no idea of my former position with the German Embassy.

"There is no doubt but that you are the right man for Berlin, but unfortunately the decision for the naming of our Vienna correspondent does not rest with me, but with Mr. Walter Neef, our London representative, and I will send the Ambassador's letter to him, at the same time as a hearty recommendation from myself. You will receive the news in Vienna in the shortest possible time."

After finishing the business part of my visit, we had an exchange of thoughts and opinions. "You can have no idea of the difficulty of my position," he told me, "at the time of the outbreak of the Spanish-American war. The attitude of the German press is too well

known to you for it to be necessary for me to instruct you as to that. I only did my duty as reporter for the *Associated Press* in telegraphing the unfriendly newspaper articles to America, from whence came an equally unfriendly echo from their newspapers. The Foreign Office here became alarmed and tried to cause me to change front. I was first appealed to by the fact of my being a German. 'As a German nobleman and former officer, you could not possibly lend a hand on purpose to make difficulties for our policy! Is it necessary to inform the United States how we, government, press and people, think about the war? Would it not be better for you to spare your company the great despatch costs and simply pass over in silence the press opinions?'

"To such arguments I replied that I should neglect my duty to the United States if I were to colour, disguise or mutilate my reports, and that under no circumstances could I deviate from my course. As I was not amenable to pleasant methods, they sought to force me by threats and intimidation. 'We will have you sent out of the country as a troublesome foreigner, if you continue to rouse in America, by your reports, a sentiment against Germany,' and, in fact, I have to thank Andrew D. White, the American Ambassador, that I have not been dismissed long ago."

But in the following years Herr von Schierbrand was removed from Berlin, as I will here relate. He was accused of having written in the New York *Evening Post* an insulting article about the Kaiser, in consequence of which it would be impossible to further offer him the hospitality of Prussia. In vain Herr von Schierbrand denied that he had written the article; his fate was sealed, and he was obliged to leave the scene of his long activities. The leaders of the

Associated Press had come to the conclusion that it was more advantageous for the service of the company for them to keep on good terms with "Wilhelmstrasse," and Herr von Schierbrand fell, an offering to the newly awakened friendship of the American despatch bureau for the German Empire.

From a high official of the *Associated Press,* Colonel Diehl, whose sympathies were with von Schierbrand, I learned later that he entertained the same opinion as myself as to the reasons for the dismissal of von Schierbrand. To the general director of the company, Melville E. Stone, it must be ungrudgingly conceded that henceforward he honestly took great pains to serve the Berlin Foreign Office and government.

At the end of my conversation with Herr von Schierbrand, which lasted till the small hours of the morning, I told him that it was my intention to ask for an interview at the Foreign Office, and also at Wolff's office, and to inquire of the latter how it was that they had appropriated my plan of a "German-American Correspondence."

"You have courage," was Herr von Schierbrand's significant reply.

The next day I carried out my intention, called at the Foreign Office, and sent my card to Dr. Hammann. My reception was hurried and the remarks of the privy legation consul went no further than the biblical "Yes, yes," and "No, no." In order to feel my way, I remarked that Herr von Holleben had had the kindness to give me a letter of introduction to Prince Philip Eulenburg in Vienna. "I shall be pleased to know that he has been of use to you," was his laconic remark.

I now saw that Baron von Sternburg was right in his warning. The poison began at once to work.

After a few moments I took my leave of the privy legation consul, who, it was plain to see, no longer cared to remember the time when he was a poorly paid editor of the anti-Semitic *Tagesnachtrichten,* and risked myself in the lion's den. I found everything as I had left it. The fat porter was there, who nodded pleasantly to the passers in and out. There were the Wolff's messenger boys, who carry the printed despatches to the papers, and, yes, there was my dear old friend, Director F. Banse, who in former years always paid me the Reuter gold. A fine, honest man, who had nothing to do with the crooked ways of the company and faithfully fulfilled his duty, which lay in carrying on the administrative part of the business. He knew me at once though we had not seen each other for years, and gave me his hand, though visibly embarrassed.

"In what can I serve you, Herr Witte?"

"I should like to ask you one question, and ask you for a frank answer, Director. How is it that Wolff's Bureau publishes the 'German-American correspondence,' the plan for which I formulated and gave up my position in Vienna to go to America to carry out?"

The director avoided my eyes and rubbed his hands in embarrassment.

"Yes, we knew that you went with your family to America, to publish there a correspondence for the German papers, and we know further that you were attached to the German Embassy in Washington; also that you are no longer with the Embassy and that you have returned from Washington to Vienna. Herr von Holleben—but no, it will be better for you to speak to Dr. Mantler, whom I will call at once."

After a few moments, during which time there was

rather a heated conversation in the adjoining room, the all-powerful director general of Wolff's Bureau appeared in person and stood directly in front of me, staring at me angrily.

"You, you demand to know how it comes that we publish your German-American correspondence? We are in no way answerable to you for our actions, and—and—we will soon get rid of you!"

I made a deep and ironical bow. "Au revoir, Monsieur le docteur Mantler," I replied, "nous nous reverrons."

Once more Herr von Sternburg's warning occurred to me. I compared the reception I had had at the Foreign Office and at Wolff's, went over in my mind what I had heard, and drew a curious conclusion.

After returning to Vienna I next awaited the result of the letter written by Herr von Schierbrand. On March 14th I received a note from a colleague in which he congratulated me on my appointment as Vienna editor of the *Associated Press* and advised me strongly as regarded my demands, not to fall into the old German fault of being too modest. "Don't be a cheap man," were his last words.

Several weeks passed without my receiving from London the credentials of my position. Then I received a second letter from Herr von Schierbrand, in which he regretted to have to tell me that my already confirmed appointment had been withdrawn at Reuter's request. "Reuter would consider it an unfriendly action on our part if we were to name you for the Vienna post, and the union between the *Associated Press* and *Reuter's* is so close that we are not able to disregard it."

So Wolff, Reuter and the *Associated Press* were

against me and again Herr von Sternburg's warning occurred to me.

I had not yet made use of Herr von Holleben's letter of introduction to Prince Eulenburg. I had become very sceptical of there being any use in doing so, but I had decided, if it became necessary, to drink the bitter cup to the dregs. I therefore wrote Herr von Mumm, who at that time was German Ambassador to Luxemburg, and who before his departure from Washington had especially told me if I ever were in need of help to ask it of him frankly. I told him in my letter of my last experiences in the American capital, and explained the difficult position in which I found myself, asking him for advice. He immediately sent me a letter of introduction to Prince Eulenburg, which I give below as an example of the style of modern German diplomacy.

"Luxemburg, March 11, 1900.

"Most Serene Prince:

"Herr Emil Witte, once a resident journalist in Vienna, and who until lately has been corresponding in Washington for German and Austrian papers, has begged me for an introduction to your highness. I give it to him with pleasure, as during his stay in Washington he put himself at the disposition of the Embassy there, and by making inquiries, etc., was of much use. Whether and what special qualifications Mr. Witte may have, I do not know, but I beg your excellency to receive him graciously should he present himself. Thanking you in advance, I have the honour to be

"Your highness' most obedient

"A. von Mumm."

A remarkable circumvention of the facts well known to Herr von Mumm, and more remarkable the mode of expression of the letter! I can vouch for the truth in saying that I never "made inquiries" for Herr von Mumm, and what he meant by "etc." is a riddle to me; he may perhaps have meant all

the articles I was asked to write about him and the chancellor. It would almost seem as if Herr von Mumm had to thank his talent for writing unintelligible and profound diplomatic notes for his sudden career. Armed with the two letters from Herr von Holleben and Herr von Mumm, I now had an interview at the German Embassy. A servant in the green livery of the prince took me at once to the friend of the Emperor and author of "Sanges an Aegir." The great man received me graciously. After reading the two letters, he turned to me with the words: "You are so warmly recommended by my two colleagues that I am truly pleased to make your acquaintance, and shall be only too glad to do anything for you within my power. In what can I be of use to you?"

"My wishes are most modest, your highness. I was permitted in Washington to use my pen for the service of the Empire, and I should esteem it a favour to be allowed to work for the German cause also here in Vienna. Before the Spanish-American war I belonged to the editorial staff of the *Deutschen Zeitung* and think I could enter there again, and would like now to beg of your highness to help me by your influence to get the correspondence for several German kingdoms and also to allow me to get news direct at the Embassy itself."

"Your request is not indiscreet," said the Ambassador, "and I will see what I can do. You have been so urgently recommended by my colleagues that I should not hesitate to receive you at the Embassy and to do as our other good friends wish in imparting to you our information. Further, I am going shortly to Berlin, and I will there talk to Count von Bülow about you."

I thanked his highness deeply for his kindness.

"Stop," the prince interrupted me by saying, "something has just occurred to me. Count von Bülow is just at this time being sharply attacked by the radical-national press in Austria, and in Berlin one is very sensitive to unfriendly criticism. Try to hush all German attacks against the chancellor, and in Berlin it shall be known where the praise is due."

I allowed myself to call his highness' attention to the fact that in all German circles of Austria his attitude against the struggle of the Germans for the preservation of their nationality was deeply complained of.

"It is forbidden to me, as you know," said he, "to mix in the inner affairs of the monarchy, but nevertheless you may tell your friends from me that I am a German and that no German heart ought to beat in my breast if I do not take the deepest interest in the struggles of the Germans in Austria, and from my heart I wish them the fullest success."

"That was spoken like a German man, your highness," I replied, "and in the name of my German friends I thank you for this explanation."

His highness gave me his hand at parting. I was about to leave when the prince detained me. "Try to explain and vindicate through the radical German press here the position of the German Empire during the Boer war. That would be greatly to your credit in Berlin. And you will at any time be welcome at the Embassy."

What the Ambassador asked of me was no small task. It was stated quite openly in all the German papers in Vienna that the two small Boer republics had only gone to war with their powerful neighbour in confidence of the support of the German Emperor, whose celebrated telegram to President Kruger after the Jameson raid was not yet forgotten. The policy of

the chancellor could not and would not be understood which left their hard-pushed kin (stammbenossen) to their fate, without ever batting an eyelash. And I was to whitewash this policy for the benefit of the Pan-Germans! I frankly admit that I undertook this task without any particular enthusiasm. I appeared to myself to be a criminal lawyer who has to defend a bad case before the judge and whose duty it is to accept the commission even if it is not according to his taste. I wrote an article in which I tried to excuse the German government on account of state reasons. I proceeded in somewhat this fashion:

The German Empire, as an African colonial power with far-reaching and weighty interests there, has, unknown to the great majority, plans to strengthen its own position in the Dark Continent. A mighty Boer republic, with an army of a hundred thousand sharp-shooters in the immediate neighbourhood of the German colonies, and spreading itself over South Africa, is not in accord with the German-African policy, which should give further consideration to the feasible idea of weakening her two principal opponents in Africa in the fight for the conquest of the Dark Continent. An unhappy outcome in this war for the Boers would lead them to seek a closer bond with the German colonies, as well as with the German Empire, which would then make them the most useful friends and allies in the accomplishment of its colonial plans in Africa. The views which I set forth in this article expressed, as I knew, the rule of conduct of the responsible statesmen in Berlin.

I sent the manuscript to the publishing house of Karl Herman Wolf's *Ostdeutschen Rundschau,* whose good opinion Prince Eulenburg and Count Bülow valued so much. In a short time I received the article

back with a polite note wherein it was plainly expressed that the sympathies of the *Ostdeutschen Rundschau* were wholly and entirely on the people fighting for their national existence, and that no state reasons would be able to change their opinion of the attitude of Count Bülow, or alter it. Even though my article was returned, I was pleased with the answer, and did not hesitate to bring it to the knowledge of Prince Eulenburg who shortly afterwards went to Berlin.

In the meantime my former position on the *Deutschen Zeitung* had been offered to me. There had been a heated discussion between Dr. Wähner and myself, who had never quite forgiven me for having given up my position after the Spanish-American war in order, as he said, to chase a phantom, and such proved to be my self-imposed mission for the furtherance of a better understanding between the German Empire and America. At the end of the discussion, we shook hands and I left Dr. Wähner with the promise of being in my place at 10 o'clock the next morning.

Next morning I was about to leave my dwelling when some one knocked and the business manager of the *Deutschen Zeitung,* Mr. Karl Bolleder, appeared. He was a good friend of mine and had taken great pains to bring about an understanding between Dr. Wähner and myself. To my surprise he told me that the publisher of the *Deutschen Zeitung* had, during the night, decided definitely not to give me the position and would not be able to keep his word of the evening before. On my request for an explanation, Herr Bolleder replied that he was not able to give any definite reason, but he believed that during the night some unfriendly influence had been used. Only a few moments later a carriage stopped at the door and an

official from the German Embassy, who explained to me that his highness, Prince Eulenburg, had spoken about me with the chancellor while in Berlin, but was very sorry to have to inform me that he was not in a position to in any way do anything for me, or to help me as he had promised to do.

Herr von Sternburg's warning again occurred to me. As much and as long as I had tried not to believe there was anything wrong, I was forced to the opinion, in the face of so many proofs, that I was the victim of a malevolent intrigue. Once arrived at this conclusion, I decided to act.

On May 22d I sent a registered letter to the chancellor, in which I made known to him my curious experiences in Vienna, and at the same time told him that Herr von Sternburg had warned me against the letter of introduction of the German Ambassador in Washington to Prince Eulenburg. My letter ended with a request for an inquiry into the affair.

No answer!

Next month I learned that unfriendly influences were at work against me, trying to stamp me as a political secret agent of the German government.*

In July I went to visit the exposition in Paris. I there wrote, at the request of Dr. Franz Schneider, my experiences in the Embassy in Washington, and

* Certain Vienna sheets, with whom I hope to become better acquainted in court, published, after the incident of March 12, 1902, the inspired libel that I once was driven out of Vienna at the instance of Count Goluchowsky, and that I had been in prison in New York. I hereby offer a reward of 10,000 marks for the production of proof that I was banished from Austria or that I was ever in prison in New York. Any one who can bring the proof can claim this sum, even the upright Viennese Schmock, who, in the interest of the Berlin Wolff's den and her dark underlings, lent himself to this journalistic hangman's job.

gave it to him to look over. When he had read it, he shook his head sympathetically and said:

"Yes, that is our record. There is no worse calling than that of a political journalist. I, who have been a correspondent in six different principal capitals for the *Cologne Zeitung,* have experienced it myself." *

Dr. Schneider was so excited while reading my manuscript that he offered to go at once to the Embassy and lay it before Prince Münster, that an investigation should at once be made of my situation in the interest of the Empire.

Later we met in a café.

"There is nothing to be done with that dull person," he confided to me. "The old man has no interest in anything and only wants to be let alone in peace. I advise you to go yourself to the Embassy."

I followed his advice and went the next day to the Embassy, where I was received by the Second Secretary, Count Göben. I told him that in the interest of the German Empire and the good standing of German diplomacy, I asked the help of the Embassy to bring about an investigation of my case. Count Göben listened to my recitation with attention. "Simply unbelievable—unheard of—scandalous," he exclaimed involuntarily, and he volunteered to telephone to Luxemburg to Herr von Mumm and ask his intervention to bring about an investigation.

He returned, shrugging his shoulders.

"I cannot understand it," he began. "Herr von Mumm wishes you well, as you told me, he knows you,

* Exactly the same opinion was expressed by Herr Rudolph Cronan, who, at the beginning of the war between Spain and America, was discharged from the position of Washington correspondent of the Cologne *Zeitung* because he refused to hate the United States on order.

has asked favours of your pen, and yet refuses to mix in the affair. Can you explain his attitude?"

"Yes, I think I can. Herr von Mumm has repeatedly said to me, that it is the height of his ambition to be the successor of Herr von Holleben in Washington, and he is acting quite correctly in refusing to intervene in my affairs . . . . He calculates that to bring my case into the open would have unpleasant consequences for Herr von Holleben."

I have not heard of nor seen Count Göben since our interview. It seemed to me that he was not a diplomat of that stamp who had the gift of hiding his thoughts. No wonder that he does not make a career as fast as Herr von Mumm or Baron Sternburg!

Returned to Vienna, I took my next step. I demanded of Herr von Holleben, who was in Europe on leave, if he were ready for an examination of the difficulties between us by a court of honour and as ready to take the oath as I was. There resulted a long correspondence, from which I give the following letters from his excellency:

"Paris, October 18, 1900.

"Dear Sir:

"In answer to your letter of the 12th, which I received to-day, I will say that I am not able, without the authority of the Foreign Office, to take the steps indicated by you, and I must beg you to address yourself there.

"On November 1st, not before, I expect to be in Berlin. As I am leaving Paris to-day, I must beg you, in case you have anything to say to me before the 1st, to send it to the address of the Imperial Prussian envoy in Karlsruhe.

"Yours truly,

"Holleben."

"Karlsruhe, Oct. 27, 1900.

"Dear Sir:

"In answer to your letter sent to me care of the Imperial envoy here, I would say:

"According to my best convictions, I have no reason to

fear the judgment of a third party as regards my manner of conduct towards you. I therefore personally have not the slightest desire to avoid such a course. I am, however, not able, as I wrote you before, to act without the consent of the Foreign Office. If, as it now seems, you are contemplating making a report, I am not afraid, on my side, to speak; but I should, however, like to know, first, what you accuse me of; second, whom you would propose to conduct an inquiry.

"From your letters I cannot tell in what manner I have injured you by supporting your enemies. I can at least not be made responsible for Wolff's machinations in Vienna.

"From the above you will see that a so-called statement seems to me without object. On the other hand, I will gladly help you, if I can, with advice and deed.

"An immediate answer will reach me in Berlin, W., Hotel Bristol, Unter den Linden.

"Yours truly,

"HOLLEBEN."

"Hotel Bristol, Unter den Linden,
"Berlin, Nov. 3, 1900.

"Dear Sir:

"I have no hesitation in recommending you to Herr von Siemens, yet I should like at once a complete report of your earlier activities, as well as a statement of your wishes respecting Constantinople. On this condition alone would a recommendation be practicable.

"Yours truly,

"HOLLEBEN."

"Hotel Bristol, Unter den Linden,
"Berlin, Nov. 7, 1900.

"Dear Sir:

"I beg you to hasten the material relative to your introduction, as I shall not remain long in Berlin. I would also remark, as before, that I have no fear of laying the whole matter before a third person. As such I would suggest the entirely impartial Legation Consul Hermann; also Baron Sternburg, who is in Germany, might be induced to negotiate.

"Yours truly,

"HOLLEBEN."

As I did not think best to accept as umpire the men proposed by his excellency, knowing their personel

honour and the dependence of their position, I proposed Prince Herbert Bismarck. His excellency was so indignant at this that he sent me the following note, and sailed for New York without keeping the promises made in his former letters:

"Berlin, Nov. 12, 1900.

"Dear Sir:

"After consultation with important personages, I find myself no longer in a position to continue the correspondence.

"Yours truly,

"HOLLEBEN."

I thereupon replied once more to the Ambassador that I would accept Herr von Sternburg as arbitrator, and somewhat later I laid my complaint before the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Baron von Richthofen, to whom I sent my correspondence with the Ambassador. To this again I received no answer.

The circumstances forced me to a conclusion. Wolff's machinations in Vienna, as the Ambassador had remarked, had made my stay there unpleasant. It hardly seemed advisable for me to go to Berlin, and, rack my brain as I might, there seemed nothing left for me to do but return with my family to the United States. Consideration for my family obliged me to bring the affair to a close in one way or another.

We arrived in New York about the 15th of December, and I let the Ambassador know of my arrival. At the same time I requested him to let me know by Sunday noon what his intentions were. Five minutes before the time stated I received, by special delivery, the following letter from the Ambassador:

"Washington, Dec. 22, 1900.

"Dear Sir:

"I have requested the Consul General, Dr. Bünz, to communicate with you. Whether it will be possible for him to see you on Sunday, I cannot say.

"You will have received my letter of the 12th ultimo. Yours of the same date followed me here. I have answered it, but the contents of the reply now no longer apply.

"Yours truly,

"HOLLEBEN."

Five minutes after receiving this letter, I had a telegram from the German Consul General, Dr. Karl Bünz, in which he invited me to visit him that afternoon at his residence facing Central Park. I went at the appointed time.

"This is a bad business between you and Herr von Holleben," he began, after receiving me, "and I should like you to kindly give me your side of the case. Having heard only the Ambassador's side, I am not able to form an opinion."

I told my history, showed him how through the perfidy of Wolff's agent I had been forced out of my position in Washington, and that, besides this, my plan of a correspondence had been stolen, and I had returned to Vienna on the advice of the Ambassador, and that Herr von Sternburg had warned me of the letter to Prince Eulenburg. That in Vienna a report had spread concerning me to the effect that I was a political secret agent of the German government, and that I was bound to have an explanation.

The Consul General walked up and down the room a few times.

"It is a very bad affair," he repeated, "and you have made it worse by making a complaint to Herr von Richthofen. The more I think about the affair the less I can blame you, if you have become suspicious. You have had a very disagreeable experience, and—Herr von Sternburg told me something of the matter when he was here and we laid our souls bare. You have certainly been mistreated and your life made

very hard. It goes against human nature to accept such things in silence, even if one is a good Christian and believes in the adage that we must forgive our enemies. I—hm, have really not a bad opinion of you, and hm—believe that we will be able to reach an understanding. If only you had not sent that complaint to Herr von Richthofen! I have—hm—hm—hm—a communication to make from the Ambassador, that he is quite ready to make good whatever loss you have sustained, as you suppose, through him. But for certain reasons,"—here again the Consul General was attacked by a cough—"he must request that today you send a communication to the Secretary for Foreign Affairs in Berlin, and explain to him that your difficulties with the Ambassador have been straightened out. You look astonished——"

"If it were only true," I replied.

"Yes, I can well understand that you are incredulous, and—I will confess that suspicions are not without ground. But—" The Consul General here placed himself before me, laid his hand on his heart: "If I give you my word of honour that you will not regret it if you send this explanation to Herr von Richthofen, if I give you my word of honour that you will have no further cause to complain of Herr von Holleben, and that this time he will keep his word, then would you be able to send the explanation to Berlin?"

At first I did not reply. I thought, without being able to make up my mind. At last I replied, in a voice that showed my inner excitement, "I will believe you, Mr. General Consul, and trust myself to your word of honour that these disgraceful machinations shall cease and I and my family be no longer deprived of a means of livelihood."

The Consul General took both my hands. *"You*

have my word of honour," he said in raised tones. He then went to his desk and took out a piece of paper on which was the following in his handwriting:

"Your Excellency:

"In reference to my communication to your excellency of the 22d of November of this year, concerning the differences between his excellency von Holleben and myself, I must not delay to make known to your excellency that on my return here a complete understanding has been reached between his excellency and myself, and therefore my charge may be dismissed.

"Your excellency's obedient servant,

"E. Witte."

"If you will sit at my desk and copy this off and put it in an envelope addressed by you, I will see to it that it leaves to-day for its destination."

I did as the Consul General directed me. I handed him the explanation, which without doubt is filed with my case to-day in the Wilhelmstrasse. There came about, through the intermediation of Herr Bünz, a reconciliation with the understanding that Herr von Holleben was to refund me my travelling expenses, as well as to assure me of a suitable position if on account of Wolff's *indiscretion* I was not able to find one.

After the sending of the explanation to Berlin, the matter was dismissed by both of my worthy protectors!

In March I received, to my surprise, a letter dated from Calcutta, February 15th, in which Baron Spec von Sternburg declared himself ready to act as mediator between Herr von Holleben and myself, at the request of Herr von Holleben. "My dear Herr Witte," the letter began, and ended with the words, "You may feel assured that I shall do all in my power to bring about an understanding. Yours sincerely, Frh. Spec

von Sternburg, Kaiserlich Deutscher General Konsul."

Soon after I took the liberty of reminding Herr von Holleben of his promise made to me through Dr. Bünz. He replied that he had asked the Consul General to communicate with me. On the 9th of March I received from the latter the following telegram:

"New York, March 9th.

"Have given up all business. Leaving to-day for four weeks in Florida.

"BÜNZ."

It is easy to see from this telegram that Dr. Bünz would have acceded to the wishes of Herr von Holleben, if he was not obliged to recuperate by a four-weeks' trip to Florida. The fact that Herr Bünz felt obliged to refer to this trip shows that he was aware of the disgraceful manner of his proceedings. Herr Bünz is therefore responsible for the consequences of his own stupidity.

CHAPTER XV

GERMAN AMERICA

My Odyssey in Western America.—The most corrupt city in the world.—The Bismarck of St. Louis.—A German sheet that serves three masters.—On the blacklist.—Officials of the German Consulate in Chicago announce the fusion of two German papers to silence the attacks of the Chicago *Freie Presse*.—I address Superintendent Diehl of the *Associated Press*.—My sojourn in Milwaukee.—"Germany is ready from the ground up."—What Emil von Schleimitz told me.—Earthquakes among German journalists in America.—I prefer a new petition to Herr von Richthofen.

When I think back on that sad period of my life, I appear to myself like the long-suffering Ulysses, who was obliged to pass through all kinds of adventures before he was able to return to his beloved home and wreak vengeance on the gay suitors to his wife.

Having decided to break entirely with the past, at the beginning of May I went to St. Louis to seek a position with the Exposition, which had just started with a regular American boom. I had procured an introduction from the worthy Martin Glynn in Albany, New York, one of the commissioners of the Exposition, and felt quite sure that at last I had found a field of usefulness for my many-sided experiences. Dr. Emil Praetorius, the worthy Nestor of the German-American press, was also of this opinion.

"It was an extremely good idea of yours to come here and offer your services to the leaders of the Exposition, who need just such men as you. I will do

whatever I can for you. Please call at my office, where all further arrangements can be made. I think you will find a well-paid position with us for at least three years. The difficulties which you have had with the German government, and about which I am thoroughly conversant, will make no difference to us."

I gratefully shook the hand of the old forty-eighter. At last I had found a man who acted and spoke like a man!

On the sixth day, when, by appointment, I entered the private room of Herr Dr. Praetorius, in the *Westliche Post* Building, he came toward me with embarrassment:

"You must have very powerful enemies who are working against you here. I have done my best for you, but could accomplish nothing. Go and see Herr Schröers."

Herr John Schröers, to whom he sent me, was the business manager of the *Westliche Post* and is pleased to be called the "Bismarck of St. Louis." He lays claim to this proud title principally for the reason that he assembled four newspapers under one management. It is only possible in America, and there only possible in St. Louis, that the same newspaper should serve, in its different editions, as many different political masters. Strongly Republican in the morning edition, which appears as the *Westliche Post;* half Democratic and half Socialistic in the *Anzeiger,* the evening edition; and neutral for all three parties in the *Mississippi Blatter,* the well-known fat Sunday edition; this is the celebrated sheet in the town of the great German brewer, Adolphus Busch.

As everything in America must be measured by a giant measuring stick, St. Louis lays claim to being the "Most corrupt city in the world"; and the court

investigations of the corruption which smells to heaven in all the spheres of public life have shown that this title is well deserved. Unfortunately, it must be said that many Germans have played a sad rôle in the exposed cases.

I followed the advice of Herr Praetorius and called on Herr Schröers in his office. He had hardly heard my name when he approached me with raised hands and declared with emphasis:

"I know what brings you to St. Louis, and I can tell you that your undertaking is all in vain. You will never find a position or occupation here, and the sooner you leave St. Louis the better it will be for you and your family."

"How shall I understand your words?" I asked him. "Herr Dr. Praetorius gave me his word that with my European knowledge and experience I would be very acceptable to the Exposition company and would be able to find a profitable position for at least three years."

Herr Schröers raised his eyes and hands to heaven: "I can only repeat what I have said to you; you will never find a position in St. Louis!"

The words of Herr Schröers proved the sad truth. I set every wheel in motion, but found all doors closed. I questioned Richard Bartholdt as to the reason why my letter from Commissioner Martin Glynn had so little weight. He laughed ironically and said: "Glynn is the only Democrat on the commission, and his recommendations, therefore, are not worth anything."

From one who was in close connection with the German consulate, I learned that word had gone out to all the consulates in the country that nowhere was I to receive employment. I went to the consulate and demanded an interview with the consul. I was rudely

told that I might not speak with him. I knew enough. I was not, therefore, much surprised when the owner of a St. Louis English weekly for which I regularly wrote articles declared that he would be obliged to look for some one else to write of German affairs, as he had been made to understand that he would lose the greater part of his subscribers if he continued to publish my articles. It was the same in St. Louis as in Vienna.

Weary of the fruitless struggle, I decided to try my luck in the "Queen of the West," Chicago. I left my family in St. Louis and went alone to the city on Lake Michigan, where I called on Herr Richard Michaelis, publisher of the *Freie Presse,* in whose paper the article had appeared on "The Deeds of Messrs. Holleben and Bünz." Herr Michaelis, of whom it had been said that he was a Bismarckian reptile, had hardly heard my name when he invited me into his private office.

"I have heard about you," he began, "and I must confess that your case interests me for more reasons than one. Tell me what newspapers are paid by the Ambassador."

I told him some of them, and finally remarked that I had been accused at the Embassy of having written the article which appeared in his paper, entitled, "The Deeds of Messrs. Holleben and Bünz." I also mentioned the fact that it had been the intention of Edward Leygh, the publisher in chief of the *Deutschen Korrespondenten,* as a result of this article, to start a press campaign against the Ambassador, von Holleben, and consul, Bünz, and that I had had difficulty in preventing him.

Herr Michaelis smiled. "Of course, I knew that you were not the author of the 'Deeds of Messrs. Hol-

leben and Bünz.' That article brought me luck, as shortly after its appearance a German vice-consul came to see me and pledged me to cease my attacks on the two named officials. I would be rewarded and my paper would be helped wherever it appeared. As the Illinois *Staats Zeitung* was still my strongest competitor, there came about a transaction through the influence of the consul by which I obtained control of the *Staats Zeitung,* so that there was no further trouble of competition. You are, as I perceive, in a difficult position, but you do not need to give up. You have a good and strong case, and the truth must finally triumph."

At this time occurred the dismissal of Herr von Schierbrand, correspondent of the *Associated Press* at Berlin. The memory of our meeting was still fresh in my mind, and I wanted if possible to render him a service. While speaking with Mr. Diehl of the *Associated Press,* I showed him that probably the Foreign Office would recall the dismissal if it were brought to their knowledge that a bad impression had been made in America by this action. "You have it in your power," I told him, "through the medium of Reuter and Wolff, to spread the news through the entire German press that the dismissal of Herr von Schierbrand from Berlin meant to America the re-opening of an anti-American press campaign in Germany, and the danger was great that the American press, on its side, would answer with hounding the Germans.

"That is the only way we can save Schierbrand," replied Mr. Diehl, "and I thank you in his as well as my name. I will at once make the trial."

Whether Herr Diehl really ever took any steps toward saving Herr von Schierbrand is uncertain; in that case, they at least were without result. The dis-

missal was approved by the higher council of the *Associated Press* in New York and the Foreign Office, and neither Herr Diehl nor I had any power to change it.

For the rest, my experiences in Chicago were as like those in St. Louis as one egg to another.

My next goal was the most German city of the Union, Milwaukee. I arrived the same day on which an inspired hymn of praise was published in *Germania* lauding Herr von Holleben. I sought the chief editor, Herr Emil von Schleinitz, and explained to him why I was not of his opinion. Herr von Schleinitz acknowledged the justice of my arguments, and regretted that he had not known sooner of my difficulties with Herr von Holleben. His words were:

"I was in Berlin last year and spoke with the Secretary of State (Staats sekretar) for Foreign Affairs, as well as with the Imperial Chancellor. I was offered money and decorations. I was also to be received by the Emperor, but the audience did not take place, as the imperial disposition was changed at the last moment. Too bad that I did not know then of your affair; I could have cleared it up with one word! But I will write at once to the chargé d'affaires of the German Embassy, Count Quadt, in Washington, and ask him to use his influence to bring about an understanding in your case."

Herr von Schleinitz wanted to hear *what I knew about Germany's readiness for war against America.*

"Germany is absolutely ready" (erzbereit), I replied, *"as she must necessarily be."*

"I know, I know," replied Herr von Schleinitz, "I know even more. I have spoken with high officers in Berlin and heard astonishing things. THEY ARE

COUNTING VERY HEAVILY ON THE GERMANS IN THE WESTERN STATES."

Herr von Schleinitz and I looked each other in the eyes. WE KNEW!

A few days later I again met the editor-in-chief of the *Germania*. He had received a letter from the chargé d'affairs of the Embassy, and read it aloud to me. "With many thanks" (this was about the substance) "for this assurance of your friendly interest. I am sorry to have to tell you that it will be impossible for me to take any steps whatever in the affair you mention. I leave it to your judgment whether or not to apply to Berlin."

Herr von Schleinitz evidently knew more than he told me, but thought it best to withhold the rest of the letter from me. After a pause, he began again: "The German journalists in America have often to bear a very heavy burden. Hardly any one of us is spared the hardest kind of struggle for existence. I myself worked as a day labourer in a factory, as did also our colleague, George von Skal, the editor-in-chief of the *New Yorker Staats-Zeitung*. Many who are without a position wander the streets or take help from charitable societies. I realise that you are fighting a hard fight, and that you suffer so much the more as you have a big family to provide for. But hold your head high and do not be downcast by your ill luck. You have it in your power to make a great deal of mischief, but as a good German you would not do that under any circumstances."

"What you have said to me I had already heard in several variations," I replied. "My patriotism as a German is appealed to, but at the same time I am prevented on all sides from making a livelihood. Why am I not offered a position in your big establishment?"

Herr von Schleinitz made no reply. I believe that he personally would gladly have given me a position, but he was powerless against the strong influences which were working against me. What he told me about the unfortunate experiences of German journalists in America was not new to me. I had had many personal experiences and known of many sad cases.

In those days my courage almost failed me. Life did not seem to me worth living, and I earnestly asked myself if it would not be better for me and my family to give up the struggle against the powers of darkness, which made our existence equal to the pains of hell, and take my own life. But always I refrained from doing so because of the thought that that was exactly what would please my enemies. No, I would not do it! Let come what might, somewhere there must be justice.

. . . . . .

As my trip to Milwaukee proved useless also, I returned to my family in St. Louis. I was convinced that if I did not do something we would all perish. But do what? I wrote to Herr von Richthofen, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs in Berlin, in which letter I lifted the veil from many affairs concerning the Embassy which until then had been shrouded, and once more asked for an investigation, at the same time saying that if it were denied me I should consider it my right to fight by all legal means against the machinations which were endangering my existence and that of my family. Herr von Richthofen might see in this letter the course I was determined to take in the future. Then I opened a correspondence with Herr Professor Hugo Münsterberg, the much-spoken of and celebrated professor of Harvard University, in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

CHAPTER XVI

THE TRIBE OF HERR PROFESSOR

Conceited professors!—Professor Hugo Münsterberg of Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.—His statement regarding German-American journalists.—He creates a doctor's degree for the Ambassador.—An arraignment of Professor Gustav Birchow.—Professor Münsterberg's connection with the Embassy and the Berlin Foreign Office.—He threatens me with the persecution of the German Empire!—Professor Hermann Schoenfeld of Washington.—His unexampled American career.—How he became American consul at Riga.—Following that in Spanish, German, and Turkish service.—His plan for founding a great English monthly.—The Ambassador's hesitation.—Hard-up Turks.—Declaration of the Washington Chief of Police.—Professor Schoenfeld and Karl Hau.—The Spider and the Fly.

"CONCEITED professors!" Thus, according to a cable message to the *New Yorker Staats-Zeitung,* the German Emperor expressed himself soon after the incident of March 12, 1902, about certain German professors in the United States, and meant thereby, in the first row, the very worthy and respectable Professor Hugo Münsterberg of Harvard University. The Emperor, by this expression, struck, as so often, the nail on the head and by his remark removed a bone of contention from many German and Anglo-Americans to whom the interference of professors of German birth at the Universities of the United States in political affairs had long been an irritation.

I first learned there was a Professor Hugo Münster-

berg on earth when a great hue and cry was raised in the German-American papers about a remark of the Herr Professor, in which he said, in an English magazine, of the German-American journalists, that they constantly lived in a foggy circle of beer and sauerkraut and had not the faintest glimmering of an idea of the American situation of which they wrote.

That was at the beginning of my activities at the Embassy. Soon I was to hear more of him. His Excellency von Holleben journeyed one day to Cambridge as a guest of the Harvard professor and returned with an honourary doctor's degree, as proud and happy over this distinction as a peacock. "A fine man, this Münsterberg," was the comment at the Embassy, where many pleased faces were to be seen. American titles of doctorate are not particularly highly valued in Europe, especially in Germany, and the free distribution of the title to American politicians and European diplomats does not serve to enhance its worth. That later Theodore Roosevelt and even Spec von Sternburg, who, as an old soldier, was the sworn enemy of all letters, were several times burdened with the American doctor title does not change the fact. I had a further proof of the activities and of the character of these Herr professors when one day at the Embassy a typewritten copy of an article was given me which had appeared in a Boston paper. It was an arrogant arraignment of Professor Birchow, who, because he had criticised the German government for its colonial policy, was called a "childish old man," whom, even in Germany, no one took any more in earnest, and whose doings and harangues outside of Germany were altogether of no consequence.

"Professor Münsterberg wrote the article," Hofrat Kinne explained to me in the intimacy of the Embassy,

"and his excellency requests you to give copies of it to the correspondents here and so spread it as much as possible."

I blushed at the shamelessness of the request, took the copy and put it in my scrap basket where it was deepest. Only one copy I gave to another academic teacher, the no less worthy professor, Hermann Schoenfeld, of the Columbian University in Washington, who was highly indignant over the attack and said the author was a shame to all the German professors in America.

From these happenings I began to form my own opinion of Professor Münsterberg. I received further material when one day my attention was drawn to an article in the Catholic Boston *Pilot,* in which Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, the well-known friend of President Roosevelt, was viciously attacked and spoken of as the only hindrance to a friendly feeling between Germany and the United States. The article found its way, as I believe, through Paul Haediche's *Deutsch Amerikanische Korrespondenz* to the Imperial German press, was commented upon in this by chance and cabled back to America by Wolff's Bureau, to the *Associated Press,* as the emanation of German public opinion, where finally stress was laid upon it by the entire German-American press.

"A very clever man, the professor," again was the comment.

But all these and other intrigues have not been able to shake the faith of President Roosevelt in Senator Lodge or bring about his downfall.

If any one were able to do so, Professor Münsterberg seemed to me the man who would be able to arrange my difficulties, and I therefore called upon him for help in a letter from St. Louis, in which I remarked

that I should be obliged to resort to publicity if I were not able to receive fair play. I received four communications from the professor, from which I give the most striking extracts:

FROM THE LETTER OF SEPTEMBER 13, 1901:

"You are right when you assume that I should be glad to do anything which would prevent a disturbance of the friendly relations between Germany and the United States. Therefore, I should be ready at once in your behalf to appeal to Count Quadt or to telegraph to the German government in Berlin."

FROM THE LETTER OF SEPTEMBER 19, 1901:

"The total impression your letter has made on me is that you have fallen in disgrace with no fault on your own part, and that now, in your righteous indignation, have turned against Herr von Holleben. On the other hand, it is clear that if you were to take even the smallest step towards bringing Herr von Holleben in discredit, either through the newspapers or through official personages, you would draw upon yourself the persecution of the German Empire for all time. You alone, therefore, have everything to fear.

"But if, on the other hand, you were entirely to change your course, and willingly admit that you have been blinded by misunderstandings, and have made too much of meaningless small occurrences, and that from now on you will stand entirely for the German Empire, earnestly striving to use your fine gifts for good purposes. In short, if you were to write to Herr von Holleben and Herr Richthofen a frank, honourable letter of apology, then your future would be a hundred times more favourable and agreeable than if you persevere in enmity.

"It is still not too late to build up in Germany a solid, honourable, strong existence, and with your knowledge of American affairs to be of great use over there. I promise you that I will gladly do my utmost to be of assistance to you."

FROM THE LETTER OF SEPTEMBER 27, 1901:

"You must not become impatient. Were I to cable to Berlin, the officials would refer me to Count Quadt; and were I to write to Count Quadt, he would request me to defer everything for an oral conference, since I hope to have

Count Quadt with me on the 5th or 6th. It cannot be helped; you must wait until about the 6th of October, otherwise it will do no good. If things are once begun, further development will follow quickly. It grieves me, but this is in your own interest."

FROM THE LETTER OF OCTOBER 6, 1901:

"I am exceedingly sorry that, after such a long negotiation, I cannot help you out of your trouble, and further that I shall not be able to take any part in the future in your affair. I can only say that it truly grieves me that now perhaps you will have to face difficult times. Hold fast to a conciliatory attitude.

"With best wishes for your future,

"Yours,

"HUGO MÜNSTERBERG."

I put aside at that time the advice of the professor to write to Messrs. Holleben and Richthofen a "letter of honourable frank apology."

My Odyssey was not yet at an end. At the close of November I went from St. Louis to Washington and found the Ambassador had just returned from his European vacation. My first visit was to Hermann Schoenfeld, professor at the Columbian University, and Imperial Ottoman consul general, one of the men who had been meant in the Kaiser's remark about "conceited professors." Herman Schoenfeld may serve as a type of German-American aspirers. On the same day that he set foot on American soil, he denied further allegiance to the German Emperor and took out his first papers, a formality which is necessary for American citizenship. He received this valuable document on the day that the allotted time of five years was at an end, and at the same time his *appointment as American Consul for Riga.* No German-American professor before him had ever had such a "record," and, like so many small men by nature, he accepted

the congratulations of his acquaintances and colleagues with a proud smile. The circumstances of this sudden advancement were told to me once by my friend Edward Leygh, the editor-in-chief of the *Deutschen Correspondenten* in Baltimore, in his original way:

"There came one day a little Jew professor, suffering from 'big head' to me in my office, and said: 'Herr Leygh, I know how highly you are appreciated by the administration in Washington and what an influence you exercise. Lately I have been making a study of the Slav language and would like, in order to perfect myself in it, to have the position of American consul in Riga, which post has become open. I am sure of getting the appointment if you will very strongly recommend me for it.' I laughed," so continued Edward Leygh, "and gave him a letter of recommendation in which I explained that, according to my opinion, no American dog would quarrel over this meagre bone, and that therefore it would be as well to give it to the bearer, a poorly paid professor in Johns Hopkins University, and thereby stop his insistence. I have never in my whole life seen such a puzzled expression as came over the professor's face when he read my letter. 'What!' he asked me, 'you mean me to hand in this recommendation?' 'Yes, you must give that letter,' I replied, 'and I will be responsible for the result.' The professor sent the letter to its address and—received the consulate, which is the poorest paid of any American consular service. A few weeks later business took me to the State Department in Washington, and nearly all the officials, high as well as low, left their rooms when they heard of my presence, in order to see me and shake hands. 'Are you the man who wrote the letter for Professor Schoenfeld?' They crowded around me, and always

with the remark, 'Glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Leygh!' "

From Riga Professor Schoenfeld returned to Washington, and there found a position at the Columbian University. As he was not in good circumstances financially, he was forced to make money outside, and his spirit of adventure led him to the idea of offering his services to foreign diplomats in the capital. He had an opportunity of meeting the Spanish Ambassador, Depuy de Lome, who at that critical period occupied an extremely difficult position in Washington and who could not exercise too much care in the choice of his agents. Schoenfeld, who boasted to Dritten that he was in de Lome's confidence to a certain extent, was sent by him (Dritten) on a special mission to Cuba, whence he sent accounts of the conditions there to certain papers in the German Empire. After the Spanish Ambassador was obliged to leave Washington, Professor Schoenfeld became conscious of the fact that he had once been a subject of the Emperor. He sought with much eagerness the goodwill of Herr von Sternburg, who was conducting the Embassy in the absence of Herr von Holleben, and who did not hesitate to make use of the historical knowledge, as well as the versatile pen, of Professor Schoenfeld. I became acquainted with Professor Schoenfeld through a mutual friend. He was able to tell me all kinds of interesting things about the social and political life in Washington, and soon had won my confidence to such an extent that I heartily recommended him to the Ambassador as a very useful tool.

"We might consider it," was the answer I received, "if the professor lived in a better situation." The professor, who was a constant visitor at my house,

was never weary of the plan of founding a great monthly review in the English language, which would be a gathering place for all the friends of the German Empire in America, and would insure for the Ambassador always support in the public opinion of the United States. I was sympathetic with his plan and persuaded Herr von Holleben, in the end, to write in its favour to Berlin.

"But," he added, "the first number must be a complete copy in manuscript so that I can add my report to it and in this way bring about an arrangement with the Foreign Office in Berlin. When I was an envoy to Japan, I once sent the first copy of a new Japanese monthly in manuscript to Berlin, and had good results."

Professor Schoenfeld set about his task with energy, was able to secure, by all sorts of means, information from the French Embassy, and in a short time presented the manuscript for the first copy of the monthly review to the Ambassador, which he promptly sent to Berlin, where, however, for one reason or another, it remained. In any case, the professor had proved his worth to the German Ambassador by a practical demonstration. In the meantime he had found a means of making himself indispensable to the Turkish Ambassador, Ali Ferrouh Bey, who found himself, like nearly all the Turkish diplomats, in constant money difficulties and was therefore easily open to proposals which would relieve his position.

The Zion movement, which had been started in Vienna by Dr. Karl Herzl and in Paris by Max Nordau, had also started roots among the strong Jewish element in America, and what could be better than to take this as a shelter to help out in the ebb of the Turkish diplomat's finances! A communiqué in re-

markable style appeared in the great American newspapers, to the effect that in case the American Zionists should entertain the idea of organising as a political party, and should seek to possess Palestine by employing other means than those allowed by the Sultan, they would prepare for themselves the same fate that had been shown the Armenians. Professor Schoenfeld made himself known to me as the author of the article, which was characterised by the entire Jewish press of the country as a shameless attempt at oppression. In a short time Herr Schoenfeld was rewarded for his activities in the interests of the Lord of all believers and his representative, by being named consul general for the Ottoman Empire, in the American capital. He received the *exequatur*, counted himself one of the diplomatic corps, and believed the day not far distant when the confidence of the Pasha would call him to a higher post in Constantinople.

In spite of his high position, as he himself called it, the consul general did not hesitate to entertain most intimate relations with the personnel in the German Embassy. He rented a house opposite that of Simross, the secret export secretary, who was not well satisfied with the situation at the Embassy, and won his entire confidence. Hardly a day went by when they did not exchange a friendly visit.

He also was on a friendly footing with the governing circle in Washington, and he went freely in and out of the State Department, as well as the other ministries. The naïve Americans really believed that Professor Schoenfeld was in a position, in a roundabout way through Constantinople, to hold the restless Moros on the Zulu Islands in leash and transform them into loyal subjects of the United States—for they were not recognised as citizens with full rights. To one

member of the English embassy he taught German, and therefore he might be considered as one of the best-informed men in the capital.

To Professor Schoenfeld, as already stated, I directed my steps. He received me with open arms: "Heartily welcome, my dear colleague! How are you and your family? And your affair with the Ambassador? I hope that has been happily settled."

For answer I drew from my pocket the originals of the letters which Professor Münsterberg had addressed to me, and handed them to him. He read them carefully, and his face clouded.

"But that surely cries to Heaven!" he shouted. *"Couldn't they have given Münsterberg's post to me? The man draws five thousand dollars from Harvard, and as much more from Berlin. For that, I would have done it myself!* Entrust these letters to me, and I will go with them to the Ambassador, to petition him for a friendly settlement of the affair."

I entrusted him with the letters and we arranged for a meeting the next day at the university.

"I have very bad news for you," he began his remarks. "You are in great personal danger. You have menaced the life of the Ambassador, and Major Sylvester, the chief of police here, has told me that he will arrest you without further warrant and that you will be given no opportunity of making a statement to the press if you do not leave Washington to-day."

I laughed in his face and left him. At the suggestion of a friend, the local editor of the Washington *Post,* I sought Major Sylvester and learned from him that he had never met Professor Schoenfeld and that he was guilty of an unheard-of misuse of the name of the chief of the Washington police.

Later I learned that the professor had had very weighty grounds for his attitude toward me. He was further, I may here remark, in secret an enthusiastic promoter of the Young Turk party.

CHAPTER XVII

IMPLORES ROOSEVELT'S PROTECTION

Dark days in New York.—I implore Roosevelt's protection.—A federal secret-service agent hunts me up.—The black cabinet in New York.—Judgment of American official circles on my situation.—Unexplainable attitude of the Ambassador.—Herr von Holleben escorted by the police.—The Franco-German champagne war.—The Ambassador telegraphs that German "Rheingold" was used for the christening of the *Meteor,* although he knew that French champagne was used.—Remarkable communications from the Ambassador to the American representative of the German wine company.—What was established in the case of Moët et Chandon vs. Söhnlein.

After my intermezzo with Professor Schoenfeld, I remained several days in Washington and then went to New York in order to begin once more my fight for existence. Again it was useless. My courage began to grow lame, my strength to leave me. Christmas came, and I was separated from my family and I did not believe I should ever see them again. I lived through terrible days and nights full of anguish. Should I end the tragedy?

In a dark hour I wrote to President Roosevelt and asked his protection against the persecution to which I was being subjected on American soil by the Ambassador and his army of secret agents.

Several days passed, and I received no answer from Washington. The moments went by with unendurable slowness and my uncertainty about my family's fate drove me to distraction. Was it not my

most sacred duty, for the sake of my wife and children, to leave nothing untried, if it only brought relief?

I remembered the lines in Professor Münsterberg's letter in which he advised me to write a "frank and honourable letter of apology" to Ambassador von Holleben in Washington and the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in Berlin, Freiherren von Richthofen, as then my future would be a hundred times brighter and more favourable.

No, I dared no longer hesitate, if I did not want to be the murderer of my innocent children. I sat down and wrote the two required letters and carried them myself to the post office. I returned at once to my room and found—I had hardly been absent three minutes—a man standing before my door.

"Are you Mr. Witte?" he asked, and continued, after I had assented, "My name is Peeke; I am an officer of the Federal secret service. You wrote a letter to President Roosevelt in Washington, and I have been commissioned to look into the affair. I intended getting here this morning, but was unavoidably detained and not able to come to you sooner."

It was too much for my nerves. Surprise, fright, excitement, all united, and I should have fallen in a faint if the man had not caught me and laid me on the sofa.

"What is the matter? Are you ill?" he asked.

"Too late!—Three minutes too late!"

"Why too late? What do you mean? Get hold of yourself and let me know everything. It smells here as if something were burning. What is it?"

I had thrown part of my papers in the stove before going to the post office and the fire was just beginning to catch.

With one spring he reached the stove and took out the charring mass.

"You should not do a thing like that," he remarked. "The papers might be of great use to you. And now explain to me what all this means."

Fully five minutes passed before I could so far collect myself that I was able to talk and answer his questions. I told him how I had just posted letters that would nullify my letter to President Roosevelt, that I felt very ill, and that he would do me a favour by leaving me alone with my thoughts.

"But I can't do that. That would be contrary to my orders. I have been told to make a report about yourself and your complaint and must obey orders."

I pointed to the collection of letters and papers which I had thought to destroy.

"It is all the same to me now," I replied. "You see that I wanted to destroy the things; you may take them with you. You can also leave them, or, so far as I am concerned, throw them into the stove again. It will be all the same in the end."

The Washington secret agent packed the papers carefully in a satchel he had brought with him and left, with the words: "You will hear from me again."

And I heard more of him.

The next morning the letters which I had written to von Holleben and von Richthofen were returned to me apparently unopened. I say apparently, for the damp glue on the inner side of the envelopes showed me that they had been tampered with.

"We have orders," Peeke said to me, "not to allow these letters to go to their addresses."

The great machine of the American federal secret service had been set in motion to bring about the

investigation which I had demanded without result of the German chancellor and the State Secretary for Foreign Affairs in Berlin.

After several days I was advised that the chief of the secret service had examined my papers and had assured me of his special sympathy. The American judgment of my difficulties was expressed in the words which I received officially: *"You have a very strong case against the German government!"*

These occurrences took place before the first announcement of Prince Henry's American trip, by which was added to the generally hazardous situation a new element of danger and tension, which was not without influence on my affairs.

When the announcement of the Prince's visit followed, Herr von Holleben was responsible first and last for the result of the trip, and also answerable for the life and safety of the prince, and it was his distinguished and exclusive duty to remove all means of friction from the path, which in any way might harm the result and the mission of the prince. Prince Bismarck once said that diplomacy should know no revenge, and above all things to make sure that faults once committed should never be repeated. As a former pupil of the first imperial chancellor, Herr von Holleben should have made a useful practice of this phrase. He did not, however—to his undoing. His blue blood would not allow of his making a concession to a simple literary man (mann der feder). For excuse and justification he could always show that I had also applied to Berlin for inquiry and that my complaint must have been known by the chancellor, as well as by the Secretary of State. Perhaps he was authorised from above as to the direction of his attitude toward me. Even the intimate connection

between Wolff's Bureau in Berlin and the Foreign Office, the friendly relations between the Ambassador in Washington and Wolff's representative in New York, Paul Haedicke, must be taken into consideration, if one would try to find a complete explanation for the otherwise wholly inexplicable behaviour of the Ambassador.

Be this as it may, whether he was protected by "higher orders" from Berlin or not, even after so many years I must confess that I am not able to find a satisfactory reason for the Ambassador's attitude, and still less for that of the chancellor and the Foreign Office in Berlin. How could one entrust to a man who was not able to overlook the circumstance of a small personal intrigue against a simple journalist the first diplomatic representation of the Empire?

Herr von Holleben committed under the circumstances an unpardonable act of stupidity. In order to crush me and find in advance an excuse in the event of a possible fiasco of the prince's trip, he published in the Washington local press an article which was primarily directed toward me. I received on the 1st of February a copy of the Washington *Post* of the day before, in which the following paragraph was marked in blue.

GUARDED BY THE POLICE

German Ambassador recipient of letter threatening him with violence

A special detail of two policemen from the Second precinct station has been constantly on duty at the German Embassy, on Massachusetts Avenue Northwest, during the past ten days or two weeks, and will be continued indefinitely. The officers are furnished with wheels, and attend Herr von Holleben, the German Ambassador, whenever he leaves his residence. They are attired in plain clothing, and attract

but little attention, as they endeavour to remain only within calling distance of the Ambassador.

The reason for the extra precaution is due to the fact that the Ambassador received a threatening communication from New York about two weeks ago, stating that he was in danger of personal violence. The communication was anonymous, but is supposed to have come from an employé who was discharged from service at the Embassy several weeks ago, and who was very angry at having lost his position. Little importance is attached to the communication, but the detail is maintained as a precautionary measure.

The wrapping in which the *Post* was sent bore my address in the well-known handwriting of the chancellor, Hofrat Kinne, from the German Embassy, and the awkward style of the notice also pointed to him as the composer.

I laughed aloud, as did all social Washington when they read the news. The picture of the fat little Ambassador flanked right and left by policemen on wheels was so ridiculous as to be irresistible, especially as for some time one had been prepared for this transparent manœuvre by the Ambassador through private information from Major Sylvester.

Even more farcical, repulsive and repugnant must have appeared to all official Washington the inglorious rôle played by the Ambassador at the christening of the Emperor's yacht *Meteor* by "Princess" Alice Roosevelt in the presence of her father and Prince Henry, and the ridiculous "French-German champagne war" which was attached to it. The launching of the yacht took place on the 23d of February, 1902, and the daughter of the President broke a bottle of foaming champagne over the prow of the vessel. Proudly wrote the New York *Staats-Zeitung,* in its edition of February 26th:

"In a German vine country was grown the vine from which the juice was taken that flowed over the bow of the

Kaiser's yacht when the bottle was broken, before it slipped into its destined element."

"Aber nit!" said the French champagne firm of Moët et Chandon, "the noble juice was drawn from grapes grown on French soil." And they brought proof of their assertion. How was this?

The best statement of the amusing circumstance which made two worlds laugh at the expense of his excellency, the imperial Ambassador in Washington, is found in the Paris edition of the New York *Herald,* of March 31st. It was copied in the New York edition, and I give below an extract:

"A suit for damages for one million marks was brought by Moët et Chandon against the firm of Söhnlein & Company, which involves the champagne mark, 'Rheingold,' before a Wiesbaden court. The German Emperor, the President of the United States, and the German ambassador von Holleben, figure in the controversy."

Even though the *Herald* had stated that at the christening of the *Meteor* French champagne was used, yet the German firm did not give credence to the report, and asked by cable the German Ambassador for his statement. The Ambassador cabled in return that "Rheingold" was used. Söhnlein & Company were delighted over this information and used it as the basis of a gigantic advertisement at home and abroad for their brand. Moët et Chandon, however, would not agree to this. They saw in the announcement that "Rheingold" had been used an attack upon the honour of their house. They gave the facts to their New York agent and demanded of him that he should solve the riddle and stated that money would cut no figure. Mr. George Kessler took the next steamer and went to Paris, whence, after consultation with the owners of the firm, he sent the

following cable to the German Ambassador in Washington:

"If your words have been correctly quoted, then your excellency must have been misinformed, as Count Quadt knew very well that Moët et Chandon was used. The president of the shipbuilding firm, Townsend, Downey & Company, gave you the positive information, as his firm had full and absolute control of the arrangements for the launching, which took place at their expense. In order to make good the great trouble which was caused by the newspaper article, which put in question the truthfulness of the house of Moët et Chandon, I beg your excellency to kindly cable an accurate account for the press that Moët et Chandon was used at the christening of the *Meteor.*

"It is of the utmost importance to publish the truth about this occurrence, as the Moët et Chandon Company, as well as myself, have been morally and financially deeply injured by this false report.

"Should you not be disposed to accede to our wishes, we shall feel ourselves obliged to present the case to the State Department at Washington and the government in Berlin.

"GEORGE A. KESSLER."

The champagne firm, wounded in its honour, kept its word. How the German firm felt over the affair may be seen in the following extract from the New York *Staats-Zeitung* of April 3d:

"QUARREL OVER THE CHRISTENING WINE

"Milwaukee, Wis., April 2, 1902.

"The much mooted question as to whether the Kaiser's yacht *Meteor* was christened with German champagne, 'Rheingold,' or champagne made by the French firm of Moët et Chandon, continues with increasing zest. It is discussed in Berlin and Paris with the same warmth as in New York and Milwaukee. The general agent here for the German 'Rheingold,' when the French firm first made the assertion that it was not 'Rheingold,' but their brand, which had been used at the christening of the yacht, at once telegraphed the question to Ambassador von Holleben. The answer came promptly that the yacht was christened with 'Rheingold.' But the French firm repeated its assertion, whereupon the gen-

eral agent of 'Rheingold' for the second time turned to Herr von Holleben, from whom now came the following letter:

"'Washington, March 29, 1902.

"'Herren Jacob Best & Co.,
Milwaukee, Wis.:

"'Your kind letter of the 26th of this month crossed mine of the same date. Since it has been established that in fact "Rheingold" was not used at the christening, I shall no longer hesitate to explain that on the 25th of February, in the morning, as I was on my way to the launching, I was told that the firm of Townsend & Downey intended using another wine at the christening. I thereupon emphatically stated that this would be out of place, since the "Rheingold" already delivered had been accepted. At the launching, I was of the opinion that my request that "Rheingold" should be used had been heeded, as I saw the case which had been sent from Milwaukee on the dock, and called Herr von Schleinitz' attention to it. That the firm of Townsend & Downey even had the idea of using another wine I was unable to disclose, as by doing so before they themselves had spoken I should have made them suspected; and besides, as already shown, I believed that they really had used "Rheingold." Now, as it has been proved, it is another question, and the firm of Townsend & Downey alone is to blame for this action, contrary to agreement. As concerns the box, I called Miss Roosevelt's attention to the fact that it, as well as the hamper and the bottle, belonged to her. What became of it I have not learned further.

"'The Imperial Ambassador,
"'Von Holleben.'"

It is questionable if in the annals of modern diplomacy there is to be found another such document as this letter.

The matter ended in Germany as in America with the victory of the French firm.

Herr von Holleben appeared later as a witness in Wiesbaden and stated before a judge that Moët et Chandon had been used, although he had cabled, at the inquiry of the firm of Söhnlein & Company that Rheingold was used.

During the hearing it was established as a fact that Herr von Holleben had received a present of Rheingold champagne, under the stipulation that he would puff it up.

Herr von Holleben, since his retirement from diplomacy, has been appointed a life member of the Prussian Herrenhaus in recognition of his services to the fatherland.

CHAPTER XVIII

DEEPER COMPLICATIONS

Further development of my affairs.—Ambiguous rôle of Peeke, federal secret-service agent, who later was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary.—In vain I demand the return of my papers.—Secretary of State John Hay "knows nothing."—Interchange of despatches between Prince Henry and President Roosevelt, and what happened in the same afternoon.—I pay a nocturnal visit to the office of the New York *Herald*.—The morning of March 12.—Herr von Holleben's declaration regarding the incident.—Complaints of the Embassy employés against Herr von Holleben.—About a hundred reporters visit me at my residence.—Engineer Buck publishes details of German preparedness for war against America.—Who was responsible for the incident?—Roosevelt, in the judgment of his contemporaries, and in the light of his own works.

How things developed later I am only able to tell by what I know of the facts. Even to-day I am not able to recognise all the fine threads which were spun in order to drive Germany and America into a war, whose first offering I was destined to be.

First of all I shall make clear that Peeke, as time showed, was entirely undependable and only had consideration for his personal interest. Since he, during the lifetime of McKinley, had been entrusted with the personal safety of the President, he received the highest confidence and was utilised preferably for commissions which demanded unqualified trust and the greatest discretion.

Whether Peeke had betrayed his official confidence

and sold knowledge coming to him to an interested third party, I do not venture to assert; but I am inclined to believe it, since the agent was afterward condemned to five years in the penitentiary for participation in extensive naturalisation frauds.

This much is certain; that it was an affair of state which was carried out with a master hand and with unlimited ability—by a man who did not shrink from watching during times of peace the private correspondence of the Ambassador of a friendly power and stealing letters directed to him. The personality of secret-service agent Peeke, as well as occasional utterances which he let fall, inspired in me aversion and mistrust against him and the rôle which he played. My suspicions grew stronger and I demanded, about the middle of February, in a letter directed to the chief of the federal secret service, John E. Wilkie, the immediate return of my papers. The New York agent of the secret service, Captain Flynn, informed me by letter that the papers, for the time, were in "other hands." Again I demanded the papers, but again without success. This time the story was that Secretary of State John Hay had the papers and that it was not permissible to demand them from him until he was through with their examination. In reply to a letter written to the Secretary of State, containing a pressing appeal for the immediate restoration of the papers, came an answer signed by Mr. Hay's private secretary saying that the papers were not in the possession of the State Department and that nobody knew where they were.

Now if the Secretary of State Did Not Know Anything of the Papers, in Whose Hands Were They?

I went with this letter to Captain Flynn, who ap-

peared very much surprised, telegraphed immediately to Washington, and in the afternoon sent Agent Peeke to me with the request not to write again to Hay. I have every ground for the assumption that Peeke had stolen a second letter which I had addressed to John Hay on the same affair. In any event, I am convinced that Mr. Hay, whom they later tried to saddle with responsibility for the incident, was blameless. American federal secret-service agents have singular powers, they "know" very much, and presume many things in reliance upon this knowledge.

Prince Henry's visit was approaching its close and it was necessary to see that the most effective departure, with calcium lights and all the other appurtenances necessary should be supplied. There should be a *finale* that would not be forgotten in Berlin for a long time. Since I did not cease demanding the return of my papers, Captain Flynn entreated me to have patience. When the prince should arrive in New York, he said, to board ship for Germany, something would "happen." Whereupon my papers would be given back to me.

From this remark of the chief of the New York federal secret service bureau, it may be concluded that the wire-pullers behind the incident of March 12th intended to set the stage on American soil during the presence of the prince. Apropos of this is an announcement according to which there was knowledge of the approaching scandal in Washington and New York eight days before. A German banker from the Metropolis on the Hudson—presumably James Speyer, who later donated the means for establishing a Roosevelt professorship in Berlin—is said to have visited the President at the White House to bring about a postponement of the final act in the

historic drama of the prince's visit. A witness who is surely unprejudiced in this case, the correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian,* telegraphed to his paper that he had received confidential knowledge of the Holleben affair a week in advance. He reported that the proofs of von Holleben's guilt were laid before Roosevelt and Hay, who had determined to hush up the affair until after Prince Henry's departure. Von Holleben says (so continues the report) that he had written articles for a press bureau, but that the good ones had been composed by him and the bad ones by a paid agent. Roosevelt (the report runs on) laughed derisively at this statement. In any event the press had made the most of the entire affair and although it is almost unbelievable that a diplomat of von Holleben's experience could have made such a mistake, the report came from clear-thinking persons, who were entirely convinced that they were not mistaken.

Wholly and alone through fear of the German-American population of the country, which would have revenged at the polls an insult directed at a brother of the German Kaiser by the powers that be in Washington, it was decided, although with reluctance, not to explode the carefully prepared mine while the prince still lingered on American soil. Hardly, however, had he turned his back on New York when the uproar broke loose. On the morning of March 11th, Prince Henry left the American shore, after having exchanged the following telegrams with the President:

"Hoboken, N. J., March 11, 1902.

"To the President of the United States:

"On the day of my departure, I take pleasure in thanking you personally, as well as the nation whose guest I have been, for all the kindness and tokens of sincere and cordial

sentiment which have been shown me during my visit to your interesting country. I hope that my visit may cement the feeling of friendship between the land I represent and the United States.

"In bidding you farewell, allow me to wish you every possible success, and please remember me to Mrs. Roosevelt and Miss Roosevelt, who in such a charming manner, and with so much dexterity, fulfilled her task at the launching of His Majesty's yacht *Meteor*. Again, my hearty thanks. May we meet again.

"HENRY, PRINCE OF PRUSSIA."

"White House, Washington.
"March 11, 1902.

"Henry, Prince of Prussia,
"Steamer *Deutschland*,
"Hamburg Dock, Hoboken, N. J.:

"Not only have I personally enjoyed your visit, but also I wish, in the name of my compatriots, to express the pleasure it has given us to see you, and to actually perceive the good your visit has accomplished in promoting the feeling of friendship between Germany and the United States. It is my most earnest wish that this feeling may ever grow.

"Mrs. Roosevelt sends her hearty greetings, as would also Miss Roosevelt if she were not absent.

"Please express my best regards to His Majesty, the German Emperor.

"Again thanking you for your good visit, and wishing you every good fortune, wherever you may be,

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

How sincere those words sounded! How genuinely and highly must these two men have appreciated one another in order to send such telegrams! But even on the afternoon of the same day there reigned in Washington the wildest excitement, which reminded one of the day before the beginning of the Spanish-American war, and the announcement was given out that the German Ambassador had received his passports with the request to leave the United States within forty-eight hours!!!

The 12th of March, 1902, came, and brought me

the visit from Mr. Egan of which I spoke at the beginning of this book.

Man had deserted me, but God had heard my prayer and that of my children, and he humbled my arrogant enemy in the hour of, apparently, his greatest triumph, even into the dust.

It may, perhaps, seem unchristian when I say it; but the satisfaction which I experienced in that moment, when Mr. Egan handed me the copy of the extra edition of the New York *World* containing the ominous announcement, dissipated a great part of my unhappiness.

As you remember, I explained to Mr. Egan that for the present I was unable to make any expression concerning the announcement, and that I should request Dr. Mantler, the general director of Wolff's Bureau, with whom he had spoken before he came to me, to visit me at once in my apartments.

Though under the circumstances it was his first and foremost duty, even without being told, to seek an interview with me, the director of the semi-official German News Bureau did not put in an appearance. His attitude at that notable time was more than ambiguous.

Herr von Holleben and his advisers handled the affair in a thoroughly senseless passion and showed themselves in no wise equal to the occasion, as the many contradictory newspaper announcements clearly showed. In one paper it was stated that Herr von Holleben had already sailed with the prince for Germany; in another that he had gone to New York in a special train to consult with Dr. Bünz and others of the secret service, and a third one read that he had suddenly been taken very ill and had gone to the seashore to recuperate.

I had made up my mind to keep silence and speak only after the Ambassador had spoken. With feverish pulses, I had gone to my rest that evening but not to sleep. Suddenly the bell began to ring insistently. I opened the door to a reporter for the New York *Herald,* who wished most earnestly to speak to me. There had arrived from Washington at the *Herald* office, so he told me, a telegram of eighteen hundred words, and he had been given the order, so he laughingly said, to fetch me alive or dead. I replied that I was unable to express my views on the affair, but finally allowed myself to be persuaded to accompany him and look into the telegram.

In the publisher's sanctum of the *Herald,* I found its leading spirits assembled around a table. They looked at me with gleaming eyes, as if expecting great things of me, and pressed me to break my silence. From a telegram which they had received, they had been led to believe, so they said, that I would be able to disclose an intrigue between the Democratic candidate, William Jennings Bryan, and the German Ambassador, Herr von Holleben, which latter had promised the former the support of the German-American voters in case the former, in event of his election, would guarantee to the German Empire the possession of a coaling station in the West Indies. If I so understood the case, I had only to acknowledge it, and they would take care of the rest.

At that moment the cloven hoof of the Washington republican Urian came to light. The *Herald* atmosphere suddenly appeared to me to smell of sulphur, and I replied that I was not in a position to give them the answer they were apparently expecting. I saw long faces. They had not expected this, and their hopes of a *Herald* sensation had come to naught.

After they had assured me that they would observe absolute silence, I gave the assembled editors some facts about my conflict with Herr von Holleben. Their promise, however, was not kept, and my confidences appeared in the next edition of the *Herald* in a malevolent, changed and disfigured form. Why had I not given the New York *Herald* the expected "Bryan sensation"?

The next morning at six o'clock my bell again rang and from that time on was not quiet the rest of the day. My first visitor was a young reporter for the New York *Evening Journal,* that yellowest of all yellow afternoon papers of America, belonging to William Randolph Hearst. He went straight to his purpose in a business-like manner.

"Ambassador von Holleben says," he began, and handed me a newspaper, "that you have accused him of embezzling fifteen thousand dollars. What can you tell me about it?" He brought out a notebook and waited with itching pencil for my answer.

I could not believe my ears. Yes, there truly could be seen in black and white what his excellency had to say about an international occurrence that had come like lightning from heaven; that, namely, the whole affair was an act of revenge of a former employé who had accused him of embezzling fifteen thousand dollars.

The diplomat, von Holleben, in this explanation, had overstepped himself!

The accusation, of which no one in America knew anything, and of whose existence the public had its first news from his own lips, had not come from me, but from some of the officials of the Embassy who had been ruined by him and who charged him, together with a diplomat since murdered, of taking a

fee of fifteen thousand dollars at the purchase of the embassy building, 1435 Massachusetts Avenue.*

Great as was my temptation † to enlighten the reporter on this subject, as he waited in tense anticipation for my reply, I overcame it; but gave him, however, other information which entirely satisfied him. On leaving, he cordially shook my hand. "You have given me a 'scoop' over all the other papers," he said, "and I shall see to it that our paper does you justice. Good-bye."

He kept his word.

He had hardly left me when the bell rang again. A reporter and a photographer from the New York *Evening World,* Herr Joseph Pulitzer's yellow afternoon sheet, which was competing successfully with the New York *Evening Journal* for the palm in sensationalism, stood before me. The reporter could not complain that I had let his colleague get ahead of him. The photographer got several pictures of me and the members of my family. Almost a hundred reporters and photographers were admitted to my apart-

* In addition, other serious charges are raised against the Ambassador of the Embassy staff. When a rich German had died in New Orleans, without direct descendants, so the story goes, he entrusted an American politician with the execution of the estate, against the demands of the German consul at New Orleans, and thereby had injured the heirs living in Germany to the extent of several hundred thousand marks, for which the government was liable. The inception of a disciplinary investigation is still to come.

† Since the Embassy building purchased by Herr von Holleben was wholly unsuited for its purposes, the successor to the ambassador, Herr von Sternburg, received the commission to secure damages and to help the German government toward an establishment more worthy of itself. If I remember rightly, the purchase of the old Embassy building took place in 1897. That was rather a costly joke for the taxpayers of the German Empire.

ments in those days. Since his excellency von Holleben had first broken the silence, no obligation was laid upon me to further continue my reserve, and I communicated to my visitors what seemed best to me of my experience and adversities.

Among my visitors was also the New York *Herald* man who had gotten me out of bed in the night and persuaded me to go with him to the publishing office. To my question as to how it happened that Mr. Bennett's paper had published an account of my visit to the office, after promising that it would not be done, he replied, not without embarrassment, that it was not he but one of the editors of the *Herald* who had given the promise and broken it. I curtly refused to give him any information. The reporters present witnessed the scene with interest and remarked, when their colleague had withdrawn, "That is the way the *Herald* always does."

As it was known that my papers were still in Washington and that they were known to have given a start to the incident, there existed among the New York papers a struggle for the possession of my records. The editors of the New York *Staats-Zeitung* were particularly anxious to get hold of Professor Münsterberg's letters addressed to me. Repeatedly their representatives spoke to me and made me enticing offers. "The letters are at the disposition of your paper," I replied, "if on their account you will demand an investigation of the affair. But I shall not be a party to any muck-raking." Nothing came of it.

The incident occasioned another by-play in the press which is worth noting. On the 15th of March, the New York *American* published a letter from S. M. Buck, who had formerly lived in Berlin, and had

there heard from the mouths of high officials surrounding the Emperor that the Ambassador von Holleben and Professor Münsterberg had instituted a far-reaching spy system in the United States. Professor Münsterberg had been sent to America by the direct request of the Emperor to blind public opinion to the true policy of Germany toward the United States, and the trip of Prince Henry had been spoken of in official circles two years before it took place. In case of a war, so Mr. Buck expressed himself, the German fleet would immediately possess itself of the harbours of Boston and New York. He named as witnesses Count Serenyi and consul for the admiralty, Langer. The New York *Staats-Zeitung* thereupon published a long cable story from their Berlin correspondent, C. A. Bratter, as to an interview with Count Serenyi, in which the latter absolutely denied the words which had been put in his mouth. Herr Bratter, who at the present time is living in Constantinople and writing for the Laffan Bureau, the New York *Sun* and a Hamburg paper, was moreover "distinguished" on the occasion of the prince's visit by the chancellor in an autograph letter.

On March 17th I received my papers from Captain Flynn's hands and signed a receipt for them. Thus the incident was disposed of, in so far as Mr. Roosevelt was concerned. It had been handled with brutal rough-rider ruthlessness and the world had been shown that an attempt at interference in the inner affairs of the country would not be tolerated.

CHAPTER XIX

THE TRUTH AND THE LAW

Who is responsible for the deception of the German press in March, 1902?—A campaign of secret lies and calumny.—My suit against the *Grosz New Yorker Zeitung*.—"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour."—False material against me is furnished from German official sources to my opponents.—Pastor O. Frommel, former German ambassador to Rome, now at Gera, Russia, becomes the victim of a shameful deception.—An almost unbelievable perversion of justice.—Appearance of the "United States Correspondence."—"A *Herald* Hater."—New York *Herald's* slander suit against three Berlin papers.—"There are judges in Berlin."—I am summoned as a witness.—Why the case never came to trial.—Astounding solution of the riddle.

The truth about these critical March days of the year 1902 has never been known in Germany.

That sounds unbelievable, but it is nevertheless a fact. While the relations between Germany and the United States were strained to the utmost, and the decision for or against war was literally in the balance, the majority of the German press was dealing in page-long effusions over the result of the prince's trip. But not a mortal word did the public in the dear German fatherland learn of the deadly insult to the German Ambassador, and in his person to the Emperor, as the one responsible for the German foreign policy. Never before had the union between the Imperial Chancellor and the Foreign Office in the Wilhelmstrasse and the semi-official and semi-Bleich-

roeder-Reuterschen-Wolff Bureau so brilliantly sustained each other as in those days.

The general director of the official German telegraph bureau, Dr. Heinrich Mantler, was at that time himself in New York. The report certainly then lay in the surest and most worthy hands! He might have been able to prevent the whole monstrous scandal and have spared the German Empire the greatest diplomatic defeat that it had ever endured, but he preferred to play the rôle of the disinterested third party and let the evil run its course. And why not?

He was absolute master of the German news cables, and Wolff's Bureau on the corner of Zimmer and Charlotten streets in Berlin despatched nothing which had not first been examined and approved by those commissioned by him.

As the "disturber of the peace," Witte, lived in New York, and his return to Germany might be discounted, there was nothing simpler for that trio, Holleben, Mantler and Münsterberg, than to make him the scapegoat for the whole affair. While doing so, the leaders of Wolff's Bureau might at the same time wreak their anger on the offender who had exposed their disgraceful manœuvre on the Vienna exchange, and thereby made it necessary for the Austrian government to install its own telegraph connection with St. Petersburg. Now the time had come, once and for all, to "gag" the prying fellow!

WHAT IN THOSE FATEFUL DAYS WAS TELEGRAPHED FROM NEW YORK TO BERLIN HAS NEVER BEEN EQUALED IN THE WORLD'S HISTORY FOR MALICIOUS AND SHAMELESS PERVERSION OF THE TRUTH.

I learned of it only in the year 1906, after my return to Berlin, when my wife took the trouble to look back over the paper files in the Imperial Library in

Behren Street, to the March editions of 1902; she could hardly believe her eyes, but the following is what she read:

"The German Ambassador declares Witte menaced him with murder."

And similar articles in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* and the *Berliner Tageblatt,* and further:

"Witte has been arrested, but released again, as the Ambassador has failed to prosecute."

The reporter for the *Berliner Tageblatt* who sent this private telegram was guilty of a direct lie, as I was never arrested, and also the State Department had never had the intention of prosecuting me.

The fictitious H. telegram in the German papers originated with Paul Haedicke, the New York special correspondent of Wolff's Bureau, and von Holleben's confidential man. An unheard-of crime had been committed, so low, so cowardly, so brutal, so refined, so devilish, that happily there have been few like it in history. And in order to cover it up and prevent the truth from becoming known, a further crime must be committed.

In Washington, as in Berlin, the world went forth to hush up the von Holleben affair, and certain influences were brought to bear in order to reach this end and not allow me to be heard from.

I learned nothing of these machinations, but I did know of the lies which certain German papers in New York circulated about me, and I strove to have a judicial settlement through a damage suit against the editor of the *Grosz New Yorker Zeitung,* the New York *Herald* and the *New Yorker Revue.*

The outcome of the suit was typically American. The accused publishers, Wolfram and Mayer (Mayer is now representative of the Mergenthaler Linotype

Machine Company in Berlin), retained the more than well-known New York attorney, Benno Loewy, and sent him to Germany to gather "material" against me. As hotly as he worked, his mission would have failed and he would have returned with empty hands had not false information been given him from official sources. From documents I now have, it seems that the defendant, Mayer, was close to the German consul at Rome, Nast-Kolb, and that person gave him the address of Dr. Otto Frommel, former chaplain of the imperial Embassy at Rome, now in Gera, Russia, with the remark that this person could tell him something about Witte. The shamefully deceived clergyman was now so belaboured personally and by mail by Mayer, Loewy and other Berlin lawyers that he, to secure relief, made a deposition, later attested by the American consul at Leipzig, that he had been swindled by one Dr. Georg Witt (alias Witte) in Rome in 1902. This person who had been, he said, the private secretary of Consul Nast-Kolb, had secured possession of the official German seal, deceived a poor German school teacher and taken money from her under promise of marriage, jumped his bills and finally fled to Paris, where he wrote insulting letters to the consul. For identification of Georg Witt, Pastor Frommel enclosed a photograph with the swindler's autograph, and added that he now carried on his operations disguised with a wig.

Since in 1892 I was engaged as director of the Reuter Bureau in Berlin and was received as such at the Foreign Office, it should have been easy to determine, were the intention honourable, that I was not the same as the Georg Witt of Rome. But the honourable intention was absent and the lawyer Benno Loewy

could report to his principals that his German mission had been crowned with success.

Meanwhile I had found a poorly paid position as editor of a German weekly, which was housed in the building of the *New Yorker Zeitung,* the publisher of which, as I later learned, was a friend of the defendant publishers. Three days before the hearing of the case I was faced with the alternative of withdrawing my suit or losing my position at once. They told me that a German minister, by name Frommel, had testified under oath before the American consul, submitting my photograph, that he and others had been swindled by me. Should I prove obstinate in spite of this evidence, the publishers of the *New Yorker Zeitung* would use their considerable influence with the officials to render me harmless once and for all time; there were enough means to that end.

Since I did not wish to rob my family of the meagre support I was affording, I withdrew my case under this threat.

But the devilish vengeance of my enemies was not appeased by that. From that time on all sorts of fairy tales were spread all over America, that I was the swindler Georg Witt, and in this way my progress was impeded.

It was a terrible battle for existence that I carried on then; and I could hope for freedom from it only if I succeeded in securing an official investigation. But for this very little chance was visible, for my petitions to that end remained unanswered. I must therefore go at it by indirection. At my instance, the publisher of the weekly I edited decided on a newspaper correspondence for the press of the German-speaking countries of Europe. It appeared under the title, "United States Correspondence," and was

well received. Almost every article made the rounds of the German papers and there was hardly a day that some one did not write approval to some editor or other. Over a signature of "A *Herald* Hater," I undertook one of the articles, publication of which I expected would lead to an investigation of my affairs. (The author describes at length a suit for libel instituted by the New York *Herald* against three Berlin papers as a result of this letter, one of them withdrawing its statements and the others "hushing it up" at the instance, he intimates, of the German government.)

CHAPTER XX

OFFICIAL FRIENDSHIP

Herr von Holleben forced to leave Washington suddenly.—"Without drum or trumpet, he took his farewell."—"Specky" his successor.—Women's war at the Embassy.—Will Frau Anna, of the *New Yorker Staats-Zeitung,* prove herself a good prophetess?—Herman Ridder's paper attacks Sternburg, but is silenced by the threat of founding a new German daily in New York.—Acceptance of a monument to "Alter Fritz" is Sternburg's first "triumph."—The statue of the great king receives company.—The Kaiser's gifts to the Germanic Museum at Harvard.—Herr von Sternburg becomes a "Ph. D."—The old personnel of the Embassy goes out the door.—"Specky" a sick little man.

Bernard von Bülow in the German Parliament angrily deprecated the constant reference that was made to his likeness to the first imperial chancellor. Very aptly and with right, in my opinion, for even if one admits that a smaller man is being compared with a greater, a serious comparison between Otto von Bismarck and Bernard von Bülow is out of place.

No, so long as the man of blood and iron was linked to the German Empire, such an occurrence would never have been possible; no power in the world would have dared so to insult a German ambassador, the representative of the holy person of the Emperor, as Herr von Holleben had been insulted, not to mention the scandalous ending of the trip of Prince Henry! But we no longer live in Bismarck's time, and to-day it is counted against one to stir his ghost. Thus oc-

curred the unbelievable. The affair, with all its shameful accompanying circumstance, was simply hushed up, and a journalist, pursued by the hate of the news union, was chosen as a scapegoat, and—the honour, the dignity and the authority of the mighty German Empire had been saved.

How it was possible to leave Herr von Holleben longer at his post, after he had been given his passports, with the invitation to leave the country within forty-eight hours, is a riddle which Bernard von Bülow alone might be able to answer. It would be unnatural to expect from me any sympathy for the Ambassador, but I must confess that I felt heartily sorry for this poor old man, suddenly thrown from his high position, when he was still obliged to remain in the American capital, the object of open and secret scorn and banter of the entire official world. He went away on a vacation, and it was said he would not again return to his post; but he was obliged to drink the bitter cup to the dregs, and once more to take the trip across the ocean in order to be sent home again like a school boy who has been whipped. After remaining several weeks in Washington, he was obliged to leave the land and the country so suddenly that he had no time to take leave personally of the President or the Secretary of State. The New York *Staats-Zeitung* wrote at that time:

"On January 10, 1903, the ambassador of the German Empire to Washington, Dr. von Holleben, sailed on the steamer *Waldersee* for home, without drum or trumpet. He took no leave of the diplomatic corps in Washington. Why?"

Mr. Ridder's paper added scoffingly that the American people still highly respected the gentleman. In contradiction to the official German announcement of

the sudden "illness" of the Ambassador, several papers stated that this "illness" had not interfered with his excellency's having a very merry time while waiting in New York for the sailing of the next boat.

No German ambassador has ever before left his post as did Herr von Holleben, and Berlin accepted it quietly, with a Christlike forbearance, made no protest, but even heaped coals of fire on the head of the guilty delinquent.

The affair turned out as was desired in Washington. The successor of Herr von Holleben was the personal friend of President Roosevelt, Freiherr Spec von Sternburg, who had warned me against the introduction of the Ambassador to Prince Eulenburg, and in doing so laid the seed to all future developments. The jump from the post of German consul general in Calcutta to that of Imperial German Ambassador to Washington was a performance the like of which no acrobat of German diplomacy, however clever, had yet attained.

Freiherr Spec von Sternburg is not a descendant of an old German noble family, as was claimed for him by the American newspapers, but is—of which fact he should be proud in democratic America—of poor and obscure origin. Even his grandfather, a plain shepherd, was named Speck, but he knew how to use a natural talent in the care of his fortune and so to enlarge it that he was able to buy the property of Lützschena, near Leipzig, where, with great success, he bred the so-called electoral sheep and developed a good breed. For his services as a sheep-breeder, the former shepherd Speck was knighted by the Bavarian government and received the name of Freiherr Speck von Sternburg.

An amusing anecdote which dates from that time may not be out of place here:

During a visit of the King of Saxony to Leipzig, the town was illuminated, and the newly made Freiherr did not fail to decorate his property, which was on the Reichstrasse, and to provide a transparency on which was this pretty verse:

"Oh, would that in our Saxony
Electors always grew up noble!"

A witty Leipzig shoemaker, who lived opposite Speck, seized the opportunity to put out the following verse on his transparency:

"Oh, would that in our Saxony
Electors grew on backs of hogs,
So that Speck upon this earth
Should grow and grow in noble worth."

After the disgrace of the 12th of March, which was only surpassed by the dismissal of the Ambassador in the following year, began the German policy of gifts and favours.

In order to bewitch public opinion for the representative of the German Empire, Melville E. Stone of the *Associated Press* in New York gave a banquet for Herr von Sternburg, to which the editors, correspondents and co-workers of all the most widely read papers were invited.

Only one large paper, and that a German, the New York *Staats-Zeitung,* took an openly hostile attitude toward Herr von Sternburg, and on every possible occasion made fun of him, especially so at the time of the well-known quarrel over etiquette, when the question came up whether the wife of the Ambassador should make the first call on the wives of the secretaries, or vice versa.

The *Kladderadatsch* at that time immortalised that tragi-comic episode in the following poem:

HOW THE WOMEN TREAT EACH OTHER

There sat side by side two women, in a far-off land;
Up spoke the noble von Sternburg to the Senator's wife:
"How my husband stands so gloriously before all the senators,
Just like the shining full moon before the little stars!"

Back spoke Mrs. Senator: "Let him be as fine as he may,
You must not understand amiss what I am going to say.
You must still do just as every one else has done.
In all politeness, I must receive the first visit from you."

"Oh, you would exalt yourself," broke out Mrs. Ambassador.
"Well, I will show you whether in the future
You will not observe the customs here in America."
By this time both women were in pretty stormy mood.

So they parted, and went their ways in a huff;
And then to her husband said Mrs. Baron Speck:
"I can't pay the first visit to this hussy.
Cannot the creature get that into her head?"

The noble Herr von Sternburg, when thus weeping he saw
His beloved wife, right tenderly replied:
"She will never get away with such rude talk.
Weep not, dear wife. I shall write it fearlessly to Berlin.

"The husband of this egotist shall repay her talk,
Or he will never meet me among the ambassadors."
Men should bring up their wives, then wrote the dauntless warrior,
So that they would leave unsaid such impolite language.

Thus wrote Herr Speck. Alas! it came about
That in Washington many a hero had to leave the capital.
An adder bit him. Many an elected idol,
Through the cackling of women, was lost to the capital.

On the occasion of the Washington women's war, the New York *Staats-Zeitung,* in an article entitled "Women in Politics," called to mind Bismarck's principle of sending no diplomatic representative to a

country whose wife was a child of that country, and the well-known editorial writer, "Frau Anna," in Herr Ridder's paper was permitted to enlarge on this theme in an article occupying almost two columns, which rang in these prophetic words:

"Possibly, sooner or later, a mighty political scandal will open the eyes of the Emperor and the entire official world, and a cleansing storm will clear the atmosphere surrounding the throne. In the interests of the dignity of the German Empire abroad, such a phenomenon is much to be desired."

When in the *Staats-Zeitung* women begin to take precedence in leading articles over politics, then must the political barometer have fallen very low:

"It is dangerous to awaken Skal,
Destructive is the tooth of Ridder;
Yet frightfulest among the frightful—
That is 'Frau Anna' in her wrath."

This humorous paraphrasing of Schiller's verses went the rounds at that time in New York and caused much amusement.

But the many-sided Professor Münsterberg of Harvard University, who was seldom at a loss for an expedient, knew also how to get rid of the *New Yorker Staats-Zeitung* and "Frau Anna."

In several large newspapers there appeared at that time announcements "from the best source," wherein it was claimed that a new large German newspaper was to be founded in New York. This paper, it was said, would appeal to all the Germans in New York who were dissatisfied with the eternal wrangling and crookedness of the *New Yorker Staats-Zeitung,* as well as with its political faithlessness, which first took this side and then the other, and would excel it in all points, both editorially and technically.

Money would be of no consideration with the new paper, as there would be unlimited means at its disposal, namely, the treasure of the German Empire.

Herr Bernard Ridder, a German-American "self-made man," who had risen from a messenger boy to the all-powerful leadership and part owner of the *New Yorker Staats-Zeitung,* began to be afraid. There might possibly be some truth in these statements, and if, as was claimed, Professor Hugo Münsterberg should undertake the chief editorship of the new paper, then the *Staats-Zeitung* would be obliged to reef its mainsail. Herr Ridder therefore thought it best to reform, a reconciliation banquet took place, and the proclaimed newspaper did not appear.

The President, in the White House, lost no time in demonstrating publicly that he was in fact the friend of the German Ambassador. Soon the latter was able to write in triumph to Berlin, as his initial performance, that he had been able to overcome the President's objection to the erection of a monument to Frederick the Great in Washington, and thus the requisite consent was assured. This great deed of Herr von Sternburg was served to the German press with the customary effusiveness; only, they forgot to mention the circumstance that the erection of the statue was conditioned on the erecting also of statues of Hannibal, Cæsar and Napoleon, and these with American money. The world laughed and made fun of the idea of putting up a monument to an absolute king in republican America. But the practical Americans knew, as usual, how to escape their dilemma, by placing the statue of Old Fritz in front of the new military academy, where, in the company of the three other war heroes, it was not likely to rouse further

controversy. "Teddy" had helped "Specky" to his first success.

For the sake of truth, I must state that the public in the United States, even to-day, is not enthusiastic over the monument to Frederick the Great, and sees in its erection a sin committed against the spirit of the Republic. Some wanton, to whom the "historic friendship" between the United States and Germany was an open outrage, has since, as is known, made an attempt to blow it up. Luckily a negro prevented the design, and received as reward, by commission of the Foreign Office, through the Ambassador, a silver watch. The gift aroused all the American papers to scornful jibes. "Was a silver watch an imperial gift?" they asked, "and did the saviour of the monument get a silver watch because he was only a 'nigger' and would the saviour, if he had been a white man, have been entitled to a gold watch?"

Also, the founding of the Germanic museum at Harvard University, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, which is the centre of Anglo-American "Kultur," met with open, as well as secret, suspicion. In connection with the Emperor's gift, a so-called Germanic Museum Association was created, in which all the most prominent and influential men of the country were invited to take part as in sympathy with the Germanic spirit and "Kultur," and to assist in laying the foundation for a policy friendly to the German Empire. The object, however, was noted in many circles and was generally denounced. Evil-minded people even went so far as to see in the Kaiser's gift a second Trojan horse, and to call to mind the proverb, "Fear the Greeks when they come bearing gifts."

Naturally Herr von Sternburg was not spared, after becoming ambassador, the honour of being made an

honourary doctor of different American universities. That his friend "Teddy" was at the same time his associate must have consoled the old major, and sworn enemy of all pen-pushers, for the mortification imposed upon him.

Under Herr von Sternburg an entire change took place in the personnel of the Embassy. The secretaries, who perhaps had not taken him seriously enough, and their noble wives, who were unwilling to pay due reverence to his plebeian American wife, the officials of the government office, who had made sport of reports made out by him—all were obliged to go.

Nothing in the Embassy was costly and fine enough for the new mistress of the Embassy. All the old furniture was disposed of and must be replaced by new, which was better suited to her refined American taste. An enthusiastic description of the changes which had taken place appeared in the German papers of the country, from Louis Viereck's pen, the only Social Democrat delegate who was lucky enough to have ingratiated himself as a Roosevelt republican agent and reporter of the social news of the German Embassy.

The personal appearance of Herr von Sternburg is not what one might call exactly imposing. He is small and lank, with a curiously dull complexion, which gave rise to so many unpleasant remarks by Herr von Holleben; and for several years he has suffered from rheumatism, as well as from a bad ear trouble, which makes it almost impossible for him to fulfil his business, as well as his social, obligations. Though, in spite of his large income as ambassador, he entertains very little, the small home of the former ambassador soon became too small, and the German Empire became

possessed of a property, through his management, in a fashionable quarter of the city, on which is now being built a mansion with which even the most critical could find no fault. Unfortunately, this was an occasion for bringing up again the old bad matter; it was deemed curious that the building bought by Herr von Holleben hardly ten years before should be considered insufficient. It called to mind the sum which von Holleben had paid, and comments were made not very complimentary to the predecessor of Herr von Sternburg.

CHAPTER XXI

PUZZLES AND POLITICS

The press in Germany and America sees everything through Berlin spectacles.—Melville E. Stone received by the Kaiser with princely honours.—The German postmaster general accords "A. P." despatches priority over all other telegrams. —The New York *Staats-Zeitung* a zealous agent for German interests.—Astonishing remark made by Herr von Holleben concerning the Kaiser's speeches.—Does the public in Germany and America hear the truth?—Sad decline of the German-American press.—My experiments with the Germans of Albany, N. Y.—Everywhere the same indifference.—Industry of reprint and "boiler-plate."—The German's rôle in politics.—Is he undependable and venal?—Personal liberty and lager beer.—I help elect Mayor McClellan. —Support from the New York *Staats-Zeitung* brings misfortune to candidates.—George von Skal as a speaker.— Two souls dwell, alas, in his breast!

Herr von Holleben had departed, but the Holleberei, as some German-American papers remarked, still remained—the system of deceiving and leading astray public opinion in Germany and America. Herr von Sternburg gave himself great trouble in this respect, to walk in his predecessor's footsteps, and with the help of the most prominent specialists of the press, such as Melville E. Stone, and Professor Hugo Münsterberg, his effort met with great success.

One should always bear in mind that to-day the people of America, as well as the people of Germany, know as little of one another as they did a hundred years ago and depend entirely upon the news as given

by the great telegraph offices, where they receive it in very homeopathic doses. As the telegraph bureau sees the thing and reports it, so the German and American newspaper readers see it; so that it follows that whoever controls the telegraph bureau is in the position to instruct or mislead at will public opinion in both hemispheres as required by circumstances. Two telegraph bureaus in the United States provide the papers with news from Germany, the *Associated Press* and Laffan's Bureau in connection with the *Sun.* Mr. Melville E. Stone, who is first and last a business genius,* understood what unbounded possibilities were open for him if he were to follow the wish of the German government and make the American people see the German-American policy with German spectacles; and his business interests measured his decision.

It would pay him better to be the friend of the German Empire, rather than the enemy, and Melville E. Stone, who had accepted as a thing quite natural Wolff von Schierbrand's dismissal from Berlin; who, together with Professor Münsterberg and Director Mantler of Wolff's Bureau, had a conference in a private cabin of the Kaiser's yacht *Hohenzollern;* who, by the arrangement of a great banquet, brought Herr von Sternburg into personal contact with all the leading editors of the country and recommended him to their benevolence—then the clever business man, Melville E. Stone, took a business trip to Berlin, where he was received with princely honours, about which he sent the following interesting news to an American paper:

* Mr. Stone is known the world over as, first and last, a "newspaper man," and what follows proves his prowess as a news-getter.

"The Emperor stood near a chimney, in the background of the room, and around him stood the Empress, Prince Heinrich, Princess Irene, Prince Eitel, and Prince Leopold. There was no one else in the room. I was introduced to the Kaiser. He greeted me cordially, spoke in English about my Berlin mission, and expressed his pleasure at the idea that the American people would now be in a position to see Germany through German eyes. He explained frankly and at length that he felt a hearty good will toward our people, and that he would give the necessary orders so that the *Associated Press* would be given a satisfactory position in Germany. Finally, he turned to Prince Henry, with the words: 'Here is a gentleman whom you know.' The prince stood beside him, greeted me, and added: 'I should like you to meet my wife, also.' He thereupon introduced me to his wife, the Princess Irene. She was very kind, spoke of her English ancestors, and of the pleasure it gave her to meet some one who spoke her mother tongue.

"In the meantime, several hundred people who were waiting audiences had been admitted to the ante-chamber. The court marshal approached me, and said that the empress was ready to receive me. She was very gracious, and said: 'I hope that you will have a pleasant stay. You are very welcome, and we would like to convince you of the fact.'"

The details in regard to quickest means of forwarding the telegrams were settled with the postmaster general. At Mr. Melville E. Stone's Suggestion, an Agreement Was Made, Whereby a Little Red Tag with the Word "America" on It, and Written on a Telegraph Blank, Would Give It Precedence in the Whole German Empire Over All Other Telegrams. The telegrams of the German people were therefore obliged to wait, in order that the *Associated Press* should be despatched first. The postmaster general, I am thinking, must have found it a little difficult to explain in the Reichstag this extraordinary favour accorded to a foreign company, at the expense of the German taxpayers!

After the *Associated Press,* the next thing was to secure Laffan's Bureau as an influence in swaying pub-

lic opinion to a policy friendly to Germany. For this purpose the New York *Staats-Zeitung* was mobilised, which announced to its readers in the most salient style, on the day of Prince Henry's departure from America, that, being led by the desire of the paper always to improve the news service, they had come to an agreement with Laffan's Bureau by which from now on Laffan's telegrams would also be printed. This news came as a surprise to the unitiated, *as the Staats-Zeitung* already received the despatches of the *Associated Press,* besides a daily cable letter from Berlin. Even the rich Anglo-American papers of the country had not thought of such a luxury as to desire a connection with both large rival despatch bureaus at the same time. Only—the German *Staats-Zeitung* was a happy exception to the rule.

Among all the reporters who visited me on the memorable 12th of March, there was also the representative of the New York *Sun,* Laffan's paper. He said to me: "I have not been instructed to ask as to the truth of your statement, as we know that you are genuine; I only wish to ask you if you really made the statement. Unfortunately, we shall not be able to take up your affair and appear for you, as for several days we have suddenly been good friends with the German Empire. I am surprised," so he continued, "that no German has been found who has had the courage to draw the attention of the statesmen in Berlin to the imperious necessity of an inquiry into your affair. We of the *Sun* know what a service you have rendered to your government in Washington and New York."

The third big agent for influencing public opinion in the United States in regard to the policy of the German Empire, is the New York *Staats-Zeitung,*

which, after the manner of several larger Anglo-American sheets, resell their cable despatches to English and German newspapers of the country. The "old woman of Newspaper Row," as she was named by her contemporaries, looks back on remarkable changes. Old Oswald Ottendorfer, born in Austria, and actual participant in the revolution of 1848, could not look with much enthusiasm upon the policy of Berlin, especially after Bismarck's dismissal, and it needed first the downfall of the consul general Feigl after the Kissengen affair of the big New York merchant Stein, to bring about a change in his views.

"Herr Ottendorfer and I dined alone together one evening in the German Club," Mr. Feigl himself told me, "and I made use of the opportunity to convince him from a business point of view of the shortsightedness of a policy which took pleasure in hateful attacks on the person of the Emperor and the Empire. Herr Ottendorfer saw the logic of my remarks and promised improvement, which promise he faithfully kept. If now and again there have been unfriendly side leaps from individual editors, for these he was hardly responsible."

These "side leaps of individual editors" increased decidedly while Herr von Holleben was Ambassador to Washington, and were chiefly directed against the Kaiser's speeches, which for the most part were mercilessly torn to pieces. Herr von Holleben and the former editor-in-chief of the New York *Staats-Zeitung,* Paul Loeser, were good friends and showed each other many little favours, which, as is well known, cements friendships. When the attacks on the Kaiser in the *Staats-Zeitung* did not cease, Herr von Holleben appeared one day in Paul Loeser's private room on the fourth floor of the *Staats-Zeitung* building, and, in

the heat of discussion, used an argument which probably never before has been spoken by an imperial German ambassador. He said: "We both know, my dear Loeser, you and I, that the Kaiser often uses expressions which had better have been left unsaid (the Ambassador used here another expression, which I, out of regard for the press laws, am not able to repeat) but is there any moral reason for your readers to know this and always to be reminded of it through your paper?" Paul Loeser laughed, and the attacks on the Kaiser ceased.

When in the year 1906 Herr Bernard Ridder went to Germany for a visit, he had the honour of being introduced by the American ambassador, Charlemagne Tower, to the Emperor in Wilhelmshöhe, near Cassel, and of being invited to the imperial table. "The commanding general of the German-American press," who, by the way, was not able to speak or write the German language correctly, took pains during his stay in Germany to sign his name "Ritter."

For a powerful machine, such as that in the United States, where the *Associated Press,* Laffan's and the New York *Staats-Zeitung* are united in a spirit friendly to Germany and are firmly determined to allow no message unfriendly to Germany to pass, there would naturally be no need in the German Empire, where the entire press receives reports from America through the Wolff Bureau, which, as the organ of the imperial chancellor and the Foreign Office, allows not a word to go through which could be unpleasant or unfriendly to its backers.

To Learn the Truth About Events in the German Empire and America, as Well as the Mutual Relationship of These Countries, Is,

Under the Circumstances Just Described, an Impossibility.

It is highly questionable, however, *whether the German Empire in a crisis* would be able to trust its publicity agents.

After the lesson of the 12th of March, 1902, on which day both all powerful directors of the *Associated Press* and Wolff's Bureau left the Ambassador entirely in the lurch, I should decidedly say no to this question.

A few words about the German-American press and its significance in relation to public life in the United States may here be of use. It is, I must confess to my sorrow, in a sad condition of irremediable decline. It is entirely overshadowed by the Anglo-American press and is dying a slow but sure death on account of lack of funds. If I except certain large cities, where there are still German papers with all the signs of outward prosperity, though they are already attacked by a deadly germ, I see the same sad situation everywhere. After the increase of prosperity in the German Empire, the emigration from Germany, at one time so heavy, became less, the first German emigrants died, and the second generation thinks and feels entirely American. The Germans born in America, who have attended the public schools, can not and have no desire to read or speak German, and therefore turn away from a press which for them appears in a foreign language. *It is hardly believable how little use the Germans in America have for a German press and German literature.*

From my own experience I shall give a typical example which speaks whole volumes; in Albany, the capital of the state of New York, the German population of which is put at about 30,000, I was for a

time owner and publisher of the *Herold,* a German daily which had appeared in that city since 1850. When I took over the paper, I desired to enlarge the extraordinarily shrunken list of subscribers, and offered valuable prizes for the securing of new readers. To my astonishment, the paper won through this offer not a single reader. To solve the, to me, baffling puzzle, and to go to the bottom of the matter, I published a great advertisement, one which hit the eye, with an attached coupon in which to every one who brought to the paper a new reader, even for the term of one week, at the price of ten cents, I promised, entirely free, a beautiful elegantly bound copy of the surpassingly practical "Kuerschner Conversation Lexicon" in one volume, the price of which was one dollar. I never had the pleasure of making a present of a single one of these really beautiful premiums, since not a single subscription was brought to the paper.

I was not yet satisfied and determined to go still further. From the former owner of the paper I had taken over a great number of pictures of the Kaiser and his family, which, in a suitable frame, made a really pleasing wall decoration. I published a new advertisement, more immense than the previous ones, and offered to every reader who would call in at the office for the purpose a copy of this work of art entirely free. Again the same experience. Not a single picture was taken away.

This same culpable indifference of the Germans in America toward their press may be observed in nearly every large or small town in the country. In the big cities, where at one time it was possible to support two or three rival German daily newspapers, now they are obliged to join forces if they wish to exist. This was the case in three of the most German large towns

of the Union, Milwaukee, Chicago and St. Louis. It happened in Cleveland, Pittsburg, San Francisco and many other cities besides.

Of the many German papers remaining to-day, the majority would not exist if it were not for the so-called "boiler plate factories," which make it possible to save the wages of typesetters and writers. These plate industries, on the other hand, only exist through the many copies which appear in the German and Austrian newspapers and magazines, whose contents they compose. The plates are cast from type, sold at a very moderate price, and sent to their purchasers. Self-respecting newspapers ought really to hold themselves aloof from the "plate" articles, but when even a paper like the St. Louis *Westliche Post* does not hesitate to serve daily to its subscribers this ready-made literature, one cannot blame the smaller and poorer papers, which have a hard struggle for existence.

The difficult struggle for existence of the German papers sentences them all too often to play the rôle of political servants who are obliged to render sordid services to both parties and to be satisfied when a bone is thrown to them out of these ill-smelling spoils, which no one else wishes. "To thoroughly understand is to forgive," and therefore one ought not to despise and condemn the poor German journalists in America, without whose tragic and heroic struggle the German language would long since have perished in the land of dollars, but rather accord them deep and sincere sympathy. When, as so often happens, a German newspaper appears with an unprinted inner sheet, the beloved public laughs and remarks: "The d—— printer is not able to pay for his 'patent insides' again," but is unconscious of the difficult battle the poor news-

paper man daily endures. It is naturally impossible to expect of the German newspapers, which have to struggle for their existence, that they should remain true to a conviction. When the time comes for a political election most of them are "on the fence," as the Americans say; that is, one foot is in the Republican, the other in the Democratic camp, with an eye to the way things are going to turn out.

Politics in America is a business which is expected to yield returns, and the German-American publishers, who one year work for the Republican and the next for the Democratic party, are not even conscious of their disgraceful proceeding. If one were to question their attitude, the only answer would be from the newspaper man as well as from the members of Congress who are accused of corruption, that one is not in politics for his pleasure!

The almighty dollar is the golden calf which all America, high or low, worships on bended knee. Even the greatest German papers are bound, in order to keep their lead, to join in the chase after the dollar and are thereby obliged to overcome all obstacles. The Anglo-American papers are able to allow themselves the luxury of a political conviction. The corruptibility of the German-American press is too apt to reflect upon the German-American inhabitants in general, and that explains why the German-Americans of both parties are only regarded as so many votes and play no rôle in political life, or at least have played none up till now.

Several years ago I was speaking with one of the New York political leaders regarding the situation in general, and he made the cynical remark that he and his friends never paid any attention to the German element, as they were always absolutely sure of them;

"if we begin four weeks before the election," he added, "we can buy all the German votes we need."

The New York *Staats-Zeitung* plays a very unlovely part in party political camps. In the eyes of the Anglo-Americans it is still the "great" German sheet, the "great" *Staats,* although for a long time the number of its subscribers did not warrant this consideration. Anglo-American politicians believe that whichever side wishes the support of the German voter must secure the goodwill of the *Staats-Zeitung.* But the experience of the past few years has shown that this rule by no means holds. In fact, the bad luck of the New York *Staats-Zeitung* in political affairs has almost become proverbial, so that it is considered a good omen to be fought by it. When George B. McClellan, who is now mayor of New York, was put up for the first time for the office, there was in the whole German language no word too evil in which to express the contempt of the *Staats-Zeitung* for the Tammany candidate. He won by one of the greatest majorities ever attained by a mayor of New York; and their candidate, Mayor Seth Low, for whom the *Staats-Zeitung* had worked passionately, learned to his cost what the *Staats-Zeitung* friendship was worth. At the next city election the *Staats-Zeitung* (whose land and building had been bought by the city) came out for George B. McClellan as the best mayor New York ever had, and designated every one a traitor who did not think likewise. The friendship of the *Staats* brought bad luck to McClellan, who only got his majority by several hundred votes, and even at that was fought by his opponent, Hearst, who claimed for himself the victory and threatened to have a recount and prove that a well-known printing house had

printed tickets the entire night after the election so as to "correct" the unfortunate result for McClellan.

Things went even worse at the last presidential election, when the *Staats-Zeitung* supported the Democratic candidate, Alton B. Parker. After the German paper had declared, two days before the election, that the country would send him to the White House with an overwhelming majority, and that every true German would cast his vote for him, the exact opposite was the result and Alton B. Parker disappeared from the political stage of the republic.

It was during the last presidential campaign that the leading New York spirits of Deutschtum particularly clashed. Carl Schurz, the old forty-eighter whose political judgment was considered in the German circles on both sides of the ocean as an unfailing oracle, gave a long manifesto against Roosevelt, whom he likened in character to Chamberlin, and whom he accused in all his action of having thought only of his personal advantage. In the camp of the German Roosevelters this letter called forth a tremendous indignation, and Arthur von Briesen, a noted New York advocate, who had likened Roosevelt to a "model German citizen," answered in writing wherein he criticised very severely Schurz' political acts, accused him of political unsteadiness and declared in harsh words that Schurz had always rendered his services for a stated sum. It was also proved at this time that Schurz' son, a very young lawyer, had not hesitated, as the juridical representative of a charitable association, the German "Rechtschutzvereins" (Legal Aid Society) to put in his pocket a yearly income of $6,000 from the accumulated savings of poor Germans. The controversy became very heated on both sides, and

Carl Schurz did not get the best of it. Such occurrences did not add to Germany's credit in the Anglo-American circles of the inhabitants.

That the Germans in America are indifferent and lukewarm in political affairs, is an incontrovertible fact, which both parties try to exploit for their uses.

The true "furor teutonicus" of the German-American only flames forth when his most precious possession is attacked—his beer. Then he becomes as wild as a "Berserker" and brings about at the polls the destruction of any candidate in whom he sees an enemy of his personal freedom, namely, the freedom to drink beer, as often, as much, and as long, and also on Sunday, as he wishes. Because under the Republican mayor, Seth Low, the German saloon-keepers in New York were oppressed. Seth Low fell when he tried for office a second time; and the Tammany tiger, who, in violation of the law dating from the time of the Pilgrim Fathers, allowed the Germans, even on Sunday, to slake their beer thirst, and even after police hours to enjoy a drop, succeeded in electing its whole ticket, with the help of the German beer drinkers.

I must confess that I look upon the election of George B. McClellan, the Tammany leader, as a questionable service of which I am in no wise proud, though I was instrumental in getting him into office, as shortly before voting day I issued a campaign newspaper in the German language and wrote an article which rallied all German beer-drinkers to give the Tammany candidate their votes. As a curious example of the American campaigning, and a sample of what one has to offer the German-American, and what he accepts, I here repeat the article:

"TO THE GERMANS OF NEW YORK:

"The dearest interests of Germanism are at stake in the election on November 3d. Therefore, think well before casting your vote! Two candidates are seeking your votes for the office of mayor—the one the candidate of the Democratic party, General George B. McClellan; the other the Republican-Fusion candidate, Seth Low, our one-time 'reform' mayor.

"It ought not to be difficult to choose between the two men.

"For nearly two years, now, you have been the objects of deliberate persecution, such as never before has been known in the city of New York. We will not go into the details of the unexampled campaign of lies and deceptions which won for the present mayor the 'Fusion' victory, but we will remind you of the promises which this man gave you and has broken in the most shameful fashion.

"Remember how Seth Low, before his election, represented himself as a partisan of free and liberal views, and pretended to be your particular and true friend; how he promised a liberal rendering of the assize laws; how he gave his word that your harmless Sunday amusements and club meetings would not be interfered with. Remember how he pretended the deepest interest in the German language, art, and customs, and how he promised to give you a model city administration, without partisanship!

"You all know how the worst era of the most arbitrary police rules and regulations has been instituted, such as are not to be seen even in darkest Siberia; you all know how the Germans have been declared outlaws, and how every one was marked as a criminal who drank his glass of beer on a Sunday, in the good old German custom; how the German saloonkeepers were injured, and how the entertainments in German clubs were more ruthlessly oppressed than the questionable pleasures of the 'Tenderloin' district.

"You all know how Mayor Seth Low refused to receive the delegation of German clubs, and added his voice to the lessening of the instruction of German in the public schools, when he had solemnly bound himself not to lessen it!

"You marvel at the insecurity of the streets and public places of the city, in which robberies and murder are the order of the day? And yet the explanation is simple:

"The 'reformed' police, under the guidance of the worthy, if disreputable, 'Asphalt' General Greene, has so little time

to trouble itself about the criminal rabble because its leader is giving so much time to decent people, for the Germans must be persecuted. Is there still among you one who does not know for whom to vote on November 3d? Remember, if by your act the 'Honourable' Low is returned for a second term as mayor of New York, you will have only yourselves to blame, and no one else.

"In his re-election you would justify his former administration and spur him on to still further and more shameless persecutions. If he has scourged you in his first term, in his second he would punish you with scorpions and rob you of your small remaining rights. Think well of what you are about to do! Your path is clear before you. Think and feel as Germans, act also as Germans; remember the warning of your immortal countryman, who in troubled times cried from the rostrum of the German Reichstag, 'We Germans fear God, and nothing else in the world!' German fellow citizens, show that you remember this adage, and that you do not fear the Republican fusion 'reform' administration, which treads you under foot, by sending it and its entire ticket to the devil on November 3d. Germans! Our logical candidate is George B. McClellan. Long live German unity, and down with all enemies of the German cause!"

In the same number of this campaign newspaper, I took occasion to pay closer attention to "Hermann Ridder and the *New Yorker Staats-Zeitung,*" and the singular attitude displayed by him in the election. I wrote at that time (October, 1903):

"The peculiar political situation has placed in a very false position our esteemed contemporary, the *New Yorker Staats-Zeitung* and her publisher, Hermann Ridder, a position in which she must perform the most daring feats of tight rope walking in order not to lose her balance.

"Hardly two months ago Herr Ridder declared most decidedly that Mr. Low under no condition could be elected for the second time as mayor of New York. In an interview with Senator Platt, reproduced in the Brooklyn *Eagle,* Herr Ridder expressed

himself regarding Mayor Low in a fashion which left little to be desired for clearness.

"Hardly two months after this utterance, Hermann Ridder, who wants to be a Democrat, contradicts himself, since in the *Staats-Zeitung,* which pretends to be a Democratic organ, he comes out for the re-election of the Republican 'reform' mayor, of whom he himself has maintained that he wanted to hand over the city of New York in next year's national and state elections to the Republicans!!

"Sometimes it is pretty hard not to write a satire.

"Putting it mildly, the political stand taken by the *Staats-Zeitung* during the last year is remarkable. How she smote herself on the breast two years ago when the Tammany ticket was to be fought, and yet she was able to reconcile it with her conscience to uphold the same ticket the next year when a brother-in-law of Herr Ridder, Judge Amend, found himself upon it; and now again a somersault!!

"The political behaviour of the New York *Staats-Zeitung* is a riddle, in order to solve which even her own editors would have to break their learned heads. We ourselves do not venture on the problem. But in view of the universal interest that is displayed toward it we would do our part to aid in the solution; and to that end we promise to send free copies of this paper for a year to all those happy enough to solve it."

Just two years later the New York *Staats-Zeitung* used its whole influence in the re-election of George B. McClellan, whom, two years before, it had fought so bitterly. Again the impotence and unreliability of the *Staats* was demonstrated, but what did it matter? Hermann Ridder and his editor-in-chief had received before election large guarantees. The municipal advertising patronage is always worth something, and

Herr von Skal received a municipal position with a yearly income of $5,000, and one which demanded none of his time.

I have seen with surprise that imperial German papers of the first class have published political news from the pen of Herr von Skal. Herr von Skal can in no way be taken as authority for American affairs. He is a journalist *condottieri,* whom Hermann Ridder, who is unversed in the German language, can use for his purposes and who will do whatever is required of him. As an example: At the time of the Venezuela crisis, when leading American circles were asking anxiously how the German inhabitants of America would side in the event of a war between Germany and the United States, Herr von Skal was speaker at a political banquet of the Society of the Genesee. Amid the stormy applause of those present he declared that the Germans in America would under all circumstances remain true to the land of their adoption, even unto death, and in the hour of need would be the first to grasp their weapons to defend their new fatherland, whoever might be the aggressor. The New York *Herald* had a long article about this celebration, of which, strange to say, the *Staats* said not one little word.

Some time later Herr von Skal was speaker at the consecration of a new flag for the German Warriors Club in New York, in which he exhorted those present, his "comrades," to unswerving fidelity and loyalty toward the old victorious colours. This was reported in full by the *Staats-Zeitung,* not one word being omitted. No invitation had been extended to the New York *Herald.*

Herr von Skal dominates in the circles of the New York German Press Club, which is entirely dependent

for its existence on the *Staats-Zeitung,* but outside of that he is not taken seriously by a living soul in America.

The instances here given may suffice as examples of the character of the German press in America. Far be it from me to say that there are no honourable men among the German knights of the pen in the United States, but unfortunately they are in the minority and are not able to keep afloat against the mighty stream of corruption. As dark as is the outlook for Germanism for the future, so also is that of the German press in the United States, which with it will sink or swim.

CHAPTER XXII

"HANDS ACROSS THE SEA"

"Hands across the sea."—German-Americanism once and now.—German prominence.—What Germanism in America, before the decline, could have saved.—Is the present movement the rising or the setting sun of Germanism?—The German-American National Union of the United States.—Outline and scope.—Connection with Pan-Germanism.—German as well as English circles mistrust the organisation.—Other associations.—Will Prince Oscar study at Harvard University?

THE United States is at present the centre of a movement for Germanism, which to the disinterested has pathetic interest. Out of a population of seventy-six millions, there are, according to the last census, about three million German born. These three million embody the old guard which would die rather than surrender. When they emigrated, circumstances were quite different from those existing to-day. In those days any one was welcome who had a pair of strong arms, no matter whence he came. The Revolution of 1848 drove hundreds of thousands of Germans, educated, well-to-do and willing to work, across the ocean to the land of freedom and equality. They opened up the unlimited American West, built towns in which the German element predominated, founded newspapers, churches, schools, cultivated the German language, and built up, so to speak, a state within a state, a "little Germany" in the great Republic. Some hotheads among them, who understood American customs and

American institutions, went in for politics, which was paved with gold for them. The majority, however, took little interest in public life, but went quietly about their own business, and, as a recreation from the toils of the day, devoted their evenings in the old German style to music and beer. They read regularly the "news from Germany, Austria and Switzerland," wherein they sought all the events of the old home, even in the smallest towns and villages; kept track of the death notices, so as to know if a dear friend or relative had died, and left everything else to God. And why not? They were so much better off than in the old home. Their property increased, their noses reddened, their stomachs rounded out, and it was not long before they began to belong to the German "prominency" whose doings the local German press retailed, whose pictures appeared on all occasions, suitable and otherwise, and from whose hand the reporters, who once in Germany had carried the Emperor's coat, or had belonged to some such high calling, were not loath to accept, with a respectful bow, a tip.

In this cringing before the so-called "German prominency" is to be found one of the principal reasons why the German press in America is so little respected. I especially name the evening editions of the *New Yorker Staats-Zeitung* and the *New Yorker Herold* as particularly blameworthy. So it happens that every club steward believes he has the right to have his picture, his name, and a detailed description of his deeds and those of his family appear in every German newspaper.

For several years the intelligent Germans in America have seen the inevitable ruin. The emigration, at one time so large, with the increase of prosperity in the German Empire, has become less, and the sons

and daughters born in the new home have grown up Americans who think, feel and act as such and have no desire to know more of the old fatherland, hard as their parents may try to make them see things after their own ideas.

"Very often Oswald Ottendorfer, Paul Loeser, the owner and editor-in-chief of the *New Yorker Staats-Zeitung,* and I have sat with our heads together," so William Steinway, head of the New York piano house, told me, "and discussed ways and means as to how to prevent the decline of Germanism in America. Herr Ottendorfer and Herr Loeser well knew that every death notice which they announced in their papers meant for them one less subscription. And not only a loss for the German paper, but also for the German school and German church. The German churches, at one time so well patronised in all parts of the country, now gape in their emptiness, and most preachers are forced to give their sermons in English, as the younger generation understand only English. The only thing which would help Germanism in the United States and give it new life would be a war between the two countries or a revolution in the German Empire. But these are possibilities for which we do not hope or wait and which must not come into our calculations."

The principal reason for the astonishing movement, which for several years the prominent Anglo-American statesmen in Washington have thought to notice, is the rapid loss of power which American Germanism has sustained by reason of the death of the first immigrants.

When, however, the historian of this movement likened it to a "serene sunrise in the eastern sky of the twentieth century," I should like to contradict him,

even at the risk of being called a heretic on account of my views and of being sent to the funeral pile. This movement does not give the impression of a "serene sunrise," but that of a brilliant sunset, whose brilliance is reflected in the firmament for a long period after the day has ended. What we see and are experiencing is the heroic death struggle of the legion, which is stationed at a lost post and is moving toward an unavoidable fate. "Ave, Caesar, morituri te salutant!"

Born in the stormy times of the Spanish-American war, the movement toward Germanism in the United States continued to increase in ever-greater circles. After having proved its power by preventing the administration in Washington from embarrassing developments with the German Empire, nothing lay nearer to their hearts than the thought of organising into a solid whole, which no party in the country would be able to despise without fear of punishment.

On "German Day," October 6, 1901, the Germanism of America was assembled in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and on that day the German-American National Union of the United States of America was established. Professor Kern wrote of it:

"The representatives of twenty-two states, twice as many as concurred at the founding of the United States, completed the work of organisation. Their names belong to history; only posterity will know how to appreciate what those men began on that memorable day."

What the object of the organisation is will best be understood by its maxims and constitution. I shall give both, as they will be of extraordinary interest to the reader of this book:

"The German-American National Union of the United States of America is composed of state unions of German

clubs. The object of the union is to awaken and promote a feeling of unity in the inhabitants of America of German origin, to a useful and healthful development of their individual power, which, when centralised, will be an energetic, mutual protection for such rights and interests as are not contrary to the common good of the country, and the rights and duties of those born in the country for the defence against native encroachments; for the cultivation and securing of good, friendly relations between America and the old German Fatherland. What the German immigration has done for the advance of the intellectual and commercial development of this country, and is further called upon to accomplish, how they have always been true in good and bad times, is known in history.

"The organisation, therefore, demands full and honourable acknowledgment of these services, and will fight any attempt to belittle them. Always true to the adopted fatherland, always ready to give their best for it; good, honourable, and unselfish in the performance of their citizen's duties; submissive to the laws—must still be the watchword.

"The object is not the founding of a state within a state, but sees in the union of the people of German origin the shortest way and the best defence for the attainment of its object. It therefore summons all German clubs—as the organised representatives of Germanism—to work for their sound, strong development; and suggests, therefore, further, the establishing of clubs for the maintenance of the interests of German-Americans in all states of the Union for the final centralising of the same into a great German-American union; and it should be the solemn duty of all German clubs to belong to the organisation of their state.

"The union pledges itself by all possible lawful means to maintain and disseminate its principles and strongly to defend them where and whenever in danger.

"It next proposes the following platform:

"1. The union—as such—holds itself aloof from mixing in party politics, yet without prejudice to the right and the duty of defending its principles, even in the sphere of politics, should these be threatened or in danger through political attack or means.

"2. Religious matters and questions are strictly debarred.

"3. It recommends the introduction of the instruction of the German language in the public schools on the following basis: Next to English, the German tongue is the world language in the most obscure portions of the world; wher-

ever the pioneer has penetrated with commerce and civilisation, there we find both languages are represented.

"4. We live in an age of progress and discoveries. The tempo of these days is fast, and pitiless in the demands made on the individual. The bodily exertion connected therewith increases the demands on the bodily strength. A healthy mind should dwell in a healthy body.

"For these reasons it is the object of the organisation to introduce into all public schools a systematic and purposeful gymnasium instruction.

"5. It further stands for the separation of the schools from politics, as only a free educational concern is able to offer to the people a true institution of learning.

"6. It demands of all Germans to become citizens as soon as the law allows, to take an active part in public affairs, and fearlessly and according to their own judgment to do their duty at the elections.

"7. It recommends liberal, up-to-date enforcement or the repeal of such laws as needlessly render the acquirement of citizenship difficult or impossible. Good reputation, decent public life, love of law, should decide the matter, not the answering of a lot of inane political or historical questions, which frequently embarrass the applicant.

"8. It takes a stand against any restriction of the immigration of healthy persons from Europe, with the exception of criminals and anarchists.

"9. It recommends the suppression of such old laws as are no longer suitable to the times, which hinder free commerce and confine personal freedom.

"10. It recommends the establishment of educational centers as places for cultivating the German language and literature, for the instruction of those anxious to learn, and for the holding of lectures on art and science and questions of universal interest.

"11. It recommends a systematic investigation of the assistance of the Germans in the development of their adopted country in war and peace, in all departments of German-American activities, from the earliest days, for the founding and furthering of a German-American history.

"12. It reserves for itself the right to extend or complete this platform, if there appear new events which would make it desirable or necessary."

Naturally these axioms must be taken with a grain of salt. For example, the first paragraph of the Na-

tional Organisation states that the organisation will remain out of politics—it speaks only of mixing in party disputes—but that, on the contrary, it reserves the right to defend its principles, should these become endangered by attacks in the political arena. How could the organisation be so blind as to believe that it would be able to arrive at its end by spiritual means alone! No, the American politician is awed only by a powerful number of votes at the polls.

Some estimate as to the usefulness of the organisation up to the present time may be of general interest. It developed an energetic agitation for the intervention of the government of the United States in the war between England and the Boers, and presented for that purpose a petition to Congress, which, according to the secretary of the organisation, weighed more than four hundred pounds and would, if put together, have been more than five miles long.

The president of the National Organisation, Dr. Hexamer, at that time made this memorable remark to the Republican members of the House Committee for Foreign Affairs: "Should you not allow this petition to go further, should you bury it among old bills, then I assure you that you will lose the whole of the million votes of the German-American national organisation!"

In spite of this threat, which appeared in large type in all the Anglo-American papers of the country, the petition was doomed to obscurity and nothing was heard of it.

When General McArthur made the speech in which he announced that America's next war would be with Germany, the organisation sent the chauvinistic general an open letter in which his punishment was demanded of the government. This communication of

the organisation shared the same fate as the Boer petition, and nothing further was heard of it.

The organisation also took up the question of personal liberty; that is, the freedom for the unlimited buying of beer and whiskey on Sundays, but again with little or no result.

It should be emphasised that the appearance of the organisation in the country's politics was regarded even by German-Americans with some doubts and misgivings. The New York *Staats-Zeitung* made open expression of these views, and several papers of the interior states, especially Ohio, protested on several occasions against the meddling of the organisation in politics. Especially suspected of the alliance was its union with the "Alldeutschen Verband," which it had openly admitted.

The man at the head of the national organisation (Alliance), Dr. Hexamer, was born of German parents in America and was an engineer by profession. How he conceived the idea of becoming the saviour of Germanism in America is described by the honourable pan-German journalist, H. F. Urban, very dramatically, as follows: "The oldest German Americans can still remember the time when the German in America was freely termed, 'damned Dutchman' and was exposed to open insults as well as attacks. Dr. Hexamer likewise experienced this. As the son of Germans he was dubbed 'Dutchman' and taunted by the boys of the school, as is indeed still the custom. But since he had brought with himself into the world hard German fists, he did not allow the insults to pass, but replied to his tormentors with a vim. Not only that, but other German comrades came to his assistance, boys who had been similarly mistreated. It was almost the familiar story of Moses' youth, of which

the Bible says: 'And it came to pass in those days when Moses was grown, that he went out unto his brethren, and looked on their burdens; and he spied an Egyptian smiting an Hebrew, one of his brethren. And he looked this way and that way, and when he saw that there was no man, he slew the Egyptian and hid him in the sand.' So far as this, it is true, Hexamer did not go. But his anger and resentment of the treatment of all Germans and of all German things were, without doubt, just as strong. The determination grew up in him to oppose this contemptuous attitude toward Germans with other weapons than fists."

The German-American Historical Society stands in very close relation to the organisation and is an offshoot of the "German Propaganda for America." It seeks in all parts of the country for traces of German activities, so as to gather them systematically together and publish them in its monthly magazine, *American Germanica.* One department of the Historical Society is the Ethnographical Society, which, having special regard to the German elements, investigates the ethnographical state of the country.

In close unity with the Historical Society there is another society which completes it, in that it has set itself the task of bringing to the notice of the German element, as well as the citizens of other ancestry, the great "kultur work" of the Germans in their entire history from the earliest times to the present. This is the "Germanic Museum Association" in Cambridge, Massachusetts, which has been established under the auspices of the old and honourable Harvard University, the mother of all Anglo-American culture, and which appeals to cultivated Americanism and indirectly seeks to win through it a policy friendly to Germany.

It was Professor Münsterberg who proposed this society, to my knowledge, though it is generally thought to have been Professor Kuno Franke. It is also possible that the Kaiser decided, at the instance of both professors, upon the magnificent endowment of plaster casts of Germanic antiquities, which is the origin of the Germanic Museum at Harvard. It would be another expression of the particular satisfaction the emperor feels toward Professor Münsterberg, who already has been decorated with the first-class order of the Red Eagle, if, as certain papers announce, Prince Oscar, the fifth son of the emperor, was to matriculate as a student at Harvard University and in democratic fashion take his place at the feet of Professor Münsterberg among American students.

Will Prince Oscar take this journey?

CHAPTER XXIII

SOME SOCIAL ORGANISATIONS

The Central Alliance of German Veterans' and Soldiers' Societies of North America.—Its fundamental declaration.—Hand in hand with the National Union.—Richard Müller, a one-time Prussian subaltern, the man at the head.—He had been received by the Kaiser and Prince Henry personally, and corresponded confidentially with the highest German officials.—The German soldiers' societies in America recipients of numerous distinctions from the Kaiser and the German princes.—Visits of German battleships to American harbours.—Telegrams of greeting made to order.—Portraits of the German princes, flags, and orders find their way across the ocean.—If two do the same thing it is not always the same.—What is right for the Germans in America should be so for the Poles, Danes, and French in the German Empire.

Analogous to the organisation of the "German National Union," there was another started which was in the closest connection with it, namely, the "Central Alliance of German Veterans' and Soldiers' Societies of North America," which accepted into its organisation only those *Germans* who had received honourable dismissal from the German army or navy and could prove this by a document. The fundamental rules of the organisation bore great likeness to those of the "National Union." I give them below:

"The Alliance must be the united, powerful, finished whole for all German soldier clubs of the United States, with the object of creating everywhere in our adopted country a genuine feeling of German comradeship and a future of proud brotherhood of arms in Germany's sturdy population.

All questions that are of special interest to the German soldiers' clubs, as also to Germanism in general and its ideal blessings, such as pertain to language, manners and customs, belong to the domain of the powerful, efficient assistance of the Central Union."

Still another and quite particularly noble object which the Alliance has in view is always to be a mighty support and a strong power for preventing an interruption of the strong friendship which has existed for more than a hundred years between Germany and the United States. All lawful means, such as lectures, readings and agitations, will be employed. To preserve the friendly relations between the two powerful culture countries, for the good of both, are among the objects of the "Central Alliance."

VERY IMPORTANT is the point in the constitution which states that the "Central Alliance" shall work hand in hand with the "German-American National Union" as far as their interests lie in common, and these are very many.

The American army in time of peace is estimated at one hundred thousand—on paper. The "Central Alliance of German Soldiers' Societies" is, however, so strong that from its own ranks it can set against each active American soldier two or three, yes, even more, German veterans. At the head of this impressive German army in the United States is the president, Richard Müller, a born plotter and organiser, and a former Prussian artillery officer, and who has had the honour of being personally received by the emperor and Prince Henry, and who is in communication with the highest German army and navy officers on a footing of comradeship, and whose word is law for the hundred thousand old German warriors in the United States. A little big man, this Richard

Müller, whose side occupation is that of saloon keeper, and even though he is a confidant of the emperor is not ashamed to offer his guests a glass of beer with his own hand! A year ago Admiral Büchsel made it possible for Richard Müller to be in the Emperor's suite on the occasion of the great fall parade at the Tempelhofen Felde. A cablegram to the New York *Staats-Zeitung* gave a report of this important exploit the following day:

"Mr. Müller drove in Admiral Büchsel's carriage to the field, where the carriage stood directly behind that of the Emperor. Prince Pless introduced Mr. Müller to the Emperor, who gave him his hand from his horse's back, and invited him to the castle after the parade.

"There the Emperor greeted heartily the comrade of the 'Central Alliance of German Veterans and Soldiers' Societies of North America.' When the Emperor heard that Müller had served in the artillery, he asked him if the American artillery were as good as the German. The Emperor expressed his pleasure over the telegram of greeting which had been sent by the 'Central Alliance,' and asked Mr. Müller: 'How many are you over there? Do you come together often?' At parting, the Emperor extended his hand once more to Herr Müller. The Emperor was in the most jovial humour during the interview with Mr. Müller, and at the parting invited Mr. Müller to be present at the Zapfenstreich in the evening."

A noble spirit of comradeship bridges over the chasm between the active vice admiral and the former Prussian under-officer. Richard Müller is the happy possessor of letters from many high official personalities of the German Empire, among others such a one as Vice Admiral Büchsel, which he himself had published in the New York *Deutschen Presse*. I give it below:

"Berlin, January 17, 1902.

"My very esteemed Mr. President:

"Again this year I have received the best wishes of the comrades of the 'Soldiers' Societies' for a happy New Year.

I wish to express my hearty thanks, and return your true, comradely wishes most heartily. May the Union, under the trusty leadership of the nine times re-elected president, continue to be a rock of defence for true German opinions and German customs!

"The coming reception of his Imperial Highness Prince Henry of Prussia, on which occasion the German Soldiers' Societies will take a leading part, will recall to my mind the time I spent in New York, almost nine years ago, and especially the day when, on the deck of the *Kaiserin Augusta,* you, honoured Mr. President, offered me, at the head of the comrades, a memento of the society. Since that time there have been many changes, here as there, but one thing has remained, which is the true loyalty of the members of the Union to the old home and their adherence to German customs and German comradeship.

"I hope also that his Imperial Highness, the Prince Admiral, in spite of his short stay and the many demands which will be made on his time, will have an opportunity of greeting the comrades, and therefore I have made his Imperial Highness, Excellency von Seckendorff, acquainted with the object and work of the Union by sending him a copy of the report of the sailing of the *Deutschland,* a report of the founding and activities of the Union, and a copy of the statutes.

"I hope, therefore, that this first sending of a Hohenzollern prince to the United States will assist in raising the position of the Alliance and increase the desire of all members to hold true to the principles.

"I remain, honoured President, with best thanks for your faithful reports, and a greeting to all the comrades,

"Yours truly,

"Büchsel,
"Vice Admiral."

Without in the least wishing to doubt the spirit of true allegiance to America, which the members of the German Sodiers' Societies so often insist upon; without any motive of bringing into question the distinctions and attentions which they have received in the past few years from official German places, it still must be freely and openly stated that *this intercourse between official Germany and the Emperor's subjects*

who have emigrated to America, whether these have become citizens under the stars and stripes or not, is sowing the seed of serious complications with the government in Washington, for incidents not seen in advance and not to be foreseen, which might over night bring the two powers into serious difficulties. From the imperialistic German and pan-Germanistic point of view, it is naturally very gratifying when the Emperor, who once declared that every German in foreign parts might have recourse to his protection, remembers his former subjects and sends them flags in the German colours, sashes, orders, medals, monuments and such proofs of his favour.

But let us look at the matter from a purely American point of view, and these occurrences will appear in quite a different light. I give below a few reports on the dedicating of flags, etc., which I have taken word for word from German-American papers. They will speak equally for friend and foe.

When the first flag ever presented by Kaiser Wilhelm II was received by the "Central Union of the German Military Clubs of Chicago and Vicinity," the German Ambassador, Dr. von Holleben, made the following remarks:

"A greeting from the German Kaiser! That is the cry with which I step before you. His Majesty, my gracious master, has commissioned me to give to the German Military Union of Chicago the flag which it has so long and ardently desired, and with the message that it is to remain for one year with each of the clubs which belong to the Central Union. The flag is a token of favour and recognition by which the German emperor, in love and friendliness, thinks of those who once have served in the German army; of those, many of whom have drawn the sword for the Fatherland, and many have shed their blood for it.

"This flag shall be a symbol of German fidelity, of German manliness, and the honour of the German soldier. His

Majesty begs you, as former Germans, and now as Americans, to accept this flag as a true sign of the unity and harmony which should reign among all German soldiers, and begs you still further that in distant countries you should preserve German fidelity and German sense of duty, and that you should take as your rule of conduct the saying of a great German man, which runs: 'We Germans fear God, and nothing else in the world!' Let the flag wave, then. In this moment of enthusiasm let us give the cry which must now be fluttering on the lip of every old German soldier: 'His Majesty, the German Kaiser, Wilhelm the Second. Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!'"

The flag is made of white silk, and has stripes in the German colors. One side is the German imperial eagle, with the legend: "With God, for Kaiser and Country." On the other side is embroidered the Prussian eagle. Under both coats of arms are to be found little star-spangled banners. The dedication runs: "Consecrated to the Central Alliance of Soldiers' Clubs, by his Majesty William II."

On the thirtieth anniversary festival of the German Soldiers Club of Chicago, the oldest club of the kind in the United States, both imperial flags aroused great admiration, namely, that of Kaiser Wilhelm I belonging to the Soldiers Club, and that of Wilhelm II belonging to the central organisation of German military clubs. From the *fest-platz* the following telegram was sent to the Emperor:

"The German Soldiers' Club of Chicago, the oldest in the United States, upon which, in 1876, our hero, Emperor Wilhelm I, most graciously bestowed a flag, sends on the occasion of its thirtieth anniversary, by decree of the twenty thousand present, a most dutiful greeting."

A flag with similar inscriptions was presented by the German consul in St. Louis to the "German Military Club" there. In an address as to the intention and purpose of the giver, the consul made the following remarks:

"This splendid flag might and will exhort you to preserve a faithful adherence to the old Fatherland; to keep up the

German language, and to teach it to your families; it will also spur you to imitate those virtues by which the German army has been distinguished at all times: Loyalty, bravery, a sense of duty, discipline. Hold fast to these virtues, and with your adherence to the old you will be good and useful citizens of your new Fatherland."

Besides a telegram of thanks to the Emperor, one was also sent to Prince Henry. The latter had been the means of procuring the imperial gift for the club.

During the St. Louis Exposition, a soldiers' festival was celebrated in "The German Building," on which occasion the Emperor was sent a congratulatory telegram, to which was received the following answer:

"Mr. Carl Schmidt, Chairman of the Central Alliance of German Veterans, St. Louis:

"His Majesty, the German Emperor, heartily thanks you for your telegram of homage, and hopes that the organisation of German veterans and warriors will still further preserve their love for the old home and their allegiance to the German army, in the interest of Germany.

"Von Plesses,
"General Adjutant."

On the occasion of the presentation of a black-white-red flag to the "Veterans Society of Philadelphia," the following summons appeared in the German papers there:

"Comrades:

"Again His Majesty, the all-honoured Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany, has given further proof of his full recognition by presenting a magnificent flag to the Veterans' Club of Philadelphia, which will be presented, by order of His Majesty, on October 31st, by the German consul, Herr Ritschl, in the Quartelle Club Hall, No. 2721-27 Germantown Avenue.

"The Veterans' Club requests all comrades to take part in person on this, our honoured evening.

"By commission of

"Philip Zäuner,
"President."

Besides these the German Emperor made a present of a captured bronze cannon to the German Soldiers' Club in Philadelphia. To the same club a monument has been dedicated by the veterans' and warriors' clubs of Germany, which represents a charging flag bearer in full war equipment. Those contributing most largely to the fund for the monument, which was designed by a Berlin sculptor, Albert Wolff, were the Emperor, the Grand Duke of Pless, as well as the Hamburg Senate, and also that of Bremen.

The portraits of the Emperor and the princes are also very highly prized by the German soldiers' clubs. The *Veterans of the German Army* in San Francisco, California, sent a request to the Kaiser for his portrait and that of his father and grandfather. The entreaty was graciously accepted, and the portraits begged for were sent to the city of the Golden Gate, where they were presented on a festive occasion with an address by the consul general Rosenthal.

Of great significance was the visit of the German cruiser division in the East American waters, with the object of establishing a political trade relationship between the two countries, and which visited all the east American harbours from the most southern point of Florida as far north as Labrador. This visit, however, was not alone profitable in establishing political trade relations, but more so by accentuating the good understanding between the Germans in the New World and those representatives of the old home who had come to them under the war flag of the German Empire.

The visit of the cruiser *Vineta* in New Orleans, at the end of January, 1904, under the command of Captain Schroeder, proved an extraordinary event with which was connected a great celebration in hon-

our of the Emperor's birthday. Professor Hanno Deiler, then president of the North American Singers' Society, was entrusted with the arrangements for the reception, and he sent the following announcement to all the societies belonging to the singers' club:

"New Orleans, La., Jan. 15, 1904.

"In a few days, on the 25th of January, Germany's entire American-West Indian squadron, composed of the four cruisers, *Vineta, Panther, Gazelle,* and *Falke,* with about a thousand sailors, will arrive in New Orleans in order to celebrate there, on January 27th, the Kaiser's birthday. The German fleet has never before been in this part of the world in such strength, therefore we should make this visit a particularly festive one.

"There have been a number of festivities planned, and the height will be reached on Thursday, the 28th of January, when a giant reception and ball will be held in the Washington Artillery Hall. On this evening the writer, at the request of the German Central Committee, will greet the officers and men. The national president of the German Soldiers' Clubs will be there from St. Louis in order to greet the guests in the name of the Soldiers' Clubs of America.

"According to my idea, it would be suitable if, on this occasion, I should also speak in the name of the German singers, whose representatives the New Orleans singers are, and it would be very opportune if the German singers of all the great cities of the country were to take part by sending telegrams of greeting.

"The telegrams should be addressed to me (Hanno Deiler, 2229 Bienville Avenue, New Orleans, La.), and should be in my hands on Thursday morning, January 28th. All telegrams should have, besides the name of the sender, also his address in full, so that the Commodore (Schroeder) may, at a future time, answer them by letter.

"You are herewith kindly requested to be responsible for the sending of a telegram from your city.

"With sincere greetings,

"Yours truly,

"J. Hanno Deiler,

"President of the North American Singing Societies."

The societies, almost without exception, obeyed the request, only a few declined, among those the United

Singers of Detroit, who gave as an excuse for their refusal that many belonged to the society who wished to have no part in celebrating such monarchical principles, etc., and therefore these might become estranged from the singers' society, which was purely for the furtherance and in the interest of singing.

From Cincinnati, Professor Deiler received the following telegram:

"Gathered together to celebrate the Emperor's birthday, the representatives of the German Societies of Cincinnati extend their warmest welcome to the German-West Indian fleet, which has just landed on Columbia's shores for the same purpose.

"Carl Pollier,
"German Consul."

On the occasion of the visit of the gunboat *Panther* in the harbour of Galveston, there appeared the following summons in the German papers in Texas:

"GERMAN-TEXANS, FORWARD!

"A great honour is about to be conferred upon Texas. A gunboat of the Imperial German fleet is going to visit Galveston harbour, a prerogative which never before has been the lot of a Texas harbour.

"In nearly all German-American papers, for several days, has appeared a summons which apparently was inspired by Consul Bunge, who is stationed in Galveston, in which the German-Texans are summoned to give the German soldiers a worthy welcome. This proposal, it is to be hoped, will meet with hearty response. On such occasions as this which is before us there is aroused in all—whether born in Germany or brought up in America in the German spirit—a mighty power of love of the old Fatherland.

"Former German soldiers, whose fate has brought them to Texas, should unite with Singers, Turners, Sons of Arminius, and all who revere the flag of Germanism, in a welcome to the *Panther,* and make it a brilliant affair.

"The command is: Every one congregate!"

General Alfred von Löwenfeld, the Emperor's adjutant general, and Major Count von Schmettow, the Emperor's aide-de-camp, who were sent to Washington as special agents of the Emperor for the unveiling of the monument to "Old Fritz," had received the command from their head officer, so they told the reporters, to "look around thoroughly and send him a detailed report" while they were in the United States. And they did look around thoroughly and were everywhere received as guests of honour of the German societies, and also visited Milwaukee, the most German city of the Union. There they reviewed, *in full uniform,* the parade of the German soldiers, who had turned out to a man, and General von Löwenfeld remarked in his address that he had received a special commission from his Majesty, the German Emperor, to greet most heartily the German comrades in Milwaukee who had given such a warm reception to Prince Henry. In Milwaukee there stirs good German air, and the representatives of the Emperor saw by their audience that they would not be disappointed in their reception.

This can be inferred from the following letter:

"Chicago, Dec. 5, 1904.

"Herr Max Hottelet, President of the German Soldiers' Society of Wisconsin, Milwaukee, Wis.:

"The festivities for the reception of the two special envoys of His Majesty, the German Kaiser, have had so splendid and valuable an outcome that I, as representative of the German government, permit myself to express to you my most hearty thanks. Both officers expressed to me their pleasure over the fact that they were given the opportunity of seeing so many old German soldiers.

"Most respectfully,

"WEVER,

"Royal Consul."

It may be mentioned in this place, that the societies of compatriots (*Landsmann Vereine*) likewise were the recipients of special attention on the part of the German princes.

The Grand Duke of Hessen presented to the Chicago Hessian Society a beautiful flag and the Prince Regent of Bavaria followed his example when he, through the German consul, presented a flag to the Bavarian-American Society of Chicago as a "symbol of his remembrance of the wandering sons of Bavaria."

The New York Hessian-Darmstadt Folk Festival Society received from the Grand Duke Ernst Ludwig a magnificent streamer and a splendid portrait.

Accompanying the picture of the Grand Duke was a letter from his cabinet to the head of the Society, which began as follows:

"I beg to advise you, in reply to your petition sent to his Royal Highness the Grand Duke, that his all-high self has expressed himself as willing to present to you a streamer for your flag, in accordance with your wish, as well as an autographed picture as a decoration for the walls of your hall. Unfortunately, the streamer cannot be delivered in time for your Hessian-Darmstadt Folk Festival, for which his Royal Highness wishes success. The streamer will be made especially for you and sent when finished."

The letter closes with the assurance that his Royal Highness prizes very highly the allegiance of the Hessian-Darmstaedters of New York to their old home and for that reason has not hesitated a moment to grant their wish.

A really royal gift was that presented by the Prince Regent Luitpold of Bavaria to the Pfaelzer Folk Festival Society of New York. It consisted of a portrait

of the prince regent in a beautiful gold frame, and a streamer in the Bavarian national colours. The King of Bavaria, or the vice-gerent of the king, as is known, is palatinate count of the Rhine, and as such the prince regent dedicated the gift to his loyal compatriots from the left bank of the Rhine in a strange land, as the inscription states. The streamer, made of heavy silk, is a masterpiece of gold lace, and bears on its right side in golden letters the inscription, "From his Royal Highness the Prince Regent of Bavaria," and on the other side the words: "To the Pfaelzer Folk Festival Society of New York, 1903." The loyal palatinates, who at home had not for a long time been Bavarians in the earlier sense, can be very proud of this princely gift.

To the Murray Hill Society for the Aid of Sick Swabians in New York, the king of Württemberg sent a banner and his picture in a pretty frame.

The same monarch sent honourable recognition to the city librarian of Chicago, Herr E. F. L. Gausz, who had sent to his majesty the report of the Silver Jubilee of the Chicago "Schwaben-Verein," and a beautifully gotten up souvenir booklet of the same. In the answer, written by the private secretary of the king, there was the following:

"The king has joyfully convinced himself, from the souvenir, as well as from the newspaper reports, that the innermost relations which bind the Swabians of Chicago to their fatherland have not ceased to flourish. He hopes that the cultivation of memories of the fatherland by the 'Schwaben-Verein' of Chicago will enliven this allegiance of the members to their old home for ever, and that it will build a bridge over space and time."

Also the Constadt Folk Festival Society in Philadelphia was blest with a picture of the king of Württemberg.

To the extremely active professor, Dr. Carl Beck, head of the Union of Old German Students in America, who made a specialty of naming German princes as honourary members of the Union and sunning himself in the splendour of these princely members—whence arises the beautiful catch word, "Union Beckism"—came the following communication from the Grand Duke of Baden:

"Most Esteemed Herr Professor Dr. Beck:

"You have had the great goodness to send me a diploma which the Union of German Students in America has awarded me as an honourary member. I would like to tell you orally that I prize highly this election, and thank you most warmly.

"The wish that I send you to-day is that you will be the bearer of my staunch and hearty thanks for the consideration shown me by your Society. May the Union bloom and succeed; and preserve for her members the memory of their beautiful student days in their old German home.

"Yours devotedly,

"FRIEDERICH,

"Grand Duke of Baden.

"Karlsruhe, Dec. 29, 1903."

The Kaiser, as is well known, has established Wander prizes for the German singer clubs in the United States, in whose prosperity he takes a cordial interest. The Young Men's Chorus in Philadelphia, which won the Kaiser prize at the last contest, received the following cable despatch:

"Young Men's Chorus,
President Arno Leonhardt,
Philadelphia, Pa.:

"To the victors in the battle of song, my congratulations. May the possession of my prize help to keep alive the allegiance to the old home.

"WILHELM, I. R."

The wooing of the German Empire and its official representatives in the United States for the friend-

ship of those who, before the beginning of the Spanish-American war, were branded as German renegades, must appear to disinterested bystanders—especially Anglo-Americans—as in direct opposition to the policy which the German government practises in its own land toward foreign-speaking subjects. What would happen—I put the question as an example—if the king of Denmark, or the president of the French Republic, should present flags, through their official representatives, with inflaming inscriptions, to those who had once belonged to their country in North Schleswig and in Alsace-Lorraine? Or what would happen if the intransigent Danes in Schleswig-Holstein, the French who look back with longing to the old French régime, were to send telegrams over the borders of the Empire to their former officials, assuring them of their undying fidelity and loyalty? What would happen, I ask again, if, for example, the Poles in Berlin were to march through the streets in mass formation, carrying banners with the portraits of Polish national heroes, singing the song: "Still is Poland not forgotten"?

I shudder when I think of the consequences of such actions, and yet at the bottom they would be no worse than what is happening at this time in America, and indeed with the help of the same government which is persecuting, in the most heartless manner, the Polish priests, editors, teachers and school children because they will not give up their Polish mother tongue.

In America there are also Danes, French and Poles who are just as good citizens of the Republic as are the Germans, and who, filled with a righteous hatred against the German Empire, miss no opportunity of calling the attention of the proper officials to the extraordinary difference in treatment the German gov-

ernment gives its former subjects, now citizens of a foreign land, and her own subjects speaking an alien tongue in Germany. A young Dane who intensely hated the German Empire was the best friend of two employés of the German Embassy in Washington, and I can truly say they held no secrets from him.

CHAPTER XXIV

AND—THE FUTURE?

Danger of war between America and Germany.—Attitude of the German-Americans the one uncertain detail.—Five times in the last decade peace has hung on the knife's edge.—The Coghlan incident.—"Hoch der Kaiser."—"Hoch der President."—General McArthur's indiscretions.—"Our next war will be with Germany."—"Knight of the Black-White-Red Circle."—Outlook for a war unfavourable to the United States.—"Any war between Germany and the United States would be a civil war!" once said Herr von Holleben.—Did Prince Henry apologise?—Dewey declines an invitation to a return meeting with Prince Henry.—"I swear allegiance to the flag."

WHOEVER has contemplated from afar for the past ten years the development of the relations between the United States and the German Empire, must come unhesitatingly to two conclusions, namely, that both sides have earnestly calculated on the danger of war and are still reckoning on one, and that the attitude of the German-Americans constitutes the only uncertain force in case of such a conflict. The German Empire has founded its hopes on them, while the administration in Washington regards their attitude with misgiving.*

Not alone has there been the possibility, but even an earnest danger, of war between the two countries not less than five times in the past ten years.

Before Manila, when Dewey and Diedrichs cleared

* Although printed in 1907, this reads as if written to-day.

their decks for action, the Americans sang that libelous poem, "Hoch der Kaiser" ("Me und Gott"), which later became celebrated all over the world at the time of the Coghlan affair. In consideration for the stir which was caused by this affair on both sides of the ocean, several verses of the poem may not be out of place here:

HOCH DER KAISER

Der Kaiser of die Fatherland
  Und God on high all dings command.
Ve two—ach! Don't you understand?
  Myself—und Gott.

Vile some men sing der power divine,
  Mein soldiers sing "Der Wacht am Rhein,"
And drink der health in a Rheinisch wine
  Of me—und Gott.

In connection with these verses, I will give here a rather good anecdote of Coghlan and Roosevelt:

While Rear-Admiral Coghlan was at Colorado Springs taking the cure, President Roosevelt arrived there on a hunting expedition. The two men met on the hotel veranda and the admiral approached the president to shake hands with him in good American style.

Mr. Roosevelt looked at him searchingly a moment, and then turned to the next person.

"Joe," said the admiral's wife, "he did not recognise you. Go and tell him who you are."

Obediently, the admiral returned to the president and said: "I don't think that you remember me, Mr. Roosevelt."

Again the president stared at him. Then a broad smile spread over his face. He struck the admiral heartily on the shoulder, at the same time exclaiming in a thunderous voice: "Hoch der Kaiser!"

There was also an abusive poem written about Roosevelt at that time which has not had wide publicity. The author, who is known to me, has authorised me to print several verses from it, which I give below:

HOCH DER PRESIDENT

Der "Teddy" Roosevelt bin ich ja,
Rauhreiter—President,
In Deutschland und Amerika,
Ein jedes Kind mich Kennt.

Bin "Teddy" mit dem groszen M-und
Der Held von San Juan
Im Renommieren niemals faul—
A true American.

Der schönen Worte brauch ich viel,
Denn "talk ist cheap" im Land,
"Fair play for all and a square deal"
Für mich die—off'ne Hand.

Die Deutschen hab'ich schrecklich gern,
Zum fressen lieb ich sie,
Jedoch, das ist des Pudels Kern,
Kommt in die Quer' mir nie!

Verletzet nie Monroes Doctrin
Sonst mach ich gleich mobil,
Ich selbst ich sturme nach Berlin,
Held Dewey dampft nach Kiel!

After the Dewey-Diedrichs episode there was further immediate danger of war at the time of the Samoan affair, when American and English cannons were aimed at the German man-of-war in the harbour of Apia. Again, at the time of the Holleben affair on the 12th of March, 1902, when a deadly insult was offered to the German Empire and its Ambassador on the day after the sailing of Prince Henry. At the time of the bombardment of the Venezuelan fort of San Carlo by German men-of-war, and finally at the

time of the General McArthur affair, when this officer declared in a speech at a military conference in Hawaii that war with Germany was to be looked for in the near future. The indiscreet general expressed himself further on this same occasion to the effect that the pan-German movement which was fostered by Germany was spreading constantly further in America and already had led so far that during the Spanish-American war there were so few Germans in service in the army that the presence of a German attracted attention. Added to this, the German interests in South America have grown to such proportions that a war for the preservation of the Monroe Doctrine is unavoidable. In case of such a war, Hawaii would be a very important strategical point, as the Germans would first have to conquer it before they would be able to make an attack on the Pacific coast of the United States.

There has been considerably less of the war cry since Baron Spec von Sternburg, the intimate friend and favourite of the president, has replaced the unpleasant and much-disliked Ambassador von Holleben, a change which was a master stroke of shirt-sleeve diplomacy on the part of Roosevelt.

A bolt has been shoved across the mouths of the gossips, to be sure, in order that the war idea might not be hindered, which is constantly increasing in ever-spreading circles.

A well-known Anglo-American publisher, who has been active on important missions to Washington, as also to London, in the Philippines as well as in East Asia, and who enjoys the confidence of the White House, the State Department and the British Embassy, explained to me a few years ago the facts without reserve.

"Why make a mystery of the affair?" he remarked. "We all know, each one who is associated with the official circles of Washington knows it. Our next war will be with Germany!"

The danger of war between America and the German Empire was born in that moment when the United States, at the time of the purchase of the Philippines, deviated from the path of its former policy, laid down by Washington and Monroe, of not mixing in affairs foreign to America, and began an adventurous and imperialistic policy which sooner or later must result in an unfriendly conflict with one or the other of the European powers which has the same desires. The names of Manila, Samoa, and Venezuela are sufficient to prove the truth of this statement.

In Washington one is very distrustful of everything. It seems to be in the very atmosphere there. Most of the middle and South American revolutions are hatched there. I remember the birth of the Republic of Panama, which was arranged even to the smallest details beforehand.

What was possible then may again be repeated is the general opinion, and not without a sinking of the heart does one follow the comings and goings of the special envoys of the Emperor, their enthusiastic reception by the German population of the United States, the festive dedications of the Emperor's flag in the German colours, with the inscription, "With God, for Kaiser and Empire," and the sending of telegrams of homage by old German veterans to their former war lords.

One can hardly blame the administration in Washington if it has become nervous and sees black, and believes in the possibility of the existence of a society of the Knights of the Black-White-Red Circle, who

have set themselves the task, in case of war between the Republic and the Imperial German Empire, of establishing in the Middle West an independent confederacy of German states, and of declaring in his own land a war upon good old Uncle Sam. Has not Herr von Holleben already pointed out the possibility of such an event when he said, while being interviewed by Mrs. Grace Downing, that *any war between the United States and Germany would be in the nature of a civil war?*

The outlook for the United States in case of war is not of the best, but in the case of a war with Germany it would be still worse if Germany were to form an alliance with some power ruling the sea. Sooner or later the United States and England must come to a decisive war over Canada, and a German-English, or a German-English-Japanese, alliance lies in no respect outside of the possibilities. Thrown alone on his own resources, Uncle Sam would be powerless against either of the alliances mentioned.

The man in Washington with the "big stick" knows this very well. He therefore stands firm by his principle of speaking softly and preparing for war, as he truly desires peace!

It must be honestly and openly stated, a large portion of the responsibility for the decided disturbance of the friendly relations between the two powers belongs to the representatives of the Kaiser, who have far exceeded the permissible with their undignified and obtrusive "policy of presents" on the one hand and on the other by their direct and indirect furthering of the movement of Germanism in the United States, by which has been aroused an unconquerable feeling of distrust in the official circles in Washington.

One cannot and will not believe in the genuineness

of the declaration of friendship of a power which has —so runs the American argument—shown its true nature in China, in Venezuela, etc. One cannot and will not believe that any self-respecting nation would accept the deepest humiliations and insults without thinking of satisfaction. Could one imagine a worse insult and humiliation than the following announcement which appeared in the *Associated Press:*

PRINCE HENRY HAS MADE AN APOLOGY TO ADMIRAL DEWEY

The Admiral takes the slight to the United States in ill part

Bremen, February 16th.—Before Prince Henry left on his trip to America he had an interview with a reporter for the *Associated Press* as to the report that he had written a letter to Admiral Dewey and asked pardon for the attitude of the German squadron in the Bay of Manila during the Spanish-American war. "It is all untrue," said the prince. "I have never in my life written to Admiral Dewey."

The *Associated Press* received yesterday from an authentic source an explanation of the rumour that Prince Henry had written, apologising to Admiral Dewey. The following explanation did not come directly from Admiral Dewey, but from an intimate friend, and is absolutely true.

The Admiral received lately a letter from a member of the American Embassy in Berlin, wherein the latter recounted the text of a conversation which he had had with the prince at a dinner given in his honour by Ambassador White, before the prince sailed for America.

During this conversation the prince mentioned that he had hoped, after the expiration of his service with the squadron in China, to return home via San Francisco, but that on account of the illness of his mother he had been obliged to take the shorter route by way of the Suez Canal. In his customary straightforward way he added that the present time was far more favourable for a visit to the United States, as:

"I know that you Americans felt hurt over the affairs in the East, and I cannot blame you. I myself committed a blunder which I now see is being used by the English press to make trouble. In Hong Kong I gave a dinner on the

Deutschland, my flagship, on which occasion Admiral Dewey was the oldest officer present; besides him were two Russians, an Englishman, as well as officers of other nationalities, whose names I am now unable to recall. I first drank to the health of the Czar, then to that of the other princes, and last to that of the President of the United States. Dewey was offended, as I learned the next day, and I perceived that I had made a great mistake. I at once went on board the *Olympia* and spoke with Dewey, who accepted my apologies in good part."

The prince added that he well knew that Germany had been in the wrong, but that his relations with Admiral Dewey were at the present time of the very best. He sent Admiral Dewey the assurances of his highest esteem, and expressed at the same time his sincere hope that he would meet him again during his visit to America.

At the same time with this assurance from Prince Henry of Prussia that his relationship with Dewey was on the most pleasant and friendly footing there appeared an article in the *Associated Press* which showed an exchange of telegrams between Admiral Dewey and Ambassador von Holleben, which ran as follows:

DEWEY REFUSES INVITATION TO DINE WITH PRINCE HENRY

HE INFORMS AMBASSADOR VON HOLLEBEN THAT MRS. DEWEY IS TOO ILL FOR HIM TO LEAVE HER

Palm Beach, Fla., February 17th.—Admiral Dewey received to-day the following telegram from Washington:

"Will you dine with me on February 28th, at 7.30, and have the honour of meeting His Royal Highness Prince Henry of Prussia?

"HOLLEBEN,
"Imperial German Ambassador."

Admiral Dewey sends the following answer:

"I regret most heartily not to be able to accept your invitation to dinner and once more to have the honour of meeting Prince Henry of Prussia, but Mrs. Dewey is too ill for me to be able to leave her alone.

"George Dewey,
"Admiral U. S. Navy."

Is one to blame the American statesmen, I repeat, if they are not able to believe in the genuineness of the German assurances of their friendship?

Those persons who are anxious to fill their pockets by fishing in troubled waters, and to whom a serious disruption between the two countries offers a golden opportunity, are preparing an incalculable and therefore extremely dangerous period. A great number of men, of whose existence no one has formerly been aware, have seen in the movement toward Germanism in the United States a fruitful field for their peculiar talents. "Vain professors," journalists whose pens are always at the service of the highest bidders, beer sellers and beer brewers, lawyers, doctors without practice, politicians who have never done a stroke of honest work—all these feel that the time has come to play the part of saviours of Germanism, and to draw on the ever-filled crib and never-drained secret fund. Not ideal, but rather very materialistic, are the motives of those secret letter-writers, those dark "men of honour" who change their opinions at will, and whose business is the systematic misleading and deception of the masses. But, happily for the peace and freedom of both peoples, there are limits to what they can accomplish.

It is a sad truth, but no clear-thinking person can escape from perceiving that the movement in America toward Germanism will come to an end in the natural

course of things. The sooner one comes to this conclusion and finds the courage to acknowledge it, the better it will be for the world peace. Let us hear what is said about the future of Germanism from a thoroughly unprejudiced observer. I give the following from a report of the German-American School Society of New York:

"Having returned about a month ago from a lengthy stay in the West, I discovered, after thorough investigation, that there, as well as here, the preservation of the German language stands on very weak legs. The German schools have vanished from the map. The introduction and preservation of the instruction of German in the public schools is constantly being met with difficulties, and, if all signs do not fail, the end of the instruction of German in the public schools is not far off. That would indicate that, aside from single instances where the German Michel has had his protesting mouth stopped with crumbs, the result of a ten-year struggle has equalled nil, while the indifference of German-Americans in many instances has not been possible to overcome through intelligence.

"The greatest evil, however, is the dislike of the German parent to cultivate the mother tongue in the family."

I can confirm the truth of this statement from my own experience. Though my wife and I, during our stay in America, spoke only German, it was perfectly impossible to make the children do so. They understood every word we addressed to them, but always replied in English. *The growing youth belongs to the future,* and this youth is, in its thinking, feeling and speaking, American. *The worst enemy of the German movement in the United States is the American public school,* which is in every way excellent, and where the foreign-born children are taught from the first day of their entrance to love the American flag. In the public schools of the larger cities, with their large proportion of foreign peoples, the flag

is every day unfurled, and day after day they must repeat the solemn oath of fidelity: "I swear allegiance to the flag, and the country for which it stands."

There is only one way to prevent a war between the German Empire and the United States, of which the danger is imminent and close at hand; and that is to tear away the mask from the faces of those dark trouble-makers who are fishing in troubled waters, who are not alone to be found on the American side, and expose them in their true light, without pity. Also, a more decided attitude of the government in Berlin toward the "man with the big stick" would materially assist in keeping the peace. "Words are only good if backed up by deeds," the rough-rider President said on one occasion, and that should not be forgotten in Wilhelmstrasse.

CHAPTER XXV

SHALL I BE VINDICATED—?

My battle for an investigation.—A model citizen's curious legal opinion.—Richard Bartholdt in a double rôle.—Why the Democrats lost their last presidential campaign.—A letter from the former American Ambassador in Berlin, Andrew D. White.—A summons in the New York *Volkszeitung* resounds unheard.—My health hopelessly ruined by endless persecution.—Diagnosis of two American medical authorities.—Return to Germany.—Am I the victim of a colossal official mistake?—My last petition to the Foreign Office.—A declaration by Pastor Dr. O. Frommel.—What will be the outcome?

Herr von Holleben had left his position under more disgraceful circumstances than had ever any ambassador before, but the incident of March 12, 1902, into which, against my knowledge and will, I had been drawn, still remained unexplained. It was for me a life interest, a necessity of existence, to bring about an official inquiry into the affair, upon which my future and that of my family depended. In another place I have already related how, in the suit for libel which I had brought against the publisher of the *Grosz New Yorker Zeitung* justice had been distorted and I had been forced through false testimony, gathered in Germany, as well as the threat of losing my position, to withdraw my case; I have given consideration also to the remarkable outcome of the libel suit brought by the New York *Herald* against three Berlin dailies, and shown what mighty secret influ-

ences were summoned to prevent my appearing as a witness in the case. Would it be possible for me, without friends or means, to bring about an investigation?

In spite of my unhappy experiences I had not lost faith in right and justice. I turned to Arthur von Briesen, the head of the Legal Aid Society, whom President Roosevelt had called a "model German-American citizen," and implored his assistance. After Herr von Briesen had corresponded with Washington, I received from him the crushing reply that whoever dared to place himself between two opposing forces must expect to be mutilated by them. I had to submit without question to my fate. This decision came from the mouth of the president of a Legal Aid Society, the very man who had appeared as accuser of Carl Schurz and charged him with selling himself to the politics of the highest bidding party. Indeed a "model German-American citizen" after the heart of President Roosevelt!

At the time of the last presidential election, I begged Richard Bartholdt, the German Republican member of Congress from St. Louis, to use his not insignificant influence in Washington for the securing of an investigation. Herr Bartholdt, without hesitation, gave me a letter to George B. Cortelyou, the present postmaster general of the United States, who had been private secretary to McKinley and Roosevelt, and who at that time was entrusted with the management of the Republican campaign. The letter read:

"Herr Witte has placed before me briefly a circumstance which, in my opinion, deserves that you order an investigation. He asked me to lay the matter before the President, but this was impossible for me, on account of my business

burdens. Herr Witte pleads for fair play, and is entitled to it, as I look upon the matter."

As Joseph Winter, secretary of the German Roosevelt League, who was personally acquainted with the President and had repeatedly been his guest, told me later, Mr. Cortelyou was inclined at the beginning to comply with the wish of Herr Bartholdt, but again mighty secret influences were set moving which broke him off from his intention.

Herr Richard Bartholdt, who since has become senator for Missouri—no mean performance for a one-time German typesetter's apprentice and simple reporter on the *New Yorker Staats-Zeitung*—played in the affair a most lamentable rôle, which agreed fully with the picture which I had formed of him at the Embassy, where he was well known, on the basis of confidential advices. The story was, so my official informant, S-sz, told me, that Herr Bartholdt had played the rôle of go-between for the banking house of S. Bleichroeder and United States Senator Wolcott in a gigantic business transaction which had completely altered the entire silver question, and had received a pretty remuneration. The gradual increase in the price of silver, noticeable since that time, is a direct result of that transaction!

Toward the end of the present campaign the private secretary of one of the chiefs of the Democratic party called upon me at my home and endeavoured to induce me to publish a statement regarding the incident of March 12, 1902. I was not disinclined, but made the stipulation that the Democratic party on its side must give me a binding assurance of an investigation. The next morning, November 1, 1904, the New York *Staats-Zeitung* published the following article:

WHAT WILL IT BE?

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEE PROMISES A SURPRISE

CURIOSITY WILL BE GRATIFIED TO-MORROW—MURPHY PROMISES MORE THAN 139,000 PLURALITY

SOMETHING STARTLING IN STORE—SECRETARY WOODSON OF THE NATIONAL COMMITTEE PROPHESIES IT

Secretary Ury Woodson of the Democratic National Committee, who believes implicitly in the election of Parker and Davis, stated yesterday that something would happen that would throw great consternation into the Republican camp. He would not say anything further.

"We know definitely," he added, "that Parker will be elected, and the Republicans as well will know it to-morrow." People in the headquarters began to rack their brains over this mysterious statement, and finally they came to the conclusion that Campaign Manager Taggart would return to-morrow and bring a lot of favourable news. But later this solution of the question was discarded, for advice came by telephone from Mr. Taggart that he would remain in Indiana, and not return to New York until probably the end of the week.

The expected great surprise never occurred. The entire country was in the tensest condition and waited with impatience for the disclosures which were going to throw the Republicans into confusion. But nothing happened, and Judge Parker suffered one of the most disastrous defeats that ever happened to a Democratic presidential candidate.

Here Is the Riddle's Answer:

It had been intended to bring to the knowledge of the people of the United States the history of the March 12th, 1902, incident, with all its ramifications and with a plain statement of names of the persons responsible for it, and by this means at the psycho-

logical moment, to bring about a general revolution among the voters, especially the Germans, for the benefit of Parker. How it came about that the heralded surprise never came, possibly Herr Hermann Ridder, publisher of the *New Yorker Staats-Zeitung,* who later was received in audience by the German Kaiser, and his trusty henchman, Georg von Skal, in whose hands lay the management of the German-Democratic campaign, know an explanation. But again the hoodoo character of the *New Yorker Staats-Zeitung,* which brings misfortune to every candidate it supports, was proven.

When the Democrats, after the end of the campaign, set themselves to hunt up the cause of their defeat, many voices were raised which charged betrayal in their own camp and accused the leaders of having sold the party out to the Republicans.

Still I would not resign hope of securing an investigation. I resorted, with a detailed exposition of the circumstances, to the former American Ambassador in Berlin, Andrew D. White, who at that time was publishing his German reminiscences, and begged him for advice and help in my affair. Mr. Andrew D. White, who bore the name of a just and benevolent man, answered me from Ithaca, N. Y.:

"I think that if your case is laid before the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in Berlin, Baron von Richthofen, who always appeared to me one of the fairest and broadest-minded of men, it will receive adequate attention."

In its number of January 24, 1906, the New York *Volkszeitung,* the only honourable and independent German newspaper in the metropolis on the Hudson, published an appeal in which I called upon all honourable and independent German papers, on both sides of

the ocean, in the interest of right and justice, to demand an investigation of my case. The appeal was vain.

Somewhat later I sent from Wilmington, Delaware, where I had settled with my family, a letter to Secretary of State von Tschirschky, the successor of the meanwhile deceased Herr von Richthofen, with an appeal for an investigation. This communication remained unanswered.

In Wilmington I encountered another blow. I had intended to publish a weekly, which should meet the needs of old and young, that is, both German-born and the American-born German-American, and therefore should appear in both English and German. The business men of the city received the idea cordially and co-operated with me most liberally, so that the undertaking from the very start seemed to rest upon an assured foundation. The first number of my paper, which was to be called *The German-American Citizen,* was to see the light of day on the Saturday before Easter, and was already about half completed. Then, exactly one week before the stipulated day, appeared the first number of another paper with the same title, as publisher of which was given the name of A. D. Jacobson, an unpopular, well-known journalist in Wilmington. The man had appropriated the name and plan of my paper, and under the pretence that it was identical with my undertaking had gone to the business people of the city, who did not hesitate to hand over to him the advertisements intended for my publication. In carrying out this manœuvre he showed a mass of letters which the ambassador, Herr von Sternburg, had written to him personally, who evidently was his best friend and had assured him of the Embassy's support. I acquainted Herr von Stern-

burg with the facts, published in the Wilmington English press an explanation why I had desisted from my plan, and betook myself with my family to Baltimore.

There my sight suddenly began to fail so rapidly that I consulted two eminent specialists of the University of Maryland, Dr. William Tarun and Dr. Irving Spear, who gave me a thorough examination and told me I was afflicted with an incurable disease of the spine, locomotor ataxia, induced by mental strain and excitement, which would gradually lead to total blindness and paralysis of the body. Now, for the first time, I received an explanation of the sudden weakening of my sight which had so disturbed me. My right eye was already blind, without my having known it.

That was for me a terrible discovery. For the first time in all the long terrible years of suffering I broke down and wept bitter tears. . . .

Since it was impossible for me to secure justice in America, I boarded ship for Germany, with my family, at the end of May, 1906. A few days before my departure a number of important papers were stolen from me by a woman whom, on account of her position, I had considered wholly trustworthy, and who had been connected secretly with Washington, with the portentous warning to demand an investigation of my affair in Germany.

Sick and penurious as I was, I gave up the idea of following the advice of Herr Reinhold Ortmann, the new editor-in-chief of the Baltimore *Deutscher Korrespondent,* to have the thief arrested and to resort to law. I had had enough of American justice.

At the beginning of June we arrived in the old

home. Strengthened and improved by the sea voyage, I renewed without delay the battle for an investigation. I informed Herr von Tschirschky, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, of my return, and placed myself at the disposal of the Foreign Office.

My next step was directed toward finding the address of the former German Embassy chaplain in Rome, Pastor Dr. Otto Frommel. After many attempts my efforts were crowned with success. A woman member of the Order of the High Eagle had the kindness to advise me that Herr Dr. Otto Frommel was located at Gera, Russia. Enclosing photographs, my wife wrote a letter to the clergyman on February 18, 1907, in which she laid before him the repeated crying injustice to us, and called upon him as a German, as a Christian, and as bearer of the name of Frommel, to honour the truth. In reply to this letter came the following telegram from Gera on February 19th:

"Your letter to-day. Deplore deeply victim of grave official mistake. Disclaim on my part any responsibility, since I, requested by American consul, deposed concerning certain Georg Witt, never regarding your husband, unknown to me. Further by letter.

"Frommel."

As a loyal German, Dr Frommel could call it only a "grave official mistake." Was it only a grave official mistake, or was it more than that?

On the next day Herr Pastor Frommel arrived at my house in person. He was extremely agitated that they had drawn him, an evangelical clergyman, into so shameful an intrigue, and had secured from him a declaration on oath under false pretences, in order, with their help, to destroy an innocent man and his family. He promised to do everything in his power

to repair the injustice to me and to assist me to my rights. In further pursuance of the affair, I secured from the Royal Police Headquarters in Berlin an official certificate that I had been a resident of Berlin in the years 1892 and 1893. I received this, as well as a statement from Herr Frommel, and in possession of these documents turned with the following petition to Herr von Tschirschky:

"Charlottenburg, May 24, 1907.
"Tegeler-Weg 103.

"To the Secretary of the Foreign Office, Berlin.

"Your excellency:

"I take the liberty of addressing you most respectfully as follows:

"I. In March, 1902, the press, among others the *Frankfurter Zeitung* of the 13th, and the *Berliner Tageblatt* of March 14th, published the following identical despatch from New York:

" 'The German Embassy declares Witte threatened to murder von Holleben.'

"II. In a libel suit against the *Grosz-New Yorker Zeitung*, in 1902, that paper secured evidence against me from the Foreign Office, either from organs or persons connected therewith. Especially did my opponents turn, by means of the former German consul at Rome, Herr Nast-Kolb, to the former chaplain of the Imperial Embassy at Rome, Herr Pastor Dr. Frommel, now in Gera.

"Writings by Herr Director Mayer, of the Mergenthaler Linotype Machine Company, part owner of the New York paper, under date of Berlin, Chauseestrasze 17-18, May 12, 1902, and by his counsel May 21, 1902, as well as other letters which support my claims, are in my possession.

"The purpose was to secure from Dr. Frommel material regarding a certain 'Georg Witt, alias Emil Witt or Witte,' who, from July, 1892, to early 1893, in Rome, as private secretary to Herr Nast-Kolb, had committed various swindles, and to use this material against me by identifying me with that swindler.

"This purpose succeeded completely. I declare further:

"To I. The statement that I threatened to murder the German ambassador to America, Herr von Holleben, is

"*A fabrication out of thin air.*

"The falseness of this accusation, for which proof was

never sought, is self-evident from the lack of any proceedings against me.

"To II. I am not identical with the swindler, Georg Witt, who plied his confidence games in Rome from July, 1892, to early 1893.

"This is self-evident from the attached certificate of the Royal Police Headquarters, of March 9, 1907, according to which I, returning from London, am reported as a renter at Puttkammerstrasze 14, Berlin, from August 22d, 1892, until my removal to Charlottenburg, October 1, 1893.

"But, above all, is every doubt that I have been the pitiable victim of a confusion of persons removed by the herewith submitted trustworthy declaration by Herr Pastor Doctor Frommel, of April 12, 1907, which likewise contains many consistent circumstances.

"The results of this monstrous mistake were the most serious impairment of my health and my professional progress, and the ruin of my life. Branded by the calumnious rumour, burdened with the curse of a swindler's past, who, in addition, planned to attack the German Ambassador, I found all doors for practice of my profession closed, for I encountered everywhere suspicion or mistrust. The frightful need into which I, with my large family, fell under such a burden, united itself with the tense agitation of years of vain battling against the fateful slander, the source of which I could not discover, and which agitated me all the more terribly and brought me all the nearer to despair, in that I, despite knowledge of my innocence, was unable to grapple with the convicting, apparently unanswerable, and unopposed evidence. All these frightful strains brought upon me *an incurable nervous disease,* locomotor ataxia, which has already resulted in total blindness of my right eye, a serious danger to and great weakening of sight in my left eye, and the partial paralysis of my limbs, a further serious handicap to my professional work.

"Under such terribly effective wrong, I consider justified my claim to amends, and believe I may beg the assistance of the officials who were drawn into the affair. It is not, in my opinion, a question of abstract implication of certain organs; I desist, therefore, from following up and substantiating the proof at hand. The actual participation suffices. Whoever has acted in good faith, actually considering me identical with the swindler Witt, with former Consul Herr Nast-Kolb, in Rome, or whoever has been the innocent cause of the calumny in that his name was used without denial as basis for the accusation that I threatened Herr von Holle-

ben with murder, cannot, in my opinion, free himself of the duty on his part to withdraw or to discredit the equally monstrous and false charges brought against me, and on his part also to support me in my rightful battle for justice and the repair of my sorely injured name.

"After unspeakable endeavours in the battle for my rights, I have succeeded at last in clearing up the case, in coming upon the trail of the source and context of the frightful suspicions raised against me in spite of my innocence, and in finding the needed proofs. My earlier petitions in this affair, dated March 5, 1906, Jan. 21 and Feb. 18, 1907, your excellency has not answered; only in reply to my request of April 17, 1907, for return of the statement enclosed with my petition of March 5th, which the former American ambassador in Berlin, Mr. Andrew D. White, had sent to me in good will, I received this statement back by the Bureau note of April 22, 1907.

"Again I direct to your excellency the urgent, pressing appeal to please to order an investigation and clearing up of the dire attacks and charges directed at me, and not to block me from justice. Should grounds exist for the assumption that I threatened Herr von Holleben with murder, then I believe I may beg submission of the supposed proofs or evidence. In the other event, I believe myself justified in the expectation that from the proper source *an explanation* will be given out declaring either that the German Embassy, the supposed originator of the report, was not connected with the hitherto undenied representations in the press, or else now pronounces untrue the allegations it made.

"Should your excellency desire any further explanation from me, I beg for opportunity to submit it most willingly. On the other hand, I believe, considering the heavy, and for me so calamitous sickness and injury of which I have been the innocent victim for so many years, that I may express the most humble prayer for utmost hastening of my case.

"I earnestly beg your excellency to please to vouchsafe me the deserved justice and not to drive me to utter despair.

"Your excellency's

"Most respectful

"F. Witte."

ENCLOSURE I

"Royal Police Headquarters.

"By order of the 1st instant, it is certified herewith, for submission to the Imperial Chancellor and the Foreign Office,

for the purpose of proof of identity with official confirmation, that the writer, Emil Witte, born in Wollin, March 14, 1864, returning from London, is reported as renter at Puttkammerstrasze 14, this city, from August 22, 1892, until his removal to Charlottenburg, Oct. 1, 1893. A registry sheet of a second person of the same name, living at the said address in the said period, is not reported. Witte resides, at present, according to his own statement, in Charlottenburg, Tegeler-Weg, 103.

"Berlin, March 9, 1907.

"Office of Residence Registration, Royal Police Headquarters.

"Certificate 1743. E. '07. L. S."

ENCLOSURE II

"Gera, Russia,
"April 12, 1907.

"DECLARATION

"At the instance of the American consul in Leipzig, I made a deposition in the interests of the truth during the summer of 1902, before the consul at that place, regarding my experiences when I was chaplain at the Imperial Embassy at Rome, with the swindler, 'Dr.' Georg Witt, who was carrying on his work from July, 1892, to August, 1893, in that city. I was asked for my deposition on the totally erroneous assumption that the aforesaid Witt and the writer Emil Witte, former journalist in America, and now of Charlottenburg, Tegeler-Weg, 103, were one and the same person. I now declare, upon actual sight, as well as upon official information, that Herr Emil Witte is not and cannot be the same as Georg Witt. This fact should have been self-evident, without further ado, moreover, to the persons interested in the case of Emil Witte vs. the New Yorker Zeitung Publishing and Printing Company, since, on the wish of the American consul at Leipzig, I submitted to these persons a photograph of the swindler Witt, with his autograph and several other letters which related to him. These documents, in the highest degree important for the clearing of the writer, Emil Witte, are still, it seems, in the possession of Mr. Thomas F. Smith, clerk of the city court of the city of New York, to whom they had been sent through the American consul in Leipzig. In spite of a promise that after completion of the case they would be returned, and in spite of

personal efforts, it has been impossible for me to regain possession of my property.

"Dr. O. Frommel,
"Pastor, former chaplain of the Imperial Embassy."

"That the signature of Herr Dr. O. Frommel, Former Imperial Embassy Chaplain at Rome, herein contained, is genuine, is hereby certified, at the wish of the aforesaid gentleman.

"Etzold, pastor.

"Gera, April 12, 1907."

After a few weeks I received the following answer:

"L. S., Foreign Office:
"2 Enclosures.
"Your honour will find in the enclosures the documents forwarded with your esteemed communication of May 24th to the Herr State Secretary of the Foreign Office.

(No signature).

"Berlin, June 19, 1907.
"To Hon. Herr E. Witte, Charlottenburg.
"Official Business."

After my earlier experiences I had expected no other answer and could not expect one. Since the Foreign Office simply acknowledged the receipt of my letter and without further comment returned the enclosed documents, it assumed the full responsibility for treatment of its servant never equaled before in the history of a civilised state, treatment which to qualify adequately I can find no parliamentary expression.

There remained for me in the circumstances nothing else than to turn to the public, and in this direction to address

An earnest appeal to the German and American peoples,

and to ask them to lend me a hand in securing an explanation of the incident of March 12, 1902, and its attendant circumstances. The peace and welfare of both great peoples are endangered to the uttermost by the brainless actions of such honourables as those stripped naked in this book; and both related peoples have therefore a deep interest in the final securing of the investigation which has been sought by me for years.

It would be sad indeed for the foundations of our entire public life if the state, which robbed me of honour and health, which ruined my economic existence, should deny me the right of an investigation. Yet still I hold fast to the belief which filled the Prussian people in the time of Frederick the Great and to which not long ago, as I have related in these pages, an American paper gave expression:

"Es gibt Richter in Berlin!" (There are judges in Berlin.)

. . . . . .

How like the wrath of Heaven comes the fate which has smitten most of the actors of the German-American drama which I have unfolded:

Herr von Holleben forced, under disgraceful circumstances, to leave the United States; Carl Bünz, the German Consul General in New York, twice under the operating knife and close to death; a German journalist who slandered me murdered in Morocco; the traitorous American secret-service agent Peeke sentenced to five years in the penitentiary; Paul Haedicke dead before his time; likewise the Washington correspondent, Habercorn, who, in company with Haediche, had worked for my ruin; passed away also F. W. Holls, intimate friend of von Holleben and Münsterberg, who threatened the most horrible things

against me, because I demanded my rights; passed away also Baron von Richthofen, to whose sense of justice I had appealed in vain!

What will be the end?

FINIS

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